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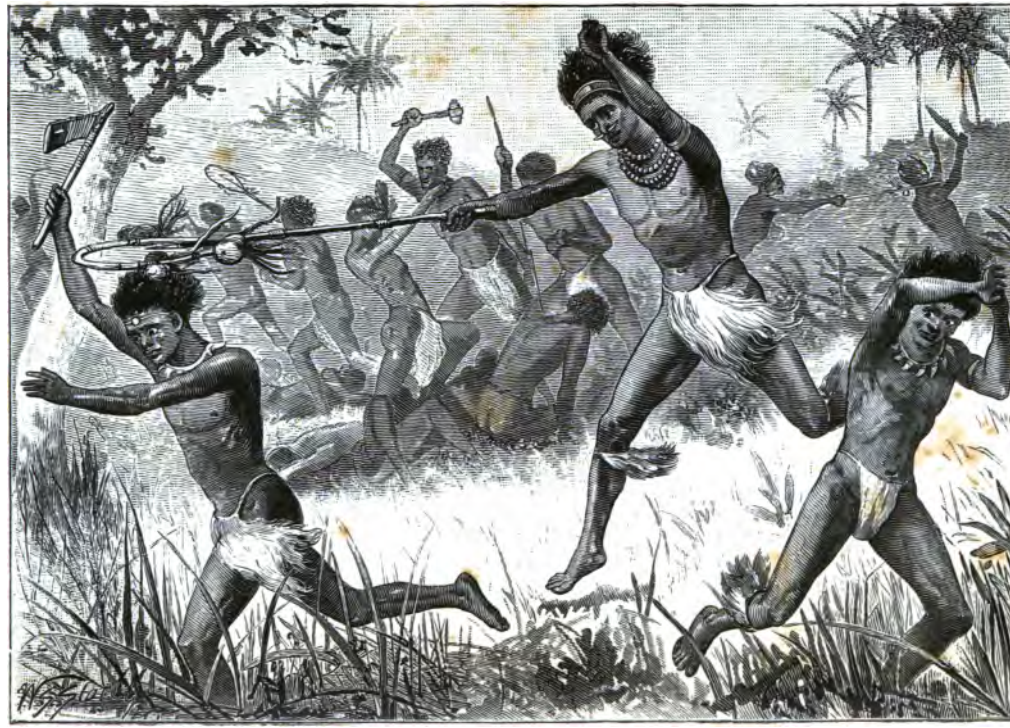

LIFE IN NEW GUINEA. [*See p.* 251.

WORK AND ADVENTURE

IN

NEW GUINEA

1877 TO 1885

BY

JAMES CHALMERS

OF PORT MORESBY

AND

W. WYATT GILL, B.A.

AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN ISLES," ETC.

WITH TWO MAPS AND MANY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

56, PATERNOSTER ROW; 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

1885

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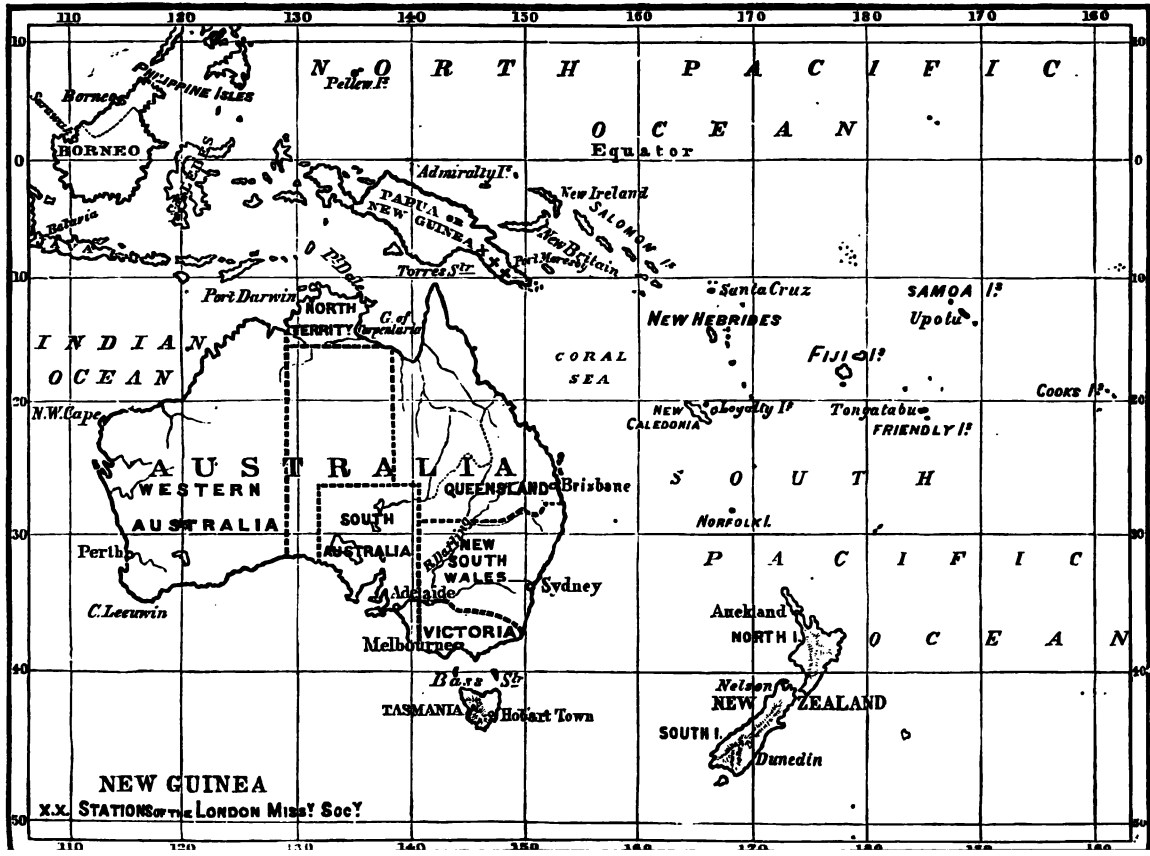
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NORTH TERRITY
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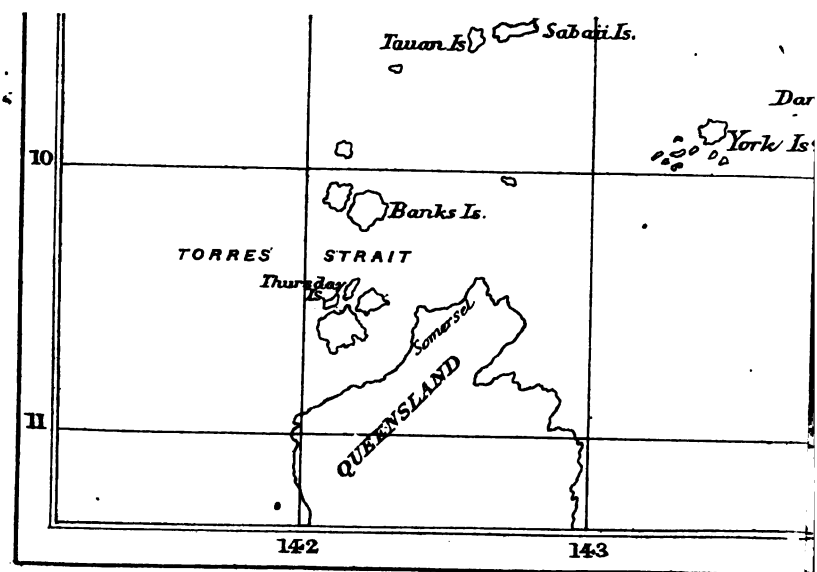
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INTRODUCTION.

LIC attention has been repeatedly and prominently
ted to New Guinea during the last few months.
name often appears in our newspapers and
ionary reports, and bids fair to take a somewhat
minent place in our blue-books. Yet very few
eral readers possess accurate information about the
nd itself, about the work of English missionaries
re, or about the part New Guinea seems destined
play in Australian politics. Hence a brief sketch
icating the present state of knowledge on these
nts will be a fitting introduction to the narratives
exploration, of adventure, and of Christian work
tained in this volume.

New Guinea, if we may take Australia as a continent,
the largest island in the world, being, roughly
peaking, about 1400 miles long, and 490 broad at its
idest point. Its northernmost coast nearly touches the
quator, and its southernmost stretches down to 11°
uth latitude. Little more than the fringe or coast-line
the island has been at all carefully explored, but it
known to possess magnificent mountain ranges, vast
tretches of beautiful scenery, much land that is fruitful,
ven under native cultivation, and mighty rivers that
take their rise far inland. Its savage inhabitants have

aroused powerfully the interest and sympathy alike of Christian Polynesians and English missionaries, who, taking their lives in their hands, have, in not a few instances, laid them down in the effort to win New Guinea for Christ.

At some remote period of the past, New Guinea, in all probability, formed a part of Australia. Torres Strait itself is only about sixty miles wide; the water is shallow, shoals and reefs abound; giving the sailor who threads the intricate and dangerous navigation the impression that he is sailing over what was once solid earth.

The first European sailor who sighted the island was D'Abreu, in 1511; the honour of being first to land belongs most probably to the Portuguese explorer, Don Jorge De Meneses, in 1526, on his way from Malacca to the Moluccas.

Into the somewhat intricate history of the connection of the Dutch with the north-west coast of New Guinea, we cannot here enter. As suzerain nominally under the Sultan of Tidore, they claim possession of the western part of the island as far east as Lat. 141° 47′ E. The trade they carry on is said to be worth about 20,000*l.* a year. Dutch missionaries have for many years been stationed around the coast of Geelvink Bay.

In 1770 Captain Cook visited the south-west coast, and in 1775, an English officer, Forrest by name, spent some months on the north-east coast in search of spices. In 1793 New Guinea was annexed by two of the East India Company's commanders, and an island in Geelvink Bay, Manasvari by name, was for a time held by their troops.

Partial surveys of the south coast were made in 1845

by Captain Blackwood, who discovered the Fly River; by Lieutenant Yule, in 1846, who journeyed east as far as the island to which he has given his name; and in 1848 by Captain Owen Stanley, who made a fairly accurate survey of the south-east coast.

The most important survey work along the coast of New Guinea was done in 1873 by H.M. ship Basilisk, under the command of Captain Moresby. He discovered the now famous harbour, Port Moresby; he laid down the true eastern coast-line of the island, discovering the China Straits, and exploring the north-east coast as far west as Huon Gulf.

In many parts of the world Christian missionaries have been the first to get on friendly terms with the natives, and thus to pave the way for developing the resources of a savage country and leading its inhabitants in the paths of progress and civilization. Pre-eminently has this been the case in South-eastern New Guinea. White men had landed before them, it is true; but for the most part only to benefit themselves, and not unfrequently to murder the natives or to entrap them into slavery. Christianity has won great victories in Polynesia, but no part of the globe has witnessed fouler crimes or more atrocious wickedness on the part of white men toward savage races.

The history of the work done by members of the London Missionary Society is already a long one. As far back as 1871, the Revs. A. W. Murray and S. McFarlane sailed from Maré, one of the Loyalty Islands, with eight native teachers, inhabitants of that group, with whom to begin the campaign against sin, superstition, and savagery in New Guinea. The first station occupied was Darnley Island, and Mr. Murray

gives an incident that well illustrates the spirit in which these men, themselves trophies of missionary success, entered upon their work. Speaking about another island, the natives, in the hope of intimidating the teachers, said, 'There are alligators there, and snakes, and centipedes.' 'Hold,' said the teacher, 'are there men there?' 'Oh yes,' was the reply, 'there are men; but they are such dreadful savages that it is no use your thinking of living among them.' 'That will do,' replied the teacher. 'Wherever there are men, missionaries are bound to go.' Teachers were stationed at the islands of Tauan and Sabaii. Later on, Yule Island and Redscar Bay were visited, and the missionaries returned to Lifu.

In 1872 Mr. Murray returned in the John Williams with thirteen additional teachers, and for the next two years superintended the mission from Cape York. In 1874 he was joined by the Revs. S. McFarlane and W. G. Lawes—who have both ever since that time laboured hard and successfully on behalf of the natives—and the steamer Ellengowan was placed at the service of the mission by the liberality of the late Miss Baxter of Dundee. The native teachers experienced many vicissitudes. Some died from inability to stand the climate, some were massacred by the men they were striving to bless; but the gaps were filled up as speedily as possible, and the map recently issued (Jan. 1885) by the Directors of the Society shows that on the south-eastern coast of New Guinea, from Motumotu to East Cape, no less than *thirty-two native teachers*, some of them New Guinea converts, are now toiling in the service of the Gospel.

In 1877 the Rev. James Chalmers joined the mission,

and it is hardly too much to say that his arrival formed an epoch in its history. He is wonderfully equipped for the work to which he has, under God's Providence, put his hand, and is the white man best known to all the natives along the south coast. From the first he has gone among them unarmed, and though not unfrequently in imminent peril, has been marvellously preserved. He has combined the qualities of missionary and explorer in a very high degree, and while beloved as 'Tamate' (Teacher) by the natives, has added enormously to the stock of our geographical knowledge of New Guinea, and to our accurate acquaintance with the ways of thinking, the habits, superstitions, and mode of life of the various tribes of natives.

Notwithstanding various expensive expeditions for the exploration of New Guinea, he has travelled the farthest yet into the interior. He has been as far as Lat. S. 9° 2′ and Long. E. 147° 42½′. The farthest point reached by Captain Armit was about Lat. S. 9° 35′ and Long. E. 147° 38′. Mr. Morrison merely reached a point on the Goldie River, when he was attacked and wounded by the natives. This compelled the party to return to Port Moresby.

Mr. Chalmers is still actively engaged in his work on the great island, and he has placed many of his journals and papers at the disposal of the Religious Tract Society, in the hope that their publication may increase the general store of knowledge about New Guinea, and may also give true ideas about the natives, the kind of Christian work that is being done in their midst, and the progress in it that is being made. The first, and much the larger, part of this volume is from Mr. Chalmers' pen.

In 1884, the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, B.A., the well-known South Sea missionary, author of 'Life in the Southern Isles,' visited New Guinea, to see how the native teachers, many of whom he had himself trained for the work, were doing the work of the Gospel, and what progress had been made by the mission generally in the last ten years. The second part of this volume is from his pen; and in it he shows how rapid and remarkable the growth of the work has been, giving, at the same time, many interesting and valuable statements about the beliefs and practices of the natives, and about the specialties of animal and vegetable life to be found in Southern New Guinea.

But the prominence which New Guinea has assumed in the public mind lately is due much more to political than to religious reasons. England is a Christian nation, and there are numbers who rejoice in New Guinea as a signal proof of the regenerating power of the Gospel of Christ. Yet, to the Christian man, it is somewhat humiliating to find how deeply the press of our country is stirred by the statement that Germany has annexed the north coast of New Guinea, while it has hardly been touched by the thrilling story of the introduction of Christianity all along the south coast. The public mind is much exercised in discussing whether Her Majesty's Government should annex the whole rather than proclaim a protectorate over a part; it hardly cares to remember the names of those who have died in trying to make known to the fierce Papuans our common brotherhood in Christ Jesus. One can understand that this is natural; still, it will be an augury of good for the future of the English people, when, without losing any of their legitimate interest in

public affairs, they care more for the victories won by faith alone, over ignorance, vice, and barbarism, than for the victories won by the rifle and sword, however just the cause may be in which these weapons are used.

For years past the idea has been gaining force in the public mind, both in the colonies and at home, that ultimately England would annex New Guinea. To any careful student of our history for the last century, it may appear strange that we have not done so long before. Our practice in the past has been to annex first, and to find reasons for it afterwards. To others, the very fact that even now the extremest step is only to proclaim a protectorate over a part, may appear to indicate that we are not quite so sure as we have been that annexation is wholly a blessing either to us or to the land annexed.

As already noted, in 1873 Captain Moresby did good service by accurately laying down the coast-line of Eastern New Guinea. In accomplishing this, he discovered that there were several beautiful islands that had hitherto been considered part of the mainland. It is best perhaps to give what followed in his own words :—

'The importance of our discoveries led me to consider their bearing on Imperial and Australian interests. There lay the vast island of New Guinea, dominating the shores of Northern Australia, separated at one point by only twenty miles of coral reef from British possessions, commanding the Torres Straits route, commanding the increasing pearl-shell fisheries, and also the *bêche-de-mer* fishery. It was also improved by the richness and beauty, and the number of their fine vegetable products—fine timber, the cocoa-nut, the sago palm,

sugar-cane, maize, jute, and various vegetable fibres, fruits and rich grasses—and my conclusion, after weighing all the considerations involved was, that it way my duty to take formal possession of our discoveries in the name of Her Majesty. Such a course secured a postponement of occupation by any Power till our Government could consider its own interests, and whilst the acquisition of these islands might commend itself, and my act result in annexation on the one hand, it might be negatived on the other with easy simplicity, by a neglect to confirm it.'

Accordingly a cocoa-nut tree was transformed into a flagstaff, the British flag was run up, and duly saluted with cheers and volleys, and a picture of the proceeding adorns the captain's book as frontispiece.

Ever since that time events have tended in the direction of bringing New Guinea into closer relations with England. On the one hand, there has been the conviction that if we do not annex it some other country will, and thus threaten Australia. Then many Australians have looked upon New Guinea as a possible paradise for colonists, and have been eager to establish themselves securely upon its soil. The attempts in this direction have produced little but disaster to all concerned.

On the other hand, missionaries feel that there is much to be said on the same side. Perhaps the opinion of no one man deserves more weight than that of Mr. Chalmers. We give his views, as he expressed them before the protectorate was proclaimed.

'This question of the annexation of New Guinea is still creating a good deal of interest, and although at present the Imperial Government, through Lord Derby,

has given its decision against annexation, yet the whole matter must, I have no doubt, be reconsidered, and the island be eventually annexed. It is to be hoped the country is not to become part of the Australian colonies—a labour land, and a land where loose money in the hands of a few capitalists is to enter in and make enormous fortunes, sacrificing the natives and everything else. If the Imperial Government is afraid of the expense, I think that can easily be avoided. Annex New Guinea, and save it from another power, who might harass our Australian colonies; administer it for the natives, and the whole machinery of government can be maintained by New Guinea, and allow a large overplus. We have all the experience of the Dutch in Java; I say, accept and improve.

'It will be said that, as a nation, Britain has never tried to govern commercially, or has not yet made money out of her governing; and why should she now? She does not want New Guinea. Why should she go to the expense of governing? Her colonies may be unsafe with a country of splendid harbours so near in the hands of a foreign power, and the people of that country need a strong, friendly, and just power over them, to save them from themselves and from the white man—whose gods are gold and land, and to whom the black man is a nuisance to be got rid of as soon as possible. Let Britain for these reasons annex, and from the day of annexation New Guinea will pay all her own expenses; the expenses of the first three years to be paid with compound interest at the end of that period.

'Let us begin by recognising all native rights, and

letting it be distinctly understood that we govern for the native races, not the white men, that we are determined to civilise and raise to a higher level of humanity those whom we govern, that our aim will be to do all to defend them and save them from extermination by just humanitarian laws—not the laws of the British nation—but the laws suited for them. It will not take long for the natives to learn that not only are we great and powerful, but we are just and merciful, and we seek their good.

'That established, I would suggest appointing officers in every district, whose duty it would be to govern through the native chief, and see that every native attended to plantations. A native planting tea, sugar, coffee, maize, cinchona, etc., to be allowed a bounty, and when returns arrived to be allowed so much per pound sterling. All these things to be superintended by the said officer.

'Traders would soon swarm, but no one should be allowed to trade with natives directly, but only through the Government.

'All unoccupied land to belong to the Government, and to be leased to those wishing land. No native should be allowed to part with land, and if desirous to sell, then only to the Government, who would allow him a reasonable price. Every land transaction to be made through Government; no land to be sold, only leased.

'The land revenue will be immense, and after paying all expenses, will leave much for improvements and the education of the people. Stringent laws passed directly annexation takes place to prevent importation of arms and spirits, will be a true safeguard for the natives.

'As a nation, let Britain, in the zenith of her power and greatness, think kindly of the native races, and now for once in her history rule this great island for right and righteousness, in justice and mercy, and not for self and pelf in unrighteousness, blood, and falsehood. It is to be hoped that future generations of New Guinea natives will not rise up to condemn her, as the New Zealanders have done, and to claim their ancient rights with tears now unheeded. I can see along the vista of the future, truth and righteousness in Britain's hands, and the inhabitants of New Guinea yet unborn blessing her for her rule; if otherwise, God help the British meanness, for they will rise to pronounce a curse on her for ever!'

In 1883, the Queensland Government *did* formally annex their huge neighbour; but this act was subsequently repudiated by the Home Government. Towards the end of 1884, it was decided to announce a formal protectorate over a large portion of the southern shores of New Guinea.

The official ceremony took place on Nov. 6th, 1884, at Port Moresby. Five ships of war at once gave dignity to the proceeding by their presence, and astonished the natives by their salutes. About fifty chiefs were brought on board the Commodore's ship, the Nelson, by the Rev. W. G. Lawes. To Boevagi, the chief of the Port Moresby tribe, was entrusted the responsibility of upholding the authority and dignity of England in the island. He was presented with an ebony stick, into the top of which had been let a florin with the Queen's head uppermost. Mr. Lawes conveyed to Boevagi the meaning of the Commodore's words when he gave the stick. 'I present you with

this stick, which is to be an emblem of your authority; and all the tribes who are represented by the chiefs here are to look to the holder of this stick. Boevagi, this stick represents the Queen of England, and if at any time any of the people of these tribes have the grievance or anything to say, they are, through

BOEVAGI, CHIEF OF PORT MORESBY.

any holder of this stick, to make it known to the Queen's officers, in order that it may be inquired into.'

The formal protectorate was announced in the following terms:—

'To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:—Whereas it has become essential for the lives and properties of the native inhabitants of New Guinea, and for the purpose of preventing the occupation of portions of

that country by persons whose proceedings, unsanctioned by any lawful authority, might tend to injustice, strife, and bloodshed, and who, under the pretence of legitimate trade and intercourse, might endanger the liberties and possess themselves of the lands of such native inhabitants, that a British protectorate should be established over a certain portion of such country and the islands adjacent thereto; and whereas Her Majesty, having taken into her gracious consideration the urgent necessity of her protection to such inhabitants, has directed me to proclaim such protection in a formal manner at this place,—now I, James Elphinstone Erskine, Captain in the Royal Navy and Commodore of the Australian Station, one of Her Majesty's naval aides-de-camp, do hereby, in the name of Her most Gracious Majesty, declare and proclaim the establishment of such protectorate over such portions of the coast and the adjacent islands as is more particularly described in the schedule hereunto annexed; and I hereby proclaim and declare that no acquisition of land, whensoever or howsoever acquired, within the limits of the protectorate hereby established will be recognised by Her Majesty; and I do hereby, on behalf of Her Majesty, command and enjoin all persons whom it may concern to take notice of this proclamation.

'SCHEDULE.

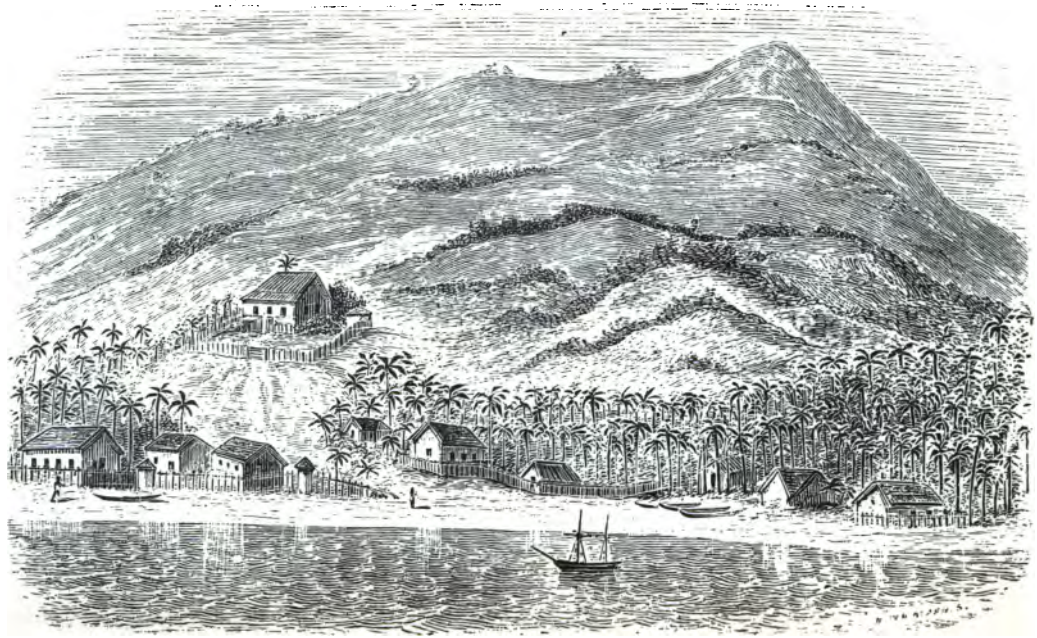
'All that portion of the southern shores of New Guinea commencing from the boundary of that portion of the country claimed by the Government of the Netherlands on the 141st meridian of east longitude to East Cape, with all the islands adjacent thereto south of East Cape

to Kosmann Island inclusive, together with the islands in the Goschen Straits.

'Given on board Her Majesty's ship Nelson, at the harbour of Port Moresby, on the 6th day of November, 1884.'

The die has thus been cast. Already rumours that seem to have some foundation are in the air that the protectorate is soon to become annexation. It should be the aim of all to see that, by the force of public opinion, the last portion of the heathen world that has come under English protection shall have, as the years pass, many and solid reasons for thanking God that He has so guided its destinies as to unite them to our great Empire.

The map prefixed to the book is based, by the kind permission of the London Missionary Society, upon one issued by them in 1882. It is enriched by the incorporation of many discoveries made by Mr. Chalmers in the course of his recent journeys.



MURRAY ISLAND.

NEW GUINEA.

PART I.

EXPLORATIONS IN NEW GUINEA.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY EXPERIENCES.

Somerset—Murray Island—Darnley Island—Boera—Port Moresby—Trip inland—Sunday at Port Moresby—Native funeral ceremonies—Tupuselei—Round Head—Native salutations—Kerepunu—Teste Island—Hoop-iron as an article of commerce—Two teachers landed—A tabooed place—Moresby and Basilisk Islands—South Cape—House building—Difficulties with the natives—An anxious moment—Thefts—Dancing and cooking—Visit to a native village—Native shot on the Mayri—Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers in danger—Arrival of the Ellengowan.

TOWARDS the close of 1877, Mr. Chalmers and Mr. McFarlane visited New Guinea for the purpose of exploring the coast, landing native teachers at suitable spots, and thus opening the way for future missionary effort. What follows is given in Mr. Chalmers' words:—

We left Sydney by the Dutch steamer William M'Kinnon, on September 20th, 1877, for Somerset. The sail inside the Barrier Reef is most enjoyable. The numerous islands passed, and the varied coast

scenery make the voyage a very pleasant one—especially with such men as our captain and mates. On Sunday, the 30th, we reached Somerset, where we were met by the Bertha, with Mr. McFarlane on board of her. Mr. McFarlane was soon on board of the steamer to welcome us, and remained with us till the evening. There was very little of the Sabbath observed that day—all was bustle and confusion. Quite a number of the pearl-shelling boats were at Somerset awaiting the arrival of the steamer, and the masters of these boats were soon on and around the steamer receiving their goods.

On Tuesday, October 2nd, we left Somerset in the Bertha for Murray Island, anchoring that night off Albany. On Wednesday night we anchored off a sandbank, and on Thursday off a miserable-looking island, called Village Island. On Friday we came to York Island, where we went ashore and saw only four natives—one man and three boys. At eleven P.M. on Saturday we anchored at Darnley Island. This is a fine island, and more suitable for vessels and landing goods than Murray, but supposed to be not so healthy. The island is about 500 feet in height, in some parts thickly wooded, in others bare. It was here the natives cut off a boat's crew about thirty years ago, for which they suffered—the captain landing with part of his crew, well-armed, killing many and chasing them right round the island. They never again attempted anything of the kind. As a native of the island expressed himself on the subject:—'White fellow, he too much make fright, man he all run away, no want see white fellow gun no more.' In 1871 the first teachers were landed here.

The Sunday morning was fine, and we resolved to spend a quiet forenoon on shore. We landed after breakfast, and walked through what must be in wet weather a deep swamp, to the mission house on the hill. Gucheng, the Loyalty islander, who is teacher here, looks a good determined fellow. The people seem to live not far from the mission house, so did not take long to assemble. There were about eighty at the service, including a few Australians employed by one of the white men on the island to fish for trepang. The Darnley islanders appear a much more interesting people than the Australians. Many of those present at the service were clothed. They sang very well indeed such hymns as 'Come to Jesus,' 'Canaan, bright Canaan,' which, with some others, have been translated into their language. Mr. McFarlane addressed them, through the teacher, and the people seemed to attend to what was said.

Because of a strong head wind we could not leave the next day, so Mr. McFarlane and I returned to the shore. We found the children collected in Gucheng's house, learning to write the letters on slates. There were very few girls present—indeed, there are not many girls on the island, so many have been destroyed by their fathers at birth. We strolled about and visited the large cocoanut plantation belonging to the society. On our return we found the teacher and a number of natives collected near the beach. They had just buried a man who had died the night before—so Christian burial has begun. Formerly, the body would have been hung up and tapped, to allow the juices to run out, which would have been drunk by the friends. We returned to the mission house for dinner. I was glad

to find so many boys living with Gucheng. They were bright, happy little fellows, romping about, enjoying themselves.

We did not get away from Darnley Island till the morning of Wednesday, the 10th. The navigation between Darnley and Murray Islands is difficult, arising from various reefs and currents. Although only twenty-seven miles separate the two, it was Friday night before we anchored at Murray Island. We went ashore the same night.

On Saturday we climbed to the highest point of the island, 700 feet high. There seems to be no lack of food, chiefly grown inland. From the long drought, the island presented in many places a parched look, and lacked that luxuriance of vegetation to which we had been so long accustomed on Rarotonga.

At the forenoon meeting on Sunday there were nearly 200 present. Mr. McFarlane preached. A few had a little clothing on them; some seemed attentive, but the most seemed to consider the occasion a fit time for relating the week's news, or of commenting on the strangers present. The Sabbath is observed by church attendance and a cessation from work. There is not much thieving on the island; they are an indolent people. The school is well attended by old and young, and Josiah, the teacher, has quite a number of children living with him. They sing very well.

Several of the old men here wear wigs. It seems when grey hairs appear they are carefully pulled out; as time moves on they increase so fast that they would require to shave the head often, so, to cover their shame, they take to wigs, which represent them as having long, flowing, curly hair, as in youth. Wigs would not

astonish the Murray islanders, as Mr. Nott's did the Tahitians after his return from England. They soon spread the news round the island that their missionary had had his head newly thatched, and looked a young man again.

On Monday the teachers' goods and mission supplies were put on board the Bertha. On Tuesday afternoon, after everything was on board, a farewell service was held with the teachers, and early on Wednesday morning we left Murray Island for New Guinea. On Friday we made New Guinea, off Yule Island, and about sunset on Oct. 21st we anchored about five miles off Boera. Near to the place where we anchored was a low swampy ground covered with mangrove. We could see Lealea, where there has been so much sickness. It presented the same low, swampy, unhealthy appearance. Soon after we anchored a canoe came alongside with Mr. Lawes and Piri on board. Mr. Lawes did not seem so strong as I remembered him eleven years ago, yet he looked better than I had expected to see him. He has suffered greatly from the climate. Piri is a strong, hearty fellow; the climate seems to have had little effect on him. They remained some time on board, when they went ashore in the vessel's boat—Piri taking the teachers and their wives ashore with him. The wind was ahead, and too strong for the canoe, so the men who came off in her with Mr. Lawes and Piri remained on board the Bertha till midnight, when the wind abated. When the boat was leaving they shouted to Mr. Lawes to tell us not to be afraid, as they would not steal anything. They remained quietly on board till two A.M.

Mr. McFarlane and I went ashore in the morning.

The country looked bare and not at all inviting. This is now the most western mission station on New Guinea proper. Piri has a very comfortable house, with a plantation near to it. The chapel, built principally by himself and wife, is small, but comfortable, and well suited for the climate. The children meet in it for school. The village has a very dirty, tumble-down appearance.

HOUSE OF PIRI AT BOERA.

The widows of two teachers who died last year shortly after their arrival in the mission were living with Piri. We took them on board, with their things, to accompany us to the new mission. I returned ashore with the boat to fetch away the remainder of the things and teachers who were ashore, and when ready to return found the vessel too far off to fetch her, so, after pulling for some time, we up sail and away for Port Moresby. Piri and his wife came with us in

their large canoe. We saw several dugongs on the way, which some esteem extra good food. Tom, one of the Loyalty Island teachers, who was in the boat with us, expressed their edible qualities thus: 'You know, sir, pig he good.' 'Yes, Tom, it is very good.' 'Ah, he no good; dugong, he much good.' It must be good when a native pronounces it to be better than pork.

We arrived at Port Moresby about six o'clock. I cannot say I was much charmed with the place, it had such a burnt-up, barren appearance. Close to the village is a mangrove swamp, and the whole bay is enclosed with high hills. At the back of the mission premises, and close to them, is a large swampy place, which in wet weather is full of water. There can be no doubt about Port Moresby being a very unhealthy place. We went ashore for breakfast next day, and in the afternoon visited the school; about forty children were present—an unusually large number. Many of the children know the alphabet, and a few can spell words of two or three letters. In walking through the village in the afternoon we saw the women making their crockery pots, preparing for the men's return from the Gulf, the next north-west season, with large quantities of sago. We visited the graves of the teachers, which are kept in good order. They are all enclosed by a good fence. Within the same enclosure is one little grave that will bind New Guinea close to the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Lawes. Over them all may be written—'For Christ's sake.'

In returning from the graves we met a man in mourning, whose wife had been killed in a canoe by natives about Round Head. He and his friends had resolved to retaliate, but through the influence of the

teachers they did not do so. The teachers from the villages to the east of Port Moresby came in this afternoon, looking well and hearty. Some of them have suffered a good deal from fever and ague, but are now becoming acclimatised. The natives of the various villages are not now afraid of one another, but accompany their teachers from place to place. Men, women, and children smoke, and will do anything for tobacco. The best present you can give them is tobacco; it is the one thing for which they beg.

As it was decided that the vessel should not leave before Tuesday of the next week, Mr. McFarlane and I took a trip inland. I was anxious to see for myself if anything could be done for the natives living in the mountains. Mr. Goldie, a naturalist, with his party, was about ten miles inland. He himself had been at Port Moresby for some days, and, on hearing of our plans, he joined us, and we proceeded first to his camp. We left Port Moresby about half-past five on Thursday morning, and crossed the low ground at the back of the mission house. We ascended the hill which runs all along the coast in this district at a part about 300 feet high, and then descended into a great plain. At present the plain is dry and hard, from the long drought, and very little of anything green is to be seen. There are a few small gum trees, and great herds of wallabies were jumping about. The greater part of this plain is under water in the wet seasons. We walked about ten miles in an east-north-east direction, keeping the Astrolabe Range to our right, when we came to the camp, close by a large river—the Laroki. Being afraid of alligators, we preferred having water poured over us to bathing in the river.

Our party was a tolerably large one—Ruatoka (the Port Moresby teacher), some Port Moresby natives, and four Loyalty Island teachers, on their way to East Cape. We did not see a strange native all the way. We had our hammocks made fast in the bush by the river side, and rested until three P.M., when we started for another part of the river about seven miles off, in a south-east direction. Mr. Goldie also shifted his camp. After sunset we reached the point where the river was to be crossed, and there we meant to remain for the night.

We had a bath, then supper, and evening prayers; after which we slung our hammocks to the trees, in which we rested well. It was a strangely weird-looking sight, and the noises were of a strange kind—wallabies leaping past, and strange birds overhead. Mr. Goldie's Maré men joined with their countrymen, the teachers, in singing some of Sankey's hymns in English. Soon sleep came, and all seemed quiet.

At three A.M. of the 26th we struck camp, and after morning prayers we began to cross the river, which was not over four feet in the deepest part. It was here Mr. Lawes crossed when he first visited the inland tribes; so now, led by Ruatoka, we were on his track. The moon was often hidden by dark clouds, so we had some difficulty in keeping to the path. We pressed on, as we were anxious to get to a deserted village which Mr. Goldie knew to breakfast. We reached the village about six, and after we had partaken of breakfast we set off for the mountains. When we had gone about four miles the road became more uneven. Wallabies were not to be seen, and soon we were in a valley close by the river, which we followed for a long way, and

then began to ascend. We climbed it under a burning sun, Ruatoka calling out, *Tepiake, tepiake, tepiake* (Friends, friends, friends). Armed natives soon appeared on the ridge shouting, *Misi Lao, Misi Lao.* Ruatoka called back, *Misi Lao* (Mr. Lawes), and all was right—spears were put away and they came to meet us, escorting us to a sort of reception room, where we all squatted, glad to get in the shade from the sun.

We were now about 1,100 feet above the sea level. We were surprised to see their houses built on the highest tree-tops they could find on the top of the ridge. One of the teachers remarked, 'Queer fellows these; not only do they live on the mountain tops, but they must select the highest trees they can find for their houses.' We were very soon friends; they seemed at ease, some smoking tobacco, others chewing betel-nuts. I changed my shirt, and when those near me saw my white skin they raised a shout that soon brought the others round. Bartering soon began—taro, sugar cane, sweet yams, and water were got in exchange for tobacco, beads, and cloth.

After resting about two hours, we proceeded to the next village, five miles further along the ridge. Some of our party were too tired to accompany us; they remained where we expected to camp for the night. After walking some miles we came unexpectedly on some natives. As soon as they saw us they rushed for their spears, and seemed determined to dispute our way. By a number of signs—touching our chins with our right hands, &c.—they understood we were not foes, so they soon became friendly. They had their faces blackened with soot, plumbago, and gum, and then sprinkled over with white; their mouths and teeth were in a terrible mess

from chewing the betel nut. On our leaving them, they shouted on to the next village. An old man lay outside on the platform of the next house we came to; he looked terribly frightened as we approached him, but as, instead of injuring him we gave him a present, he soon rallied and got us water to drink. By-and-by a few gathered round. We understood them to say the most of the people were away on the plains hunting for wallabies. One young woman had a net over her shoulders and covering her breasts, as a token of mourning—an improvement on their ordinary attire, which is simply a short grass petticoat—the men *nil.*

After a short stay, we returned to where we thought of camping for the night, but for want of water we went on to the village we had visited in the forenoon. We slung our hammocks in the reception room, had supper, and turned in for the night. It felt bleak and cold, and the narrowness of the ridge made us careful, even in our sleep, lest we should fall out and over. On coming across the highest peak in the afternoon, we had a magnificent view of Mount Owen Stanley, with his two peaks rising far away above the other mountains by which he is surrounded. It must have been about thirty miles off, and, I should think, impossible to reach from where we were. We were entirely surrounded by mountains: mountains north, east, south, and west—above us and below us. I question if it will ever be a country worth settling in.

We were anxious to spend the Sabbath at Port Moresby, so, leaving the most of our party, who were too tired to come with us, to rest till Monday, Mr. McFarlane, Ruatoka, and I set off on our return very early on Saturday morning, and had strangely difficult

work in getting down the mountain side and along the river. Fireflies danced all round in hundreds, and we awakened many strange birds before their time, which gave forth a note or two, only to sleep again. Before daylight, we were at Mr. Goldie's camp, where we had breakfast, and hurried on for the river. We rested a short time there, and then away over plains to Port Moresby, which we reached about mid-day, tired indeed and very footsore. Oh, that shoemakers had only to wear the boots they send to missionaries!

Early on Sunday morning, a great many natives went out with their spears, nets and dogs, to hunt wallabies. A goodly number attended the forenoon service, when Mr. Lawes preached. A good many strangers were present from an inland village on the Astrolabe side. There is not yet much observance of the Sabbath. Poi, one of the chief men of the place, is very friendly: he kept quite a party of his inland friends from hunting, and brought them to the services. Mr. Lawes preached again in the afternoon. As we went to church in the afternoon the hunters were returning: they had evidently had a successful day's hunting. During the day a canoe came in from Hula, laden with old cocoa-nuts, which were traded for pottery.

In the evening, an old sorceress died, and great was the wailing over her body. She was buried on the Monday morning, just opposite the house in which she lived. A grave was dug two feet deep, and spread over with mats, on which the corpse was laid. Her husband lay on the body, in the grave, for some time, and, after some talking to the departed spirit, got up, and lay down by the side of the grave, covered with a mat. About mid-day, the grave was covered over with the

earth, and friends sat on it weeping. The relatives of the dead put on mourning by blackening their bodies all over, and besmearing them with ashes.

On the 31st, the Bertha left for Kerepunu. As I was anxious to see all the mission stations along the coast between Port Moresby and Kerepunu, I remained, to accompany Mr. Lawes in the small schooner Mayri. We left on the following day, and sailed down the coast inside the reef. We arrived at Tupuselei about mid-day. There were two teachers here, and Mr. Lawes having decided to remove one, we got him on board, and sailed for Kaili. The villages of Tupuselei and Kaili are quite in the sea. I fear they are very unhealthy—mangroves and low swampy ground abound. The Astrolabe Range is not far from the shore we were sailing along all day. There is a fine bold coast line, with many bays.

In the early morning our small vessel of only seven tons was crowded with natives. We left the vessel about nine A.M. for a walk inland, accompanied by a number of natives, who all went to their houses for their arms before they would leave their village. They have no faith whatever in one another. We passed through a large swamp covered with mangroves—then into a dense tropical bush, passing through a large grove of sago palms and large mango trees. The mangoes were small—about the size of a plum—and very sweet. At some distance inland I took up a peculiar-looking seed; one of the natives, thinking I was going to eat it, very earnestly urged me to throw it away, and with signs gave me to understand that if I ate it I should swell out to an enormous size, and die.

We walked about seven miles through bush, and then

began the ascent of one of the spurs of the Astrolabe. On nearing the inland village for which we were bound, the natives became somewhat afraid, and the leader stopped, and, turning to Mr. Lawes, asked him if he would indeed not kill any of the people. He was assured all was right, and then he moved on a few paces, to stop again, and re-enquire if all was right. When reassured, we all went on, not a word spoken by anyone, and so in silence we entered the village. When we were observed, spears began rattling in the houses; but our party shouted, *Maino, maino* (Peace, peace), *Misi Lao, Misi Lao.* The women escaped through the trap-doors in the floors of their houses, and away down the side of the hill into the bush. We reached the chief's house, and there remained.

The people soon regained confidence, and came round us, wondering greatly at the first white men they had ever seen in their village. The women returned from their flight, and began to cook food, which, when ready, they brought to us, and of which we all heartily partook. We gave them presents, and they would not suffer us to depart till they had brought us a return present of uncooked food. They are a fine, healthy-looking people, lighter than those on the coast. Many were in deep mourning, and frightfully besmeared. There are a number of villages close by, on the various ridges. We returned by a different way, following the bed of what must be in the rainy season a large river. The banks were in many places from eight to nine feet high.

On the following morning, Nov. 3rd, we weighed anchor and set sail, passing Kapakapa, a double village in the sea. The houses are large and well built. There are numerous villages on the hills at the back of it, and

not too far away to be visited. We anchored off Round Head, which does not, as represented on the charts, rise boldly from the sea. There is a plain between two and three miles broad between the sea and the hill called Round Head. There are many villages on the hills along this part of the coast. We anchored close to the shore. A number of natives were on the beach, but could not be induced to visit us on board. We went ashore to them after dinner. They knew Mr. Lawes by name only, and became more easy when he assured them that he was really and truly *Misi Lao.* They professed friendship by calling out, *Maino, maino,* catching hold of their noses, and pointing to their stomachs. After a little time, two ventured to accompany Mr. Lawes on board, and received presents. I remained ashore astonishing others by striking matches, and showing off my arms and chest. The women were so frightened that they all kept at a respectful distance. These are the natives from an inland village that killed a Port Moresby native about the beginning of the year. When those who accompanied Mr. Lawes on board the Mayri returned to the shore, they were instantly surrounded by their friends, who seized the presents and made off. They had received fish, biscuit, and taro. The taro and fish were smelt all over, and carefully examined before eaten. The biscuit was wrapped up again in the paper.

On Sunday, the 4th, we were beating down through innumerable reefs, and at eight P.M. we anchored about three miles from Hula. The following morning we went up to the village, the Mayri anchoring close by the houses. The country about here looks fine and green, a very striking contrast to that around Port

Moresby. The further east we get from Port Moresby, the finer the country looks. The people are also superior—finer made men and women, and really pretty boys and girls—more, altogether, like our eastern South Sea Islanders. The married women spoil their looks by keeping their heads shaven. They seem fond of their children: men and women nurse them. They were busy preparing their large canoes to visit Port Moresby, on the return of the Port Moresby canoes from the west with sago.

About three in the afternoon an old woman made her appearance at the door of the mission house, bawling out, 'Well, what liars these Hula people are; some of them were inland this morning, and the chief asked them if *Misi Lao* had come, and they said no.' The chief, who saw the vessel from the hill top where his village is, thought it strange the vessel should be there without *Misi Lao*, so sent this woman to learn the truth. She received a present for herself and the chief, and went away quite happy.

Next morning, Nov. 6th, we left Hula with a fair wind, and were anchored close to Kerepunu by nine A.M. The Bertha was anchored fully two miles off. Kerepunu is a magnificent place, and its people are very fine-looking. It is one large town of seven districts, with fine houses, all arranged in streets, crotons and other plants growing about, and cockatoos perching in front of nearly every house. One part of the population plant, another fish, and the planters buy the fish with their produce. Men, women and children are all workers; they go to their plantations in the morning and return to their homes in the evening, only sick ones remaining at home; thus accounting for the number of scrofulous

people we saw going about when we first landed. They have a rule, to which they strictly adhere all the year round, of working for two days and resting the third.

The Bertha arrived here on Friday evening. Mrs. Chalmers was at the forenoon service on the Sunday, and found there a large congregation. The service was held on the platform of one of the largest houses. Anedered preached, a number sitting on the platform, others in the house, others on the ground all round, and many at the doors of their own houses, where they could hear all that was said.

Mr. Lawes decided to remain at Kerepunu to revise for the press a small book Anedered has been preparing, and to follow us to Teste Island in the Ellengowan. We left Kerepunu on the morning of Nov. 8th, the Mayri leaving at the same time, to sail down inside the surf. We went right out to sea, so as to beat down, had fine weather, and were off Teste Island by the 16th, After dinner we took the boat, and with the captain went in on the east side of the island through the reef, to sound and find anchorage.

When we reached the lagoon a catamaran with three natives on it came off to us. We asked for Koitan, the chief, which at once gave them confidence in us, so that they came alongside, one getting into the boat. He expressed his friendship to us in the usual way, viz., by touching his nose and stomach, and, being very much excited, seized hold of Mr. McFarlane and rubbed noses with him, doing the same to me. He received a present of a piece of hoop-iron and some red braid, which greatly pleased him. We found the water was deep enough over the reef for the vessel, and good anchorage

inside. We went on to the village, to see about the supply of water.

The people were very friendly, and crowded round us. We were led up to a platform in front of one of their large houses, and there seated and regaled with cocoanuts. The natives here are much darker than are those at Kerepunu; most of them suffer from a very offensive-looking skin disease, which causes the skin to peel off in scales. In their conversation with one another I recognised several Polynesian words. The water is obtained by digging in the sand, and is very brackish.

We came to anchor next morning, and soon were surrounded with canoes, and our deck swarmed with natives trading their curios, yams, cocoanuts and fish for beads and hoop-iron. Many were swearing friendship, and exchanging names with us, in hopes of getting hoop-iron. There is as great a demand for hoop-iron here as for tobacco at Port Moresby. They told us they disliked fighting, but delighted in the dance, betel nut and sleep. The majority have jet black teeth, which they consider very beautiful, and all have their noses and ears pierced, with various sorts of nose and ear-rings, chiefly made from shell, inserted. A crown piece could easily be put through the lobe of their ears.

We went ashore in the afternoon. There are three villages, all close to one another. Their houses are built on poles, and are shaped like a canoe turned bottom upwards, others like one in the water. They ornament their houses on the outside with cocoanuts and shells. The nabobs of the place had skulls on the posts of their houses, which they said belonged to the

enemies they had killed and eaten. One skull was very much fractured; they told us it was done with a stone axe, and showed us how they used these weapons.

We tried to explain to them that no one was to come to the vessel the next day, as it was a sacred day. In the early morning some canoes came off to trade, but we sent them ashore; a few more followed about breakfast time, which were also sent ashore. In the afternoon our old friend of the preceding day came off with his wife and two sons. He called out that he did not wish to come on board, but that he had brought some cooked food. We accepted his present, and he remained with his family in his canoe alongside the vessel for some time, and then went quietly ashore. We had three services on board, one in the forenoon in Lifuan, in the afternoon in Rarotongan, and in the evening in English.

As Teste Island is about twenty miles from the mainland, with a dead beat to it, I decided to seek for a position more accessible to New Guinea, and as I had not a teacher to spare for this little island, Mr. McFarlane decided to leave two of the Loyalty Island teachers here. It is fertile, and appears healthy, is two-and-a-half miles long and half a mile broad. A ridge of hills runs right through its centre from east-north-east to west-south-west. The natives have some fine plantations on the north side, and on the south and east sides they have yam plantations to the very tops of the hills. There are plantations and fruit trees all round the island.

On Monday I accompanied Mr. McFarlane when he went ashore to make arrangements to land his teachers and secure a house for them. The people seemed

pleased that some of our party would remain with them. Mr. McFarlane at once chose a house on a point of land a good way from our landing-place, and at the end of the most distant village. The owner was willing to give up the house until the teachers could build one for themselves, so it was at once taken and paid for. We came along to our old friend's place, near the landing, when we were told that the house taken was a very bad one. In the first place, the position was unhealthy, in the second, that was the point where their enemies from Basilaki (Moresby Island) always landed when they came to fight, and the people could not protect the teachers if so far off when their foes came. All agreed in this, and a fine new house which had never been occupied was offered and taken, the same price being paid for it as for the other one. This house is close to the landing-place, and in the midst of the people. The owner of the first house offered to return the things, but we thought it would not be ruinous to let him keep them, their English value being about ten shillings.

We passed a tabooed place, or rather would have done so had we not been forced to take a circuitous path in the bush. None of the natives spoke as we passed the place, nor till we were clear of it; they made signs also to us to be silent. A woman had died there lately, and the friends were still mourning. There had been no dancing in the settlement since the death, nor would there be any for some days to come.

I think women are more respected here than they are in some other heathen lands. They seem to keep fast hold of their own possessions. A man stole an ornament belonging to his wife, and sold it for hoop-

iron on board the Bertha. When he went ashore he was met on the beach by his spouse, who had in the meantime missed her trinket; she assailed him with tongue, stick and stone, and demanded the hoop-iron.

The teachers were landed in the afternoon, and were well received. The natives all promised to care for them, and treat them kindly. There are about 250 natives on the island. No Ellengowan appearing, we determined to leave this on Wednesday, the 21st, and to proceed to Moresby Island. Next morning we left, but, owing to light winds, we did not anchor in Hoop Iron Bay, off Moresby Island, till the morning of the 22nd. The anchorage here is in an open roadstead. It is a very fine island—the vegetation from the water's edge right up to the mountain tops. Plantations are to be seen all round. The people live in small detached companies, and are not so pleasant and friendly-looking a people as are the Teste Islanders. This is the great Basilaki, and the natives are apparently the deadly foes of all the islanders round. Before we anchored, we were surrounded by catamarans (three small logs lashed together) and canoes—spears in them all.

Mr. McFarlane decided, as soon as we came to the island, that he would not land his teachers here; and I did not consider it a suitable place as a head station for New Guinea. We left Moresby Island at six A.M. on the 23rd inst., and beat through Fortescue Straits, between Moresby and Basilisk Islands. The scenery was grand—everything looked so fresh and green, very different from the death-like appearance of Port Moresby and vicinity. The four teachers were close behind us, in their large whale-boat, with part of their things. On getting out of the Straits, we saw East

Cape; but, as there is no anchorage there, we made for Killerton Island, about ten miles from the Cape. The wind being very light, it was eight P.M. before we anchored: the boat got up an hour after us. There was apparently great excitement ashore; lights were moving about in all directions, but none came to us. In the morning, a catamaran with two boys ventured alongside of us; they got a present, and went away shouting. Soon we were surrounded with catamarans and canoes, with three or four natives in each. They had no spears with them, nor did they kill a dog on our quarter-deck, as they did on that of the Basilisk. They appeared quite friendly, and free from shyness. They brought off their curios to barter for beads, red cloth, and the much-valued hoop-iron. The whole country looked productive and beautiful. After breakfast, we went ashore, and were led through swampy ground to see the water. On our return to the shore, we went in search of a position for the mission settlement, but could not get one far enough away from the swamp, so we took the boat and sailed a mile or two nearer the Cape, where we found an excellent position near a river. Mr. McFarlane obtained a fine new house for the teachers, in which they are to remain till they get a house built. We took all the teachers' goods ashore, which the natives helped to carry to the house. One man, who considered himself well dressed, kept near us all day. He had a pair of trousers, minus a leg: he fastened the body of the trousers round his head, and let the leg fall gracefully down his back.

On the following morning, two large canoes—twenty paddles in each—came in from somewhere about Milne Bay. They remained for some time near the shore,

getting all the news they could about us from the shore folk; then the leader amongst them stood up and caught his nose and pointed to his stomach—we doing the same. The large canoes went ashore, and the chief came off to us in a small one. We gave him a present, which greatly pleased him.

After breakfast, we went ashore to hold a service with the teachers. We met under a large tree, near their house. About 600 natives were about us, and all round outside of the crowd were men armed with spears and clubs. Mr. McFarlane preached. When the first hymn was being sung, a number of women and children got up and ran into the bush. The service was short; at its close we sat down and sang hymns, which seemed to amuse them greatly. The painted and armed men were not at all pleasant-looking fellows.

At two in the morning (Monday) we weighed anchor and returned to Moresby Island. The wind was very light, and we had to anchor at the entrance to Fortescue Straits. Next morning we sailed through the Straits, and, on coming out on the opposite side, we were glad to see the Bertha beating outside. By noon we were on board the Bertha, and off for South Cape, the Mayri going to Teste Island with a letter, telling the captain of the Ellengowan to follow us, and also to see if the teachers were all right.

By evening we were well up to South Cape. The captain did not care to get too near at night, and stood away till morning. About ten next morning I accompanied the captain in the boat, to sound and look for anchorage, which we found in 22 fathoms, near South-West Point. By half-past five that evening we anchored. The excitement ashore was great, and before the anchor

was really down we were surrounded by canoes. As a people, they are small and puny, and much darker than the Eastern Polynesians. They were greatly excited over Pi's baby, a fine plump little fellow, seven months old, who, beside them, seemed a white child. Indeed, all they saw greatly astonished them. Canoes came off to us very early in the morning. About half-past seven, when we were ready to go ashore, there arose great consternation amongst the natives. Three large war canoes, with conch shells blowing, appeared off the mainland and paddled across the Mayri Straits. Soon a large war canoe appeared near the vessel. A great many small canoes from various parts of the mainland were ordered off by those on whose side we were anchored. They had to leave. On their departure a great shout was raised by the victorious party, and in a short time all returned quietly to their bartering. It seemed that the Stacy Islanders wished to keep all the bartering to themselves. They did not wish the rest to obtain hoop-iron or any other foreign wealth. They are at feud with one party on the mainland, and I suppose in their late contests have been victorious, for they told us with great exultation that they had lately killed and eaten ten of their enemies from the mainland.

About nine, we went ashore near the anchorage. I crossed the island to the village, but did not feel satisfied as to the position. One of our guides to the village wore, as an armlet, the jawbone of a man from the mainland he had killed and eaten; others strutted about with human bones dangling from their hair, and about their necks. It is only the village Tepauri on the mainland with which they are unfriendly. We

returned to the boat, and sailed along the coast. On turning a cape, we came to a pretty village, on a well-wooded point. The people were friendly, and led us to see the water, of which there is a good supply. This is the spot for which we have been in search as a station for beginning work. We can go anywhere from here, and are surrounded by villages. The mainland is not more than a gun-shot across. God has led us. We made arrangements for a house for the teachers; then returned to the vessel.

In the afternoon, I landed the teachers, their wives, and part of their goods—the people helping to carry the stuff to the house. The house in which the teachers are to reside till our own is finished is the largest in the place, but they can only get the use of one end of it—the owner, who considers himself the chief man of the place, requiring the other end for himself and family. The partition between the two ends is only two feet high. Skulls, shells, and cocoanuts are hung all about the house; the skulls are those of the enemies he and his people have eaten. Inside the house, hung up on the wall, is a very large collection of human bones, bones of animals and of fish.

I selected a spot for our house on the point of land nearest the mainland. It is a large sand hill, and well wooded at the back. We have a good piece of land, with bread-fruit and other fruit trees on it, which I hope soon to have cleared and planted with food, for the benefit of the teachers who may be here awaiting their stations, as well as for the teacher for the place. The frontage is the Straits, with the mainland right opposite. There is a fine anchorage close to the house for vessel of any size.

Early next morning there was great excitement ashore. The large war canoe came off, with drums beating and men dancing. They came alongside the Bertha, and presented us with a small pig and food. Then the men came on board and danced. The captain gave them a return present. Mr. McFarlane and I went ashore immediately after breakfast, and found that the teachers had been kindly treated. We gave some natives a few axes, who at once set off to cut wood for the house, and before we returned to the vessel in the evening two posts were up. As the Bertha's time was up, and the season for the trade winds closing, everything was done to get on with the house. Mr. McFarlane worked well. Two men from the Bertha and two from the Mayri joined with the four teachers in the work, and by Tuesday the frame-work was nearly up. We landed our things that day, and immediately after breakfast on Wednesday, December 5th, we went ashore to reside; and about ten A.M. the Bertha left. On the Tuesday, Mr. McFarlane and I visited several villages on the mainland: three in a deep bay, which must be very unhealthy, from the many swamps and high mountains around. The people appeared friendly, and got very excited over the presents we gave them.

We got an old foretopsail from the captain, which we rigged up as a tent, in which the teachers slept, we occupying their quarters. We enjoyed a good night's rest. In early morning the house was surrounded with natives, many of whom were armed. They must wonder at our staying here: they consider our goods to consist entirely of hoop-iron, axes, knives, and arrowroot. About eleven A.M. the war canoes were

launched on the opposite side of the water. The excitement here was then great. I met a lad running with painted skulls to the war canoe of this village. Soon it was decorated with skulls, shells, cocoanuts and streamers, and launched. Those on the opposite side came out into the deep bay; ours remained stationary till the afternoon, when about thirty men got into her, and away towards Farm Bay to trade their hoop-iron for sago.

On Sunday, we met for our usual public services under a large tree, and a number of natives attended, who of course could not make out what was said, as they were conducted in Rarotongan. At our morning and evening prayers numbers are always about who seem to enjoy the singing. We see quite a number of strangers every day—some from Brumer Island, Tissot, Teste, China Straits, Catamaran Bay, Farm Bay, and other places. Those from Vakavaka—a place over by China Straits—are lighter and better-looking than those here. The women there do not seem to tattoo themselves. Here they tattoo themselves all over their faces and bodies, and make themselves look very ugly. I have not seen one large man or woman amongst them all.

We had much difficulty in getting a sufficient supply of plaited cocoanut leaves for the walls and roof of our house. By the 14th we had the walls and roof finished, when all our party moved into it. We had a curtain of unbleached calico put up between the teachers' end and ours, and curtains for doors and windows, but were glad to get into it in that unfinished state: the weather was breaking, and we felt anxious about the teachers sleeping in the tent when it rained,

and we had no privacy at all where we were, and were tired of squatting on the ground, for we could not get a chair in our part of the house; indeed, the flooring was of such a construction that the legs of a chair or table would have soon gone through it. On the 13th we were busy getting the wood we had cut for the flooring of our house into the sea to be rafted along; got ten large pieces into the water by breakfast-time.

After breakfast, Mrs. Chalmers and I were at the new house, with the captain of the Mayri, when we heard a noise like quarrelling. On looking out, I saw the natives very excited, and many of them running with spears and clubs towards the house where Mrs. Chalmers, about five minutes before, had left the teachers rising from breakfast. I hastened over, and pushed my way amongst the natives till I got to the front, when, to my horror, I was right in front of a gun aimed by one of the Mayri's crew (who had been helping us with the house) at a young man brandishing a spear. The aim was perfect: had the gun been fired —as it would have been had I not arrived in time— the native would have been shot dead. I pushed the native aside, and ordered the gun to be put down, and turned to the natives, shouting, *Besi, besi!* (Enough, enough!) Some of them returned their spears and clubs, but others remained threatening. I spoke to our party against using firearms, and then I caught the youth who was flourishing his spear, and with difficulty got it from him. Poor fellow, he cried with rage, yet he did me no harm. I clapped him, and got him to go away. All day he sat under a tree, which we had frequently to pass, but he would have nothing to say to

us. It seems a knife had been stolen, and he being the only one about the house when it was missed, was accused of taking it. One of the teachers was winding line, and he caught the young fellow by the arm to inquire about the knife. The lad thought he was going to be tied up with the line: he struggled, got free, and raised the alarm.

Only the night before I had to warn the teachers against using firearms to alarm or threaten the natives. An axe was stolen; every place about was searched for it, and for some time without its being found. At last, a native found it buried in the sand near where it was last used. It had evidently been hidden there till a favourable opportunity should occur of taking it away. During the search, the owner of the axe (one of the teachers), ran off for his gun, and came rushing over with it. I ordered him to take it back, and in the evening told them it was only in New Guinea that guns were used by missionaries. It was not so in any other mission I knew of, and if we could not live amongst the natives without arms, we had better remain at home; and if I saw arms used again by them for anything, except birds, or the like, I should have the whole of them thrown into the sea.

In the afternoon of the 14th I went over to the house in which we had been staying, to stir up the teachers to get the things over more quickly; Mrs. Chalmers remaining at the new house to look after the things there, as, without doors or flooring, everything was exposed. I went to the seaside to call to the captain of the Mayri, to send us the boat ashore, when, on looking towards my left, I saw twenty armed natives hurrying along. Though painted, I recognised some of them as those

who were very friendly on board the Bertha, and spoke to them; but they hurried past, frowning and saying something I did not understand. They went straight on to the chief's house, and surrounded our party. I passed through, and stood in front of them. One very ugly-looking customer was brandishing his spear close by me. It was an anxious moment, and one in which I am sure many would have used firearms. I called out to the teachers, 'Remain quiet.' Our chief sprung out on to the platform in front of the house and harangued. He was very excited. Shortly he called to the teachers in signs and words, to bring out their guns and fire. They refused. He then rushed into the house and seized a gun, and was making off with it when one of the teachers caught hold of him. I, seeing the teacher with the chief, thought something was wrong, and went to them. We quieted him, and did our best to explain to him that we were no fighters, but men of peace. The babel all round us was terrible. By-and-by a request was made to me to give the chief from the other side a present, and get him away. I said, 'No; had he come in peace, and as a chief, I would have given him a present, but I will not do so now.' They retired to deliberate, and sent another request for a present. 'No; no presents to men in arms. If the chief returns to-morrow unarmed, he will get a present.' It seems they are vexed with our living here instead of with them, because they find those here are getting what they consider very rich by our living with them. When quiet was restored, we returned to the carrying of our things. When we came to the last few things, our chief objected to their removal until he got a farewell present. He had been paid for the use of the house

before any of us entered it; but we gave him another present, and so finished the business.

Our large cross-cut saw was stolen during the hubbub. It belonged to the teachers at East Cape. It had only been lent to us, so we had to get it back. The next morning the chief from the other side came to see me. He received a present, and looked particularly sheepish when I tried to explain to him that we did not like fighting. All day I took care to show that I was very displeased at the loss of the saw, and by the evening I was told that it had been taken by those on the other side; and offers of returning it were made, but I saw I was expected to buy it from them. I said, 'No; I will not buy what was stolen from me; the saw must be returned, and I will give an axe to the one who goes for it, and fetches it to me.'

The following day, Sunday, the 15th, we held the usual services under a large tree near the mission house; a great many strangers present; the latter were very troublesome. On Monday afternoon the saw was returned. The Mayri left us that day, to visit the teachers at East Cape. The people are getting quieter. At present they are chiefly interested in the sawing of the wood for the flooring of the house. They work willingly for a piece of hoop-iron and a few beads, but cannot do much continuously. They seem to have no kind of worship, and their sports are few. The children swing, bathe, and sail small canoes. The grown-up people have their dance—a very poor sort of thing. A band of youths, with drums, stand close together, and in a most monotonous tone sing whilst they beat the drums. The dancers dance round the men once or twice, and all stop to rest a bit. I have been twice

present when only the women danced. They bury their dead, and place houses over the graves, which they fence round, planting crotons, bananas, etc., inside. They do their cooking inside their houses. It was very hot and uncomfortable when we were in the native house. The master being a sort of a chief, and having a large household, a great deal of cooking was

NATIVES OF SOUTH-EASTERN NEW GUINEA.

required. Three large fires were generally burning in their end of house for the greater part of the day. The heat and smoke from these fires were not nice. Indeed, they generally had one or two burning all night, to serve for blankets, I suppose.

We went on with our work about the place, getting on well with the natives and with those from other parts,

We became so friendly with the natives that I had hoped to go about with them in their canoes. Several natives from one of the settlements invited me to visit their place, and said that if I went with them in their canoe they would return me. I went with them, and was well received by all the people at the settlement, where I spent some hours. On the 21st of December the Mayri returned from East Cape, and reported that all were sick, but that the people were very friendly and kind to teachers. Anxious to keep the vessel employed, and to prepare the way for landing teachers, I resolved to visit a settlement on the mainland at deadly feud with this people. The people here tried hard to dissuade me from going, telling me that as I stayed with them my head would be cut off. Seeing me determined to go, they brought skulls, saying, mine would be like that, to adorn their enemies' war canoe, or hang outside of chief's house. Feeling sure that they did not wish me to go because they were afraid the hoop-iron, the knives, axes, beads, and cloth might also be distributed on the other side, I told them I must go; so they left me to my fate.

I took the teacher with me that I hoped to leave there. We were received very kindly by the people. They led us inland, to show us there was water, and when we got back to the seaside they regaled us with sugar-cane and cocoanuts. They then told us that they did not live at the village, but at the next, and merely came here for food. We then got into a canoe, and were paddled up to the other village, where a great crowd assembled, and where we publicly gave the chiefs our presents. They danced with delight, and told the teacher not to be long until he came to reside with them.

On our return we thought our friends seemed disappointed. We had suffered no harm; however, as I had been unwell for some days, and felt worse on the day following my trip, they felt comforted, and assured me it was because of our visiting Tepauri. We had several things stolen, and amongst other things a camp oven, which we miss much. Yet these are things which must be borne, and we can hope that some day their stealing propensities will change. From a very unexpected source, and in a very unexpected manner, the whole prospects of this eastern mission seemed all at once to be upset. I do not think I can do better than extract from my journal for the next few days.

December 29th.—About twelve o'clock three lads from the Mayri came ashore to cut firewood. One of them came to me, saying, 'I 'fraid, sir, our captain he too fast with natives. One big follow he come on board, and he sit down below. Captain he tell him get up; he no get up. Captain he get sword, and he tell him, s'pose he no get up he cut head off; he get up, go ashore. I fear he no all right.' They left me and went towards the sawpit. Some men were clearing at the back of my house, some were putting up a cook-house, and the teachers were sawing wood. On the cook-house being finished, I was paying the men, when, on hearing a great noise, I rose up and saw those who were at the sawpit running away and leaping the fence, and heard firing as if from the vessel. I rushed into the house with my bag, and then out to see what it was. I saw natives on board the Mayri, and some in canoes; they were getting the hawser ashore, and pulling up the anchor, no doubt to take the vessel. Everywhere natives were appearing, some armed, and

others unarmed. Two of the lads from the vessel, wishing to get on board, went to their boat, but found the natives would not let it go. I shouted to the natives detaining it to let it go, which they did. Had I not been near, they would certainly have been fired upon by the two lads, who were armed with muskets. Before the boat got to the vessel I saw natives jump overboard, and soon the firing became brisker. I rushed along the beach, calling upon the natives to get into the bush, and to those on board to cease firing. Firing ceased, and soon I heard great wailing at the chief's house, where I was pressed to go. A man was shot through the leg and arm. On running through the village to the house to get something for the wounded man, I was stopped to see a young man bleeding profusely, shot through the left arm, the bullet entering the chest. I got some medicine and applied it to both.

When I reached the house I found Mrs. Chalmers the only calm person there. Natives were all around armed. When at the chief's house with medicine I was told there was still another, and he was on board. They kept shouting, 'Bocasi, Bocasi,' the name of the man who was on board in the morning. I found a small canoe all over blood, and two natives paddled me off. On getting alongside, I saw the captain sitting on deck, looking very white, and blood all about him. I asked, 'Is there still a man on board?' Answer: 'Yes.' 'Is he shot?' 'Yes.' 'Dead?' 'Yes.' He was dead, and lying below. I was afraid to remain long on board, and would not risk landing with the body; nor would it do for the body to be landed before me, as then I might be prevented from landing at all; so I got

into the canoe, in which one native was sitting. The other was getting the body to place in the canoe; but I said, 'Not in this one, but a larger one.' So ashore I went, and hastened to the house. I understood the captain to say that they attempted to take his life, and this big man, armed with a large sugar-cane knife, was coming close up, and he shot him dead. The captain's foot was frightfully cut. He had a spear head in his side, and several other wounds.

The principal people seemed friendly, and kept assuring us that all was right, we should not be harmed. Great was the wailing when the body was landed, and arms were up and down pretty frequently. Canoes began to crowd in from the regions around. A man who has all along been very friendly and kept close by us advised us strongly to leave during the night, as, assuredly, when the war canoes from the different parts came in, we should be murdered. Mrs. Chalmers decidedly opposed our leaving. God would protect us. The vessel was too small, and not provisioned, and to leave would be losing our position as well as endangering Teste and East Cape. We came here for Christ's work, and He would protect us.

In the dusk one of the crew came ashore, saying that the captain was very ill, and wanted to go off to Murray Island. I could not go on board, and leave them here. We consented to the vessel's leaving, and I gave the lad some medicine for the captain, and asked him to send on shore all he could spare in the way of beads, etc. I took all that was necessary, and about half-past seven the vessel left. We were told we should have to pay something to smooth over the trouble, which we were quite willing to do. Late at

night we had things ready. We had our evening prayers in Rarotongan, reading Psalm xlvi., and feeling that God was truly our refuge.

People were early about on the 30th. We gave the things which were prepared, and they were accepted. The people from the settlement to which the man belonged who was shot came to attack us, but the people here ordered them back. Many people came in from islands and mainland. A number of so-called chiefs tell us no one will injure us, and that we can go on with our work. We thought it not well to have services out of doors to-day, so held prayer-meetings in the house.

Great crowds came in from all round on the 31st, and many war canoes. The people were extremely impudent, jumping the fence and taking no heed of what we said. One of the chief men of the settlement to which the man who was shot belongs returned from Vaare (Teste Island). He seemed friendly, and I gave him a present.

I had an invitation to attend a cannibal feast at one of the settlements. Some said it would consist of two men and a child, others of five and a child.

The people continued troublesome all day, and seemed to think we had nothing else to do than attend to their demands.

January 1st, 1878.—We were told we might be attacked. There was a great wailing assembly at the other village. A canoe from Tanosine, with a great many ugly-looking men, passed, and our friends here seemed to fear they would attack us. We thought everything settled, and that we should have no more to pay. The warp belonging to the Mayri was carried past to-day and

offered for sale; but I would have nothing to do with it. We have tried the meek and quiet up till now, and they only become more impudent and threatening.

Having tried the peaceful and pleasant, we determined to show the natives that we were not afraid, and resisted every demand, and insisted that there should be no more leaping the fence. On demands being made, I shouted, 'No more; wait, and when Beritama fighting canoe comes, then make your demands.' They seemed afraid, and became less troublesome.

In the afternoon of January 2nd, the parties who have the hawser brought it to me; but I would have nothing to do with it. I told them if Pouairo, the settlement of the man who was shot, determines to attack us, let them come, we, too, can fight. One of the teachers fired off his gun at some distance from a bread-fruit tree, and the bullet went clean through a limb of it; it caused great exclamations, and crowds went to look at it.

The hawser was returned and left outside. We took no notice of it. The people were much quieter, and no demands were made. The cannibal feast was held. Some of our friends appeared with pieces of human flesh dangling from their neck and arms. The child was spared for a future time, it being considered too small. Amidst all the troubles Mrs. Chalmers was the only one who kept calm and well.

The Ellengowan arrived on January 20th. The natives were beginning to think no vessel would come; but when it arrived, they were frightened, and willing to forget the Mayri affair. A few days before she arrived some of our friends warned us against going too far away from the house. After her arrival we were able to go about among the people again.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW TRIP INCIDENTS.

Start eastwards from Heath Island—Naroopoo—Trading with Natives—Landing at Roux Island—Interview with the Chief—The Man with the club—Effect of a gunshot on the natives—Ellengowan Bay—Narrow Escape—The steam-whistle useful—Attempt to go inland unsuccessful—Amazons—Women chief instigators of quarrels—Toulon Island—The real 'Amazons' Land'—How the report arose—Cloudy Bay—Interview with the Chief—Sandbank Bay—A hurried time.—Dufaure Island—Attack on Mr. Chalmers by Aroma natives—Defended by some of the natives—Attack due to evil conduct of white men—Intentions of the natives—Heathen customs—Pigs—Planting—Trading—Sickness.

THE Ellengowan had been thoroughly refitted at Sydney; and in the spring of 1878, accompanied by my wife, I embarked on a cruise from east to west along the south coast of New Guinea. The little steamer was commanded by Captain Dudfield, and manned by an efficient native crew. Communication was held with some two hundred villages, one hundred and five were personally visited, and ninety for the first time by a white man. Several bays, harbours, rivers, and islands were discovered and named; the country between Meikle and Orangerie Bays, together with that lying at the back of Kerepunu was explored, and the entire coast line from Keppel Point to McFarlane Harbour, traversed on foot.

In travelling through a new country, it is impossible not to have many experiences that may interest those at home, although to the traveller they may seem of little moment. In May, 1878, I began my journeys on New Guinea, in parts hitherto unknown, and amongst tribes supposed to be hostile. I resolved, come what might, to travel unarmed, trusting to Him in whose work, I was engaged, and feeling that no harm could come to me while in His care.

On leaving Heath Island we really began on new and little known seas and country, and we first anchored in a bay we called Inverary Bay. On landing we were met by a few men, the others coming out with goods and chattels. We steamed round by the Leocadie, through what forms a good harbour for small vessels, and over by the sandbanks in Catamaran Bay. We called at Tanosina, to the east of the Leocadie, landing with caution, as these people had been very troublesome on our first arrival at South Cape, and were very anxious to avenge the man shot on board the Mayri. They did not receive us heartily, and seemed inclined to be impudent, so I thought it best, after giving one or two presents, to get quietly to the boat and away. I may here say that in after times these people were very friendly, and helped us much in our work. We visited all round the bay, returning to South Cape.

After getting a supply of water and fuel on board, we started again, going east round Rugged Head to Farm Bay, and well up to the head of the bay, anchoring opposite to Naroopoo. I landed, and soon had an admiring crowd round me. I was dressed in white, with black leather boots. Sitting on a verandah,

some, more daring than others, would come up, touch my shirt and trousers, bite their fingers and run away. Again and again this was done by the bold ones, who always eyed my boots. After consultation, one old woman mustered courage, came up, touched my trousers, and finally my boots. She was trembling all over, but, horror of horrors, to add to her fear, lifting my foot, I pulled my boot off; she screamed and ran, some others setting out with her, and did not stop until quite out of sight.

After visiting several villages, and finding that the bay was thickly populated, I went on board. The following morning many canoes came alongside, and on our getting up steam were much afraid. It was evident they wanted to show us that they had confidence in us, but it was difficult with the steam up, the snorting and general commotion on board being so great. We warned them on getting up anchor to clear off. Why should they? There was no sail, nor were we going to move. A commotion aft, canoes with crews clearing away to a very safe distance. One canoe hanging on is pulled under, a wild shout, a moment's silence, and then there is a loud roar of laughter, when they see canoe and paddlers appear astern at some distance. We rounded One Tree Point, and could see no entrance to a bay, just a few miles beyond, but since explored and named Lawes Bay. Keeping on, we anchored outside of the Roux Islands, in a fine safe harbour. Before leaving our friends at South Cape, they were boasting of having visited some place on the coast, where, on showing their large knives, the natives all left, they helping themselves to a good many things.

We had some difficulty in getting a canoe to come

alongside, and it was not until we had fastened a piece of red cloth to a stick and floated it astern, that the first canoe would come near. The natives approached, picked up the red cloth, and in showing them pieces of hoop-iron, they gradually came near enough to take hold of a piece, look well at it, and finally decide to come alongside. Once alongside we were soon fraternising, and on seeing this other canoes came off, and trading for curios began. Asking the captain to keep on trading as long as possible, I hastened ashore, to see the chief of one of the villages. As long as trading canoes remain alongside, the parties landing are perfectly safe; care should be taken to get away as soon as possible after the canoes leave the vessel.

The tide was far out when our boat touched the beach. A crowd met us, and in every hand was a club or spear. I went on to the bow, to spring ashore, but was warned not to land. I told them I had come to see the chief, had a present for him, and must see him.

'Give us your present, and we will give it to him, but you must not land.'

'I am Tamate, from Suau, and have come as a friend to visit your old chief, and I must land.'

An elderly woman came close up to the boat, saying, 'You must not land, but I will take the present, or,' pointing to a young man close by, 'he will take it for his father,' he being the chief's son.

'No; I must see the chief for myself; but the son I should also like to know, and will give him a present too.'

Springing ashore, followed by the mate, a fine daring fellow, much accustomed to roughing it on the diggings, and not the least afraid of natives, I walked

up the long beach to the village, to the chief's house. The old man was seated on the platform in front of the house, and did not even deign to rise to receive us. I told him who I was, and the object of my coming. He heard me through, and treated the whole as stale news. I placed my present on the platform in front of him, and waited for some word of satisfaction; but none escaped the stern old chieftain. Presents of beads were handed to little children in arms, but indignantly returned. Loud laughing in the outskirts of crowd and little jostling.

'Gould,' said I to the mate, 'I think we had better get away from here; keep eyes all round, and let us make quietly to the beach.'

To the chief I said, 'Friend, I am going, you stay.' Lifting his eyebrows, he said, 'Go.'

We were followed by the crowd, one man with a large round club walking behind me, and uncomfortably near. Had I that club in my hand, I should feel a little more comfortable. When on the beach we saw the canoes had left the vessel, and were hurrying ashore; our boat was soon afloat, still, we had some distance to go. I must have that club, or I fear that club will have me. I had a large piece of hoop-iron, such as is highly prized by the natives, in my satchel; taking it, I wheeled quickly round, presented it to the savage, whose eyes were dazzled as with a bar of gold. With my left hand I caught the club, and before he became conscious of what was done I was heading the procession, armed as a savage, and a good deal more comfortable. We got safely away.

From Fyfe Bay we went round to Meikle Bay, where I visited all the villages, and was well received. Before

landing I decided to walk inland, and see for myself if there was no arm of the sea running up at the back. The charts showed no such thing, but I felt sure, from the formation of the land and the manner of clouds hanging over it, that there must be a lake or some large sheet of water, and that there must be considerable streams carrying off the water of the Lorne Range and Cloudy Mountains, as no stream of any size came to the sea on the coast-side. I got the chief of the village at the head of the bay and a large following to show us the way. We travelled for some miles through good country, and at last came out opposite a large sheet of water, stretching well up towards Cloudy Mountain and away towards the head of Milne Bay. Seeing the Stirling Range, I was able to take a few positions.

Our mate, who had his fowling-piece with him, saw a very pretty parrot on a cocoanut tree. He approached until close under—the natives, about forty in number, standing breathlessly round, and wondering what was going to happen. Bang! Down dropped the parrot; a wail, hands to ears, a shout, and we were left alone with the chief, who happened to be standing close by me. Those natives only ceased running when they reached their homes.

We visited several villages, and at sundown returned. In the dark we travelled along the bed of a creek, passing small villages, whose inhabitants were terribly alarmed, but none more so than our chief. Poor fellow, he *was* frightened. How nimbly he ascended his platform on our arrival at his house, where his two wives were crying, but now rejoiced to see him in the body. Long ago the escort had returned with a terrible tale, and they feared whether their

husband could have lived through it all. But he was now considered a veritable hero, to be sung in song and shouted in dance. Friends gather round; he tells his tale; presents the bird; the wives examine it, then the crowd of relatives. He afraid! oh dear no! But he looked pale for a native, and no quantity of hoop-iron would induce him to move from that platform and the sides of those dear wives that night. Enough for one day, one month, one year, so, 'Good-bye, Tamate; I shall be off in the morning to see you.' Arriving on board late, we were welcome; they feared we had been spirited away.

The following day we got round to Ellengowan Bay. After visiting all the villages, I went right up to the head of the bay to see Silo and its chief. The tide was very low, and after pulling the boat some distance through mud we left her in charge of the two rowers, the mate and I going to the village. He had hoop-iron cut in seven inch lengths in his pockets. The old chief received us graciously, and began giving me a long story of what he wished to do in the way of pigs and food, if I would only stay two days. It was a sickly-looking hole, and not being quite rid of fever, I hoped to get on board and away in an hour. A large crowd gathered round all under arms, very noisy, and certainly not gentle. A slight scuffle took place, but was soon over. The mate missed some of his hoop-iron, caught one young man with a piece, and took it from him. The crowd increased. I told the chief I should prefer his people unarmed, and not so noisy. He spoke to them, some put down their clubs and spears; but they were hidden in the bush close by. We bade the chief good-bye, but he expressed a great wish to see

us in the boat. Apparently with great carelessness we made towards the beach, attended by a noisy crowd, all arms now picked up. Remembering the difficulty we had in landing, and knowing savages preferred killing out of their own villages, hospitality having ended when friends left the precincts, I determined not to have that crowd near the boat. I asked the chief to send them back; but to him they would not listen, and still the noisy crowd followed on. I shouted to them to return, and not come troubling us, as we were getting into the boat. No use; on they followed, and the boat they meant to visit. I stood still, and not feeling particularly cheerful, I told them to go on, and go off to the vessel—that I should wait and return to the village. Stamping my foot, as if in a towering passion, I told the chief, 'Go with all your people to the boat; as for me, I shall return.' It had the desired effect. The people fled, and the few who remained listened to the old man, and came no further. We got to the boat and away, glad to escape without any unpleasantness.

Entering Orangerie Bay, we anchored off the village of Daunai, from which the whole district takes its name. When here, our Chinese cook lost his knife, and, spotting the thief, determined to have it; but our captain prevented him from jumping into one of the canoes, and so avoided trouble. There were over one hundred canoes round the vessel, and altogether over four hundred men.

We stopped all trading, and frightened the canoes away by blowing the steam whistle—they were much afraid of it, and kept at a very respectful distance.

We went up the long sheet of water we saw when we

crossed Meikle Bay, finding it in every way suited to its native name, Paroai, or piggish water, and quite useless as a harbour for anything larger than an ordinary boat. I went ashore in one of the canoes, to be landed at Bootu, and walk across to Milne Bay. Before leaving the vessel I engaged with the natives to take me right away to the head of the lagoon, and when I had seen Milne Bay, to return me to the vessel, when they would be paid for all their trouble. So with our bags and a few eatables, we started; when about a mile away from the vessel, they headed the canoe more in towards the right shore, and no amount of talk in calmness or wrath would get them to do otherwise. We touched at a place not far from a village we visited overland—some left us, and we were certainly now too weak to proceed. We ran down to the village, where we landed with my bag, and away went my native canoe men. Love or money would not move the villagers, and they were exceedingly impudent, knowing well that we were quite in their hands. My friend the mate, who insisted on accompanying me, agreed with me that things were rather out of the common with us, and that a sharp eye, and quick ear, and quick action were of some importance. They at once went to get their clubs and spears, and begged and insisted on presents; but they were astonished, I doubt not, to find their begging of little avail.

'Go to the vessel, if you want presents.'

'Why are you anchored so far off?'

'Can't get nearer, and only wish you would show me the way in close to here.'

Pointing to a passage close in shore, I suggested they had better take us off, and we would try and get

her round when the tide rose; but to this they objected, and instead of becoming more friendly, it seemed to us they were just going the other way; but that may have been merely as we thought, looking at them through coloured glasses, suspicion, and a certain mixture of doubt if ever we should again see the vessel. A few men came running along the beach. I met them, and hurriedly asked them to take us off, when they would have hoop iron and beads.

'Yes.'

'Quick! do not let them think! Into the nearest canoe.'

Away in the distance those in the village were shouting and gesticulating.

'Come back! Come back, at once.'

'Oh, no, my friends; pull, you must pull!' and while they are discussing we are paddling. I tell them it would be dangerous to attempt going back. On we go, beyond small islands in sight of vessel, and now they give up speaking of returning. We got off, and I paid the fellows well. Anxious to get in, we tried in many places at high tide to enter the shore channel, but all was useless. For several miles we were sailing deep in mud, unable to work the engine. A canoe came near, and I told them to inform those ashore that we could not get in.

At Port Glasgow the people cleared out, bag and baggage, leaving us in quiet possession. At Port Moresby I had heard of a woman's land, a land where only women—perfect Amazons—lived and ruled. These ladies were reported to be excellent tillers of the soil, splendid canoeists in sailing or paddling, and quite able to hold their own against attacks of the sterner sex, who

sometimes tried to invade their country. At the East End they knew nothing of this woman's land, and nowhere east of Hula have I ever heard it spoken of.

To find so interesting a community was of great moment, and everywhere we went we inquired, but only to be laughed at by the natives; sometimes asked by them, 'How do they continue to exist?' But that, too, puzzled us. As no part of the coast from East Cape to Port Moresby would be left unvisited by us, we were certain to come across the Amazonian settlement, and when we did, it would be useful to keep a sharp look-out, as I have noticed that the instigators of nearly all quarrels are the women. I have seen at South Cape, when the men were inclined to remain quiet, the women rush out, and, as if filled with devils, incite them. Just after the attack on the Mayri, and when I was going about the settlement attending to the wounded, I heard the women call loudly for vengeance, and, because the men would not at once heed them, throw their shields on the ground and batter them with stones, then pull their hair, and tell the men they were only poor weak cowards.

We heard that Mailiukolo (Toulon) canoes with women were more numerous, and some very large ones with women alone. In the early morning we were off the island, and soon ready to land. On crossing the reef we met two canoes, one with men and one with women. We signed to them to go to the vessel, whilst we pulled up to the large village on the north side. As the boat touched the fine hard sandy beach, a man, the only being in sight, ran down and stood in front. I went forward to spring ashore, but he said I must not. Finding he knew the Daunai dialect, I said to him, I must land; that I was a friend, and gave him my name,

which he already knew from the east. I gave him a strip of red cloth and stepped ashore, when he ran away into the bush.

At our first approach I could only see this one man, but now I saw hundreds of grass petticoats on women standing under the houses. I could not see the upper parts of their bodies, only the petticoats and feet. They were indeed quiet until I advanced nearer, when one wild scream was given that would try stronger nerves than mine, and signs to keep away. It required more inquisitiveness than I possessed to proceed. I retired a few paces, warning the boat's crew to keep a good look-out, and especially from the bush end of the village, where the man ran to. I invited the dusky damsels to come to me, if they objected to my visiting them; but no, I must return whence I came; they had seen me, that was enough.

'No, my friends; we must meet, and you will have some presents.'

I held up beads and red cloth, but, strange to say, they seemed to have no effect on that strange crowd. I never saw so many women together. How were we to meet? was now the question; to be baulked by them would never do. I threw on the beach a piece of red cloth and a few beads; walked away quite carelessly, and apparently not noticing what was taking place. A girl steals out from the crowd, stops, turns, eyes fixed on me; advances, stops, crosses her hands, pressing her breast. Poor thing not courage enough; so, lightning speed, back. It is evident the old ladies object to the younger ones attempting, and they are themselves too frightened. Another young damsel about nine or ten years old comes out, runs, halts, walks cat-like, lest the

touch of her feet on the sand should waken me from my reverie; another halt, holds, her chest, lest the spirit should take its flight or the pattering heart jump right out. I fear it was beyond the slight patter then, and had reached the stentorian thump of serious times. On; a rush; well done! She picks cloth and beads up.

I have gained my point, and will soon have the crowds—no need to wait so long to have the baits picked up now, and, after a few more such temptings, it is done. I am besieged by the noisiest crowd I have ever met, and am truly glad to escape on board the boat. We went to the vessel, and brought her round to the west side, where we anchored, and I again landed. Crowds met me on the beach, but no men. I gave my beads indiscriminately, and soon there was a quarrel between the old ladies and young ones. The latter were ordered off, and, because they would not go, I must go. The old ladies insisted on my getting into the boat, and, being now assisted by the few men we met in the canoe, I thought it better to comply. Long after we left the beach we heard those old cracked, crabbed voices anathematising the younger members of that community. I suppose I was the first white mortal to land on that sacred shore, and I must have been to them a strange object indeed.

I am fully convinced that this is the Woman's Land, and can easily account for its being called so by stray canoes from the westward.

After leaving the island, we steamed round to the westward of the small islands in Amazon Bay, where we intended to spend a quiet Sabbath after a hard week's work, and previous to beginning another. After anchoring, canoes with men and boys kept crossing

from the mainland, and all day Sunday it was the same. They halted at the islands, and with the next tide went on to Toulon. Landing on the Saturday evening to shoot pigeons, we met several natives, and learned that their plantations were on the mainland, and that they crossed to plant and fight, taking their boys with them. Afterwards at Aroma, they told me they left their wives and daughters at home in charge of a few men, whilst the majority crossed to the main, and stayed away for some time, returning with food, to spend a few days at home on the island. During their absence, the women sail about and trade, going as far as Dedele in Cloudy Bay, being one and the same people. Canoes from the westward might have called at Toulon when the men were on the mainland fighting and planting, and seeing only women, would soon report a woman's land. Many years ago an Elema canoe was carried away there: they were kindly treated by the Amazons, but at Dedele on returning, were attacked and several killed; they naturally reported a woman's land too.

The following week we visited Dedele in Cloudy Bay, which had been visited two years previously, by Messrs. Lawes and McFarlane. The village was barricaded with high and thick mangrove sticks, with a narrow opening to the sea. They objected to my landing, and formed a crescent in front of the boat. I sprung ashore and asked for the chief. I held out a piece of hoop-iron, and a rather short, well-built man, dressed with boar's tusks and other ornaments, stepped forward and took my present. He took me by the hand and led me to the village, just allowing me to peep in at the opening. I could see the women rushing out by an opening at the other side; pigs, dogs, nets, and other valuables were being

carried off; they were rushing off wildly away into the bush. I was very anxious to get right in, and meant to before I went to the boat. My beads were all done up in small parcels, so I could throw them about easily. A poor old woman was sitting under the nearest house, bewailing her sad lot, with an infant, the mother of which had very likely gone off to the bush to hide the valuables and to return for the child, or perhaps she was upstairs packing up. I threw the poor old dame a packet of beads for herself and another for the child. Spying another old lady close by on the opposite side, I threw her one. It had the desired effect; my friend, the chief, who stood guard at the opening, now conceived the 'happy thought' that something could be made out of me.

'Would you like to walk round and look at the village?'

'Yes, I should.'

'Come, then;' and, giving me his hand, he led me, attended by an armed crowd, to every house, on the verandahs of which I deposited a packet of beads. He was the chief, and was named Gidage. When going round he said—

'You are no longer Tamate, you are Gidage.'

'Right, my friend; you are no longer Gidage, you are Tamate.'

I gave him an extra present, and he gave me a return one, saying, 'Gidage, we are friends; stay, and I, Tamate, will kill you a pig.'

'No, Tamate. Gidage must go; but hopes to return, and will then eat Tamate's pig.'

'No, stay now; we are friends, and you must be fed!'

'No, I cannot stay; but when I return, then pig-eating'—not a very pleasant employment when other things can be had.

Pigs are very valuable animals here, and much thought of, and only true friends can be regaled with them. The women nurse the pig. I have seen a woman suckling a child at one breast and a small pig at the other; that was at South Cape. I have seen it also at Hula and Aroma. Proceeding to the beach, we parted, old and well-known friends.

'Gidage, must you go?'

'Yes, I cannot now stay, Tamate.'

'Go, Gidage; how many moons until you return?'

'Tamate, I cannot say; but hope to return.'

'*Kaione* (Good-bye), Tamate.'

'*Kaione* (Good-bye), Gidage;' and away he started, leaving Tamate on the beach, surrounded by an interesting crowd of natives.

It was near here, a few years after, that a *bêche-de-mer* party of seven were murdered; and on the opposite side of the bay two cedar-seekers were waylaid, and lost their lives. We went into Sandbank Bay, and I landed at the village of Domara. What a scene it was! The women rushed into the long grass, and I was led, after a good dead of talk, up to the village—only to see, at the other end, grass petticoats disappearing, the wearers hidden by the quantity of stuff they were carrying. One poor woman, heavily laden with treasures, had perched above all her child, and away she, too, was flying. Never had white man landed there before, and who knows what he may be up to?

The following incident illustrates the shocks a traveller must put up with in New Guinea.

It was resting-day at a village, far away from the coast, and, spreading my chart out on the middle of the floor in the small native house in which we were camping, several sitting round, I was tracing our journey done, and the probable one to do, when strange drops were falling around, a few on the chart. They came from a bulky parcel overhead. Jumping up quickly, I discovered that they were grandmother's remains being dried. Our chart was placed on the fire, and the owner was called lustily, who hurriedly entered and walked away with the parcel. It was altogether a hurried time, and spoiled our dinner.

Feeling convinced that a suitable locality for the settlement of teachers might be found in the neighbourhood of Orangerie Bay, I resolved on returning thither, and we anchored at Kuragori, on the east side of Dufaure Island, on April 25th, 1879. I went ashore, and found the people delighted to meet me. The chief, Tutuaunei, seems a fine young fellow. The people are good-looking, clear-skinned, and very few suffering from skin disease. They were quite at home with us, and a number accompanied me inland. In strong trade winds, the vessel could lie under the lee of the mainland opposite. We got on board, and steamed round to the north side, anchoring off Bonabona.

I went ashore, and was met on the beach by Meaudi, the chief. He is the chief of four villages, some distance from one another, and all a good size. I visited all four. They have good houses, and all looks clean. I saw no mangroves whatever, and no appearance of swamp. The villages are on the beach, and I believe in good healthy positions. We walked from Bonabona to Sigokoiro, followed by a large number of men,

women, and children, who were much interested in my boots, clothes, and hat. The chief lives in Gokora, and when on the platform in front of his fine large house I gave the present, and we exchanged names. By adopting his name, it meant I was to visit all his very special friends, and give them also presents. I called an old woman sitting by to come to me. Very hesitatingly she came, and stretched forth her arm to receive a present. I asked her to come nearer, which she did, when assured by the chief it was all right, and I put her present of beads round her neck. Then all the people shouted, clapped their hands, and danced with delight. After that, all the old women were produced. We were well known by report to them, and so Tamate passed as a great *taubada* (chief).

Dufaure is a fine island, quite equal to any I have seen in the South Pacific—plantations on all sides, right up to the mountain tops. They know nothing of fire-arms, for, on inquiring if there were birds on the island, they asked if I had a sling. The people are a much finer race, and freer than any I have seen further east. The two races seem to meet here—that from the Kerepunu side, and that from the east. We are anchored some distance from the shore in three fathoms, and further out it is shallower. The opposite shore on mainland looks low and unhealthy.

There are ten villages on the island, five of which we have visited.

After visiting the Keakaro and Aroma districts, our journeyings were nearly brought to a sudden termination. When we got half-way between the point next to McFarlane Harbour, and Mailu, where there is a boat entrance, we saw the boat, and waved to them to

approach. They came near to the surf, but not near enough for us to get on board. The native of Hula, from Maopa, got on board. The Hula boy got on board early in the day, leaving us to go on alone. I called out to them to proceed to the boat entrance at Mailu. Great numbers of natives were with us; we saw, in the distance, numbers more sitting on the beach, and armed. Some of those following us were armed. When within two miles of where the boat was to await us, we came upon a crowd of men and women; the former carried spears, clubs, or pieces of hard wood, used in opening cocoanuts; the women had clubs. Some time before this, I said to the teacher and Loyalty Islander, 'Keep a good look out; I fear there is mischief here.' When we came upon the last group, I asked for a coacoanut in exchange for beads; the man was giving it to me, when a young man stepped forward and sent him back. We hastened our steps, so as to get to the village, where the strangers from Mailukolo and Kapumari might help us. The teacher heard them discussing as to the best place for the attack; and, not knowing that he knew what they said, he heard much that left no doubt in our minds that murder was meant. I carried a satchel, which had beads and hoop-iron in it; they tried to get it. I gave presents of beads; some were indignantly returned. I was in front, between two men with clubs, who kept telling me I was a bad man. I held their hands, and kept them so that they could not use their clubs. The Loyalty Islander had a fowling-piece—thinking we might be away some days, and we might have to shoot our dinners. They tried hard to get him to fire it off, and twice tried to wrest it from him. They knew what guns are, and

with reason. They tried to trip us; they jostled us. On we went.

Two men, when near the village, came close up behind me with large wooden clubs, which were taken from them by two women, who ran off to the village. Things looked black, and each of us prayed in silence to Him who rules over the heathen. Soon a man came rushing along, seized the club, and took it from the man on my left, and threw it in the sea. He tried to do the same with the one on my right; but he was too light a man, and did not succeed. An old woman, when at the point, came out and asked them what they meant, and followed us, talking to them all the way, so dividing their thoughts. An old chief, whom we saw on our way up, came hurriedly along to meet us, calling out, 'Mine is the peace! What have these foreigners done that you want to kill them?' He closed up to the teacher, and took him by the hand. Another chief walked close behind me. They began to talk loudly amongst themselves. Some were finding fault that we should have been allowed to get near the village, and others that there was yet time. The boat was anchored some distance off: we got her nearer; and, when ready to move off to the boat, I opened my satchel, gave hoop-iron to our friends the chiefs, and threw beads amongst the crowd. I shouted for Kapumari, and a sturdy young fellow fought his way through the crowd. I gave him a piece of hoop-iron, and, with our friendly chiefs, he forced the crowd back, calling on us to be quick and follow. So into the water we got, the chiefs calling, 'Go quick; go quick!' We got on board; our Chinamen got flustered, and very nearly let the boat drift broadside on the beach; we, with poles and oars, got

her round and off, sails set, and away for Kerepunu. Before changing clothes, we thanked God our Father for His protection and care over us. We felt He alone did all; unsettled their thoughts as to who first, where, and when; and it was He who gave us friends.

Why should they want to kill us? It was surely never for the small satchel I carried. I believe it was revenge. Some years ago, a vessel called off Aroma; trading for food was done on board; thieving went on; food was sold twice; revolvers and rifles were brought out; the natives were fired on, several were wounded, and very likely some were killed. Natives on the beach were fired upon, and some were wounded who were hiding in the bush close by. We land—the first foreigners to visit them—and on us they will be revenged. What a pity that the same foreigners who fire on the natives do not return the following week, and so receive their deserts! The wretches steer clear of such parts. I have asked the teacher to find out, if possible, why Aroma wished to killed Tamate and Taria.

When in the boat, we asked the Hula boy why he left us and took to the boat. He said he had heard some say we should be killed, and that we would make a fine feast. He did not tell us, because he had not an opportunity, and was afraid the people might hear him if he told, and so he would be killed.

A week later a chief from Maopa came with a Kerepunu chief to see me. I recognised him as the one who kept back the crowd the other day at Aroma, and opened the way for me to get into the water, and so into the boat. He says, from our landing in the morning they had determined to kill us, but the suitable time did not arrive. When we arrived at the place

where the large canoes from Toulon and Daunai were lying, it was there arranged by the Aroma people and those from the canoes that Aroma should kill us and have all they could get, and those from the canoes should have the bodies to eat. He says they kept putting it off, until, finally, it was to be done when we were at the boat, then they would have boat and all; but he and two other chiefs arrived just in time. He says it was not revenge, and, turning to the Kerepunu chief, he said, 'You know Aroma from of old, and how all strangers are killed.' I gave him a present, and told him that I hoped to see him soon.

The inhabitants of the inland villages are probably the aborigines, who have been driven back to the hills by the robuster race now occupying their plantations on the coast. Their habits and customs are curious and interesting. They cook the heads of their slain enemies, to secure clean skulls to put on sacred places.

They have one great spirit—Palaku Bara, who dwells in the mountains. They worship him unitedly in one place. Each family has a sacred place, where they carry offerings to the spirits of deceased ancestors, whom they terribly fear. Sickness in the family, death, famine, scarcity of fish, &c.—these terrible spirits are at work and must be propitiated.

Pigs are never killed but in the one place, and then they are offered to the spirit. The blood is poured out there, and the carcase is then carried back to the village, to be divided, cooked, and eaten.

Pigs' skulls are kept and hung up in the house. Food for a feast, such as at house-building, is placed near the post where the skulls hang, and a prayer is said. When the centre-post is put up, the spirits have

wallaby, fish, and bananas presented to them, and they are besought to keep that house always full of food, and that it may not fall when the wind is strong.

The great spirit causes food to grow, and to him presentations of food are made.

Spirits, when they leave the body, take a canoe, cross the lagoon, and depart to the mountains, where they remain in perfect bliss; no work, and nothing to trouble them, with plenty of betel-nuts. They dance all night long, and rest all day.

When the natives begin planting, they first take a bunch of bananas and sugar-cane, and go to the centre of the plantation, and call over the names of the dead belonging to their family, adding, 'There is your food, your bananas and sugar-cane; let our food grow well, and let it be plentiful. If it does not grow well and plentiful, you all will be full of shame, and so shall we.'

When they go on trading expeditions, they present their food to the spirits at the centre post of the house, and ask the spirits to go before them and prepare the people, so that the trading may be prosperous.

No great work and no expedition is undertaken without offerings and prayer.

When sickness is in the family, a pig is brought to the sacred place of the great spirit, and killed. The carcase is then taken to the sacred place of the family, and the spirits are asked to accept it. Sins are confessed, such as bananas that are taken, or cocoanuts, and none have been presented, and leave not given to eat them. 'There is a pig; accept, and remove the sickness.' Death follows, and the day of burial arrives. The friends all stand round the open grave, and the chief's

sister or cousin calls out in a loud voice, 'You have been angry with us for the bananas we have taken (or cocoa-nuts, as the case may be), and you have, in your anger, taken this child. Now let it suffice, and bury your anger.' The body is then placed in the grave, and covered over with earth.

CHAPTER III.

SKETCHES OF PAPUAN LIFE.

Journey inland from Port Moresby—Evening with a chief—Savage life—Tree-houses—Uakinumu—Inland natives—Native habits of eating—Mountain scenery—Upland natives—Return to Uakinumu—Drinking out of a bamboo—Native conversation—Keninumu—Munikahila—Native spiritists—Habits and influence of these men—Meroka—Kerianumu—Makapili—The Laroki Falls—Epakari—Return to Port Moresby.

In 1879 I made a long journey inland, in a north-easterly direction from Port Moresby. I visited many native villages, and explored the mountainous country along the course of and between the Goldie and Laloki rivers.

The reader will get some notion of the country, the natives, and their customs, from the following extracts taken from a journal kept at that time.

July 15th, 1879.—We left Port Moresby at half-past seven, reaching the Laroki at half-past eleven. We crossed in shallow water near to where the Goldie joins the Laroki. We had eighteen carriers, four of them women, who carried more than the men. After resting awhile at the Laroki we went on about three miles further to Moumiri, the first village of the Koiari tribe of Port Moresby. On entering the village we took them by surprise; the women shouted and the

men rushed to their spears. We called out, *Mai, mai, mai* (Peace, peace, peace), and, on recognising who we were, they came running twards us with both hands outspread. We met the chief's wife, and she led us up the hill, where there are a number of good native houses. It was shouted on before us that foreigners and Ruatoka had arrived, and down the hill the youths came rushing, shaking hands, shouting, and slapping themselves. We were received by the chief under the house, and there we had to sit for a very long time until his wife returned from the plantation with sugar-cane. Our carriers chewed large quantities of sugar-cane, got a few betel-nuts, and then set off on the return journey. We are now north-east from Port Moresby, thirteen miles, 360 feet above sea-level, the thermometer in shade 84°. The people are small, women not good-looking, and children ill-shaped. The Goldie runs at the base of the hill; the natives get water from it. The houses are very similar to those inland from Kerepunu. On the door hangs a bunch of nutshells, so that when the door is shut or opened they make a noise. Should the occupants of the house be asleep, and their foes come, they would, on the door being opened, be wakened up. Spears and clubs are all handy.

16*th*.—Ruatoka, Joe (an African), and I started at half-past ten for Munikahila, where we hope to get carriers, our Moumiri friends objecting to go. The first village we came to we found deserted, and in one old house the skeleton of a child. We crossed to another village, and coming suddenly upon the few who were at home, they were terribly frightened; one woman danced up and down the village, and shouted to

the people in the neighbouring villages to come at once. We are 1170 feet above sea-level at a village called Keninuma. The people soon gathered round, some with spears, clubs, and shields, others unarmed. Feeling cold after the climb, I signed to be allowed to go into a house to change clothing, and was given to understand that a very good place to do it was on the verandah in front of the house, and before the assembly. When the chief, Poroko Butoa, arrived, we were assigned a small house: a man during the evening came rushing along with one piece of sugar-cane and calling out for a tomahawk. A tomahawk for a piece of sugar-cane would be throwing money to the winds. We are E.N.E. from Moumiri.

17*th.*—Rather cold during the night. Five natives who slept in the house with us kept a fire burning all night. A child sitting in front of the house has a taro in one hand, a bamboo pipe in the other; takes a bite of the taro, then a draw from the charged pipe, and the mixture seems to be thoroughly relished. Feeling sure we should get carriers here, we took no supplies with us, so are now eating the best we can get, doing Banting to perfection. A number of men have been sitting all day about the house making spears, the jawbone and tusks of the wild boar being the only implements.

18*th.*—Thermometer at sunrise 70°. A number of ugly painted and feathered fellows came in this morning on their way to the village in the valley. The people here are much darker than the coast tribes, and their hair is woolly. Joe said on arriving here, 'Hallo, these people same as mine, hair just the same.' They are scarcely so dark. A few are bright-coloured, but all have the woolly hair. A goodly number suffer from

sores on feet and other parts of body. Their one want is a tomahawk. The people seem to live in families. We had a good supper of taro and cockatoo, the latter rather tough.

19*th*.—The carriers have not yet arrived. In the evening a woman shouted and yelled; all rushed to their spears, and there was great running, snorting, and blowing at some imaginary enemy. After the chief came in we lay about the fire for some time; then to our blankets. I was beginning to nod, when some women in a neighbouring house began giggling and laughing. Our friend wakened up and began talking. I told him to sleep; he answered, *Kuku mahuta* (Smoke, then sleep). He had his smoke, and then began reciting. I remember as a youth, being told, when I could not sleep, to repeat a psalm or paraphrase, or count 100 to myself, and I should soon drop off. This fellow repeated aloud, and he must have been going over the mythologic lore of his family for very many generations, and yet he did not sleep. At last a smoke, beginning with a scream of *kuku*. Now surely sleep; but no, he changed to a low monotonous chant, so grating on the sleepy man's nervous system that it would have driven many desperate. At last, in the morning hours, the notes became indistinct, long pauses were observed, and, finally, I fell asleep.

The women carry exceedingly heavy loads up these steep hills. Yesterday one woman had two large kits of taro, and a child of about two years on the top of all. Ruatoka shot eight blue pigeons and one bird of paradise to-day: the latter must be eaten with the best of all sauces—hunger. The natives pick up heads, legs, and entrails, turn them on the fire and eat them.

20*th.*—Yesterday evening, about six, the carriers came in with great shouting, and glad was I to see my lad and companion Maka then. Great was the joy at the division of salt and tobacco. Before we came here the women and children slept in the bush at night, the men in the village. They are at enmity with the natives on the flat across the ravine, and it seems that sometimes they get a night visit, and may lose a man. For the last two nights the women have been in the village, but every sound heard causes a shout. Last night, when just getting off, they came rushing up to our house, and calling on us to get up with our guns, as their enemies were coming. 'Only fire off one, and it will frighten them away.' We told them to go and sleep, and not be afraid.

The state of fear of one another in which the savage lives is truly pitiful; to him every stranger seeks his life, and so does every other savage. The falling of a dry leaf at night, the tread of a pig, or the passage of a bird all rouse him, and he trembles with fear.

How they relish salt! The smallest grain is picked carefully up. Fortunately we have a good deal of that commodity. Never have I seen salt-eating like this; only children eating sugar corresponds to it.

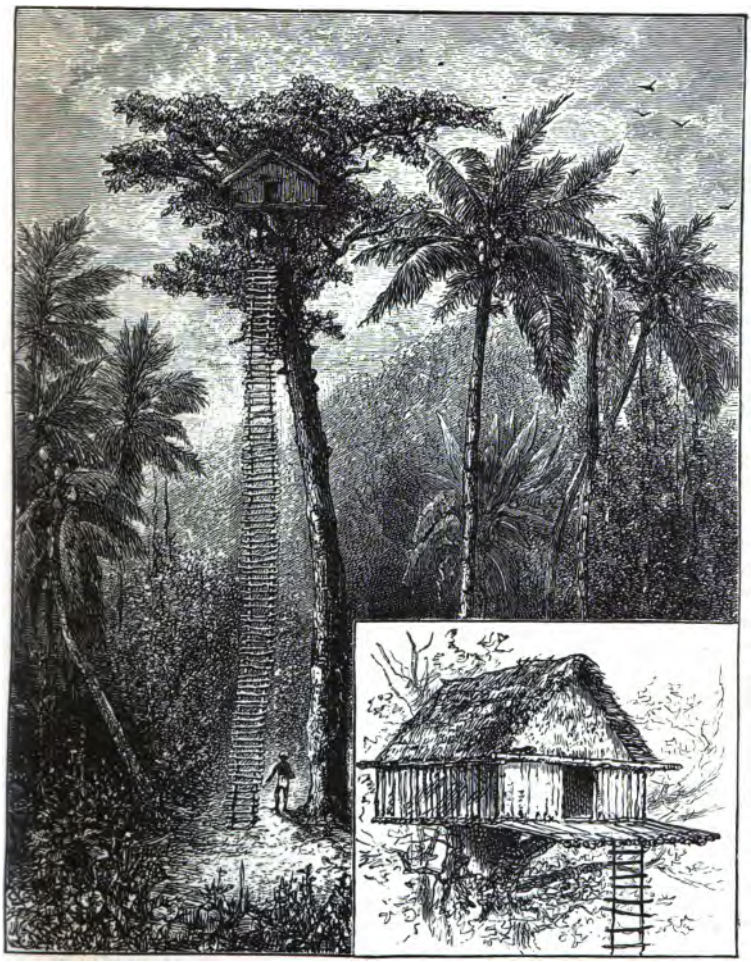
Here as in all other parts of New Guinea—it is not the most powerful man who fights and kills most, but little abominable sneaks, treacherous in the extreme. Since our arrival here we find the thermometer from 82° to 84° during the day, and as low as 68°, more frequently 70°, during the night. By bearings we are only about twenty miles in straight course from Port Moresby.

21*st.*—The village is built on the ridge, the chief's

house right on the high end and looking east, our small house close by on the side of the others, on each side leaving a pathway in the centre. At the very end of the ridge is a house on a very high tree, used as a look-out house and a refuge for women and children in case of attack. There are quite a number of tree-houses in the various villages on the ridges seen from here. The people are anxious to get Maka, a light-coloured and very fine-looking native lad, married to one of their girls and settled down amongst them. I said to our African, 'They want Maka to marry one of their girls.' Joe, I suppose, felt slighted that he too had not an offer, and he replied, 'Well, sir, in Madagascar, a very big chief was real anxious I marry his daughter; fine-looking girl; he make me chief, and give me plenty land; far cleaner people than them be.'

I find the people have the same sign of friendship as in the east end of New Guinea—nose and stomach pointed to. They speak of a land, Daui, with which they are friendly, a very long way off. Daunai, of Orangerie Bay, is called Daui in some places. To their tree-houses they have ladders with long vines on each side to assist ascent. Our delay here will help us to know the people. I have just been showing them the likenesses of two young friends, and the excitement has been great, men, women, and children crowding round, thumbs in mouth, scratching and shaking heads and leaping and screaming, coming again and again to have a look.

22*nd.*—A number of strangers slept, or rather made a noise all night in houses close by, and amongst them a spiritist, whose hideous singing and chanting of revelations was enough to drive one frantic. We tried to



TREE HOUSES.

quiet him, but it was of no use—silenced he would not be. A man sitting by us when having morning tea asked for some of the salt we were using. We told him it was not salt, but sugar. He insisted it was salt, and we gave him some on his taro. He began eating, and the look of disgust on his face was worth seeing; he rose up, went out, spat out what he had in his mouth, and threw the remainder away.

23*rd.*—Cannot get the natives to move; they say they are tired, and will have to rest until to-morrow morning, and they are also afraid of their enemies. The excitement is great, but what it all means is difficult for us to say. Noon: all have cleared out with spears, clubs, and shields, two men having been killed in a village near, and they have gone to get hold of the murderers if they can. Dressed in their feathers and fighting gear, with faces streaked, they do certainly look ugly. After being some time gone they returned, saying the enemy, who were from Eikiri, had gone off to the back mountains.

28*th.*—Left this morning, and had to carry our things, no natives accompanying us. When about four miles on we met natives who willingly took our bags and accompanied us to Uakinumu. The travelling was not so bad—a good deal of descending and ascending. Oriope, the old chief, was delighted to see us. His wives and children have gone with great burdens of betel-nuts and taro to trade at the sea-side. The old fellow goes with us. We are now 1530 feet above sea-level, east-by-south from last camp—Mount Owen Stanley due north. Oriope is Mr. Lawes' great friend. He used to live in Munikahila, but trouble through marrying a wife has sent him in here. He

seems greatly attached to Ruatoka. He is a terrible talker, long-winded and deafening.

29*th.*—We had a strange sort of a hut for sleeping quarters on the top of a rock. The house, being open all round, felt exceedingly cold when the fire went down. The people here seem much lighter than at the other place, and the children have a more pleasant expression. Basaltic rocks lie scattered about in every direction. We had our flag flying, and the admiration was great, the natives viewing it from underneath, then from a distance, and in each position noticing something new. About half-past eleven we left. The old chief and four carriers went with us. After crossing the head of the Munikahila Creek we passed through fine thickly-wooded country, that may yet become a very extensive coffee country. After travelling for some hours we camped 1800 feet above sea-level. On the way the carriers struck and were for going back, but we insisted on their going on a little further. Strange formation of country all around here. This ridge seems alone in a large basin, one side of which is bare perpendicular rock. There is a good quantity of cedar, but so difficult to get away that it would never pay to work. We are north-east from Uakinumu.

30*th.*—We started late, continued our journey along the ridge, rising gradually to 2250 feet, and then along a fine level country for some miles, when we began to descend. Soon our old friend began shouting, and received an answer from a village a very long way off. Close by us was a very steep descent, down which we went till we came under the shadow of a great rock, where we rested, and in about an hour up came ten natives unarmed, touched our chins and we theirs

then all squatted to smoke. One of them, some time ago, had been to the coast, and knew Rua; his joy at now seeing him in here was great. A shot had been fired at a cockatoo before they heard the shouting, and they were much afraid. When all seemed satisfied, and the crust of the news broken, I proposed a start, so up bundles and away we went. When having gone about two miles there was a halt in an open space, and we were given to understand we must camp there. I could not agree to it, 'We must go on to the village.' 'No, you must stay here.'

'We cannot; we must go on.'

'If you go on you will be devoured by the *boroma badababa* (great pig).'

I insisted upon going on; they called to those in the village, and on being answered we again went on for about half-a-mile, when every bundle was put down and a halt called, and again we had to listen to the unintelligible story of the wild animal or animals that would destroy us. We sat down and tried to get them to see as we did, that a house was necessary for our comfort. A thunderstorm was working up, and soon the rain would be down on us—let us be off for the village. They had a long confab with those in the village on the ridge, which, when ended, seemed favourable; and so up the steep side of the ridge we went. When halfway up they halted, and wanted us to camp under the shelter of a great rock. Seeing some young men with bundles rounding the rock, I joined myself to them, and away we went, followed by the others to the village. Under the first house in the village sat a man with a large pig standing by him, which he was clapping and scratching, as if to keep it

quiet; and as we went along we saw great pigs under the houses. Certainly they were savage-looking pigs. We were given an open house, and the rain was coming on. I was ascending, when it became necessary to spring from a pig that was after me. Is this Goldie's big beast the natives told him of? This is a fine country. We passed through large plantations of yams, taro, sugar-cane, and bananas. During the evening we had crowds of men and lads—no women or children—to see us. Some are quite light copper-coloured, others are very dark; nearly all are dressed with cassowary feathers; many with ruffs round their necks made from these feathers. There are none very tall, but all seem well-built men with good muscle. They have the same calabashes and chunam sticks for betel-chewing as at Kerepunu. Some chunam sticks made from cassowary bones are very well carved. They are a very noisy lot; one would think they were trying to see who could speak the loudest. They tell us it is impossible to cross to the other side, as further inland the ridge ends—and there is nothing but bare broken rock—inaccessible all round. The majority of the men are bearded and moustached, and have cassowary feathers like a pad behind, on which they sit. They dress with a string. The demand for salt is very great; grains are picked up, and friends are supplied with a few grains from what they have got for taro. The name of the place is Kenakagara, 1810 feet above the sea-level, E.N.E. from Uakinumu.

31*st.*—Great crowds of people keep going and coming. We spent a miserable night. Our old chief, Oriope, had a conclave round the fire, and it took him all night to recount the doings of the *Naos* (foreigners), not

forgetting the toilet. At times he waxed eloquent, and the whole gully rung again. It was useless telling him to be quiet. All men and lads have the nose and ears pierced. A number of women and children are about. Some of the women are fine, tall, muscular, and clear-skinned, as light-coloured as Eastern Polynesians. The children are lithe, blithe, and hearty—some very dark and some very light. The women have brought large quantities of taro for salt. Oriope is very sleepy, and I have every now and again to waken him up, so that to-night he may sleep soundly, and not prevent our sleeping.

My name here is Oieva—that of the fine-looking old father of the village. At present I am all alone, the others being out after birds. The natives are very friendly. They relish salt and ginger, which I have tried them with, and which they pronounce good. Ruatoka and Maka have returned; they shot a pig, which the natives who accompanied them cooked and divided, to be carried in. The excitement is great over the division, and the whole assembly are shouting; those from the hunt recounting the day's proceedings, acting the shooting of the pig, to the intense delight and amazement of the others. They eat flesh nearly raw. A pig is put on the fire until the hair is well singed off; then division is made, then re-divided, and eaten. They take a piece between the teeth, hold with one hand, and with a bamboo knife cut close to the mouth. A bird is turned on the fire a few times, then cut up and eaten.

August 1*st*.—Left this morning to look for a track. We passed through a fine large village about one mile from here, and were joined by sixty men, all armed with

spears and clubs, and faces painted. They accompanied us for about four miles, and then turned away to the south. We continued the ridge for some miles further, until we could see that all round were great inaccessible mountains with bare faces. It begins with the Astrolabe, extending west until Vetura is reached, and then away east by south until the centre of the range is reached. In some places it has a perpendicular rock face of many hundred feet; in other places it is broken rock with bush growth, and only at very long distances can tracks be found, and even then it is difficult to get up. We descended to the river, a large one, flowing west, through great rocks, often lost, sometimes only pools appearing here and there until, some distance down, and when 800 feet above sea-level, it comes out a fine flowing river. We had a good bath, and, of course, the inevitable *kuku*, and then skirted the side of the ridge, passing close by and under great rocks and over-hanging cliffs, and up a most extraordinary steep path into splendid sugar-cane and taro plantations. Weary, we sat down and ate sugar-cane under the shade of a great rock. This West Indian "long breakfast" goes well when thirsty and hungry. The natives who accompanied us, having caught a large rat and frog, turned them on the fire and ate them.

A truly wonderful country! What terrible convulsions of nature there must have been here ere these great boulders were displaced and rolled about like mere pebbles! The villages are so built that they are accessible only on two sides by very narrow tracks. We saw no game of any kind, yet the cassowary must abound somewhere near, as every one of the natives wears great head-dresses and neck-ruffs made from the

feathers. Our highest ascent to-day was to 2360 feet above sea-level; we call it Mount Bellamy; it stands out alone, and from it we saw the Astrolabe, Vetura, and Munikahila.

2nd.—We left this morning for a pig and cassowary hunt, but were unsuccessful. We bagged four cockatoos, one green parrot, one brueros, and three pigeons. Of my travelling in this land, to-day beats all; it was along mere goat tracks on the edge of frightful precipices, down precipitous mountain-sides and up steep ridges, on hands and knees at times, hanging on to roots and vines, and glad when a tree offered a little rest and support. I gave it up at last, hungry and weary, and let the others proceed. I stayed with a large party of natives who were getting a kind of large almond with a very thick fleshy rind, the nut inside very hard, which they broke open with stones, filling their kits with the kernels. They call the nut *okari*. They fed me with sugar-cane, taro, and *okari*, and then got leaves for me to rest on. They had all their arms handy; I was, as I am always, unarmed, and felt thoroughly comfortable with them. Only once in New Guinea have I carried a weapon, and then we had spears thrown at us. I consider a man safer without than with arms. The return 'home' was frightfully steep and trying to wearied and hungry folks.

3rd.—Youths busy with feathers of cockatoos got yesterday, making head-dresses. They take the feather, strip it down, throw the quill away, fasten all the stripped feathers neatly together, dry in sun, then bind round their combs. One youth is preparing a head-covering from the bark of the mulberry: he is making native cloth by chewing the bark, and no wonder he

complains of his jaws being sore, for it is a long job. I gave the children presents of beads this morning, and some of the old gentlemen objected, saying they ought to have had them; but I did not understand them. It is very convenient at times not to understand what is said—it is thoroughly native. We have been asking them if they will receive teachers, and they all say yes, and at once, for it means tomahawks, knives, and salt. They say, 'To-morrow we'll all go and get the two teachers at Munikahila and bring them here now.'

We here are in excellent health and spirits; a little disappointed at not being able to cross. Certainly we have not lived on the best, and we have camped anywhere. I like these mountaineers—free, independent, and kind. When they cook taro, if near, we get a hot taro to eat, and often they bring hot taro to the house. They bring their presents of taro and sugar-cane and at once walk away. They have very good houses, thatched with grass, some with a verandah on two sides, and all built six feet and more from the ground. When we were away yesterday, a wild boar from the bush took possession of the village. Often when the natives are in the bush they have to seek refuge in climbing trees from the savage tuskers, especially if they have been speared and are determined to fight. Our flag is flying, to signify that it is 'resting day.'

The natives very seldom bury their dead, leaving the body in a house set apart for it, which they often visit. When a number of deaths take place, they leave the village and settle somewhere else not far off. There is one grave here, near to our house, on which a tobacco plant is growing, a bamboo pipe, the property of the

deceased, alongside, and a few sticks on end with yams on top. When they do bury, the body is placed standing in the grave.

4th.—We left Kenakagara this morning, accompanied by natives. Our friends soon left us, and we lost our way, and after some hours' travelling found ourselves in a thick bush and surrounded by precipices. It has been up hill and down dale with a vengeance, trying hard to get to the south-west. At last, wet through and thoroughly tired, we camped to have breakfast, dinner, and supper in one. We were ten hours on the tramp, and carrying our bags, so feel ready for a night's rest.

5th.—We see where we are; but how to get out is the problem to be solved. Ruatoka has gone to look for a track. We had a fine night, a roaring fire at our feet, and so enjoyed sleep. Camping this way is preferable to living in native huts, far more comfortable and enjoyable; but for our work it is better for us to be with the natives. Uakinumu bears south-west by west from us now, and could be reached in a few hours, if only we could get down the precipice. Rua has returned. When some distance off he heard cooeying, and responded, when our old friend, who had been looking for us in a great state of fear, shouted his name. Rua told him to follow, and he did so, arriving at the camp soon after. He was so excited he could not speak, but embraced us all round and then sat down.

After breakfast we set off, each carrying a bundle. The travelling was difficult, until we arrived on the path leading to the creek and up to Uakinumu. When on the spur, the old man shouted for the youths to come and help us; they cooed back, and we hoped to see them in about an hour, or at the most two hours; after

waiting and no one coming, we descended, and when at the creek met a youth coming slowly along and saying others were following. I felt sure they delayed their coming to meet us until we should be near the village, where they would take the bags and receive tobacco and salt; but they were sold; we trudged on, and would not let them have a bag. We took no notice of those we met, and to their solicitations asking to carry bags we turned a deaf ear. The chief's eldest son came along and begged to have my bag. No, on no condition. The poor old chief was in a sad state; but as we are likely to require their services some future day, it is necessary to teach them that for work or service they will be paid, but for skulking, and hoping to get tobacco and salt, their hopes are futile. We reached the village, and Oriope did all he possibly could to keep us. No, on we will go; his sleepy boys may sleep on. We gave him and his little grandchild who accompanied him presents, bade him good-bye, and away.

6*th*.—Here, and in all the villages we have been, we have seen very few women and girls, and very few of the young men seem to be married. Do they kill the girls when born?

7*th*.—Left this morning for a mountain close by, hoping to see the windings of the Laroki from it. We had to descend 1000 feet, and then ascend 1800. From the droppings about, I should say the cassowary and pig abound in the gullies about this mountain. We found on the top a deserted village and five cocoanut-trees. We could make nothing of the Laroki, because of thick bush on top. We saw that the Munikahila creek flows west and south, until, due north of this, it turns sharp and flows north by east and falls into the Goldie. We reached

camp with thoroughly whetted appetites, and enjoyed breakfast and dinner of pigeons and taro. We call the mountain Mount Elsie. It is north of Vetura, and west and south of Keninumu. We have seen four new villages close to one another where a teacher could work well. We have now five positions for teachers, and I hope before we have finished with this inland trip to have thirty, giving four and five villages to each teacher. In crossing one of the spurs a native and his son brought us bananas, and water in a bamboo. It is difficult to drink out of a bamboo. Place the open end to the mouth, raise gradually, look out, here it comes—steady. Ah, too much raised; it is a deluge streaming over you and nearly choking you. Try again—well, a little better, yet far from perfect. Choking, are you? Never mind, practise, and you will soon be an expert—a native in drinking truly. The natives have been having a feast. They began with boiled bananas and finished with a large snake cooked in pots. It was cut up and divided out amongst all—sixteen eggs were found in her, a little larger than a good-sized fowl's egg. They seemed to relish it much, and the gravy was much thought of. They say pig is nothing compared to snake. Ah, well, tastes differ.

9*th*.—We had a few noisy strangers in the village, and they seemed to be anxious that all they had to say should be heard in every house. The conversation is kept up by the inmates of the various houses, and at times all are speaking and trying to drown one another. A lull comes, and you fancy the turmoil is ended, and so roll on your side for a sleep; but, alas, it was only drawing breath, the noise being perhaps worse than before. Our chief and his wife had a quarrel over

something or other last evening. Of course the woman had the best of it. Strange, she said very little, but that little seemed to be to the point. Every now and again he would shout, *Pirikava! pirikava! pirikava!* (Dear me! dear me! dear me!), and then scream and rage. The wife would then laugh at him, which made him worse, screaming and dancing more than ever. She would then say something, which he would answer, and so quieted him down a little. All have gone hunting to-day—men, women, and children, pigs and dogs. Before leaving, they told us if we saw any one sneaking about, we were to be sure to shoot them; but if they came up openly to us, and pointed to the nose and stomach, they were friends, and had come for salt and tobacco. We get our water in canvas bags, and teachers or missionaries coming inland will require a set of water-bags made from the very best canvas.

11*th*.—A number of natives have gone to Port Moresby, to help Rua and Maka with tomahawks, salt, &c. After they left we went to the bush, and cut down a number of trees for posts for a house. The chief, Poroko, has given us land, at an elevation of 1260 feet; splendid view all round; and if not healthy, I know not where to go, unless it be to the top of Mount Owen Stanley. There will be plenty of room for taro, sugar-cane, and coffee plantations. A woman often passes us with a frightful load of taro and sugar-cane on her back, and on the top of all an infant in a net basket. She goes to the next house, swings the infant kit off first, placing it on the ground, where the infant in it kicks and rolls, but cannot get out until the kits of taro and sugar-cane are safely housed.

14*th*.—This morning, after an early breakfast, we

started with the Port Moresby natives for Munikahila, they being anxious to secure a supply of betel-nuts to return with. Have promised our old friend Oriope of Uakinumu, before we started on the Eikiri trip, that if he led us across and gave us bearers, all should have tomahawks, knives, &c. He did not carry out his part, and the bearers from him returned, leaving us inland. I was anxious to pay them for what they did, so we went on there with tomahawks, tobacco, and salt. We were about two miles from the village, when we shouted, and were replied to, and soon four young fellows came rushing along, in a great state of perspiration, and very excited, rubbing our chins and throwing their arms around us, highly delighted that we had returned. They were not going to serve us as they did the last time. We reached the village, and were seated with strangers and surrounded by old friends, when Oriope, who had been on his plantation, came along to where we were, nearly breathless, and streaming with perspiration; he threw his arms around me, embraced me, rubbing his dirty moist cheeks on mine, sitting down and not speaking for some time. When he began, he said he was afraid we were terribly offended and would not return; but, having returned to him, we must stay. No, we cannot; we must return to Keninumu that night. Ah, he could manage it; he would have us tied, and so detain us. Four coast natives who knew the Koiari language were with us. We told our old friend we wanted a large quantity of betel-nuts, and that he had better set out at once for them. Soon the women and lads were off. We then removed to our old house on the rock, and there told him, through the interpreter, what we had expected of him, and that he had not done

it, but that having told him we should pay them, we had come now to do so for the journey made. We gave our tomahawks, tobacco, and salt, and the old man was truly delighted, saying, 'I and my people will take you wherever we may go with safety.' He does not go to sea on the other side, as Mr. Lawes supposed, and says it is impossible to cross over unless we go up by Yule Island, and there he says it is dangerous because of the cannibals. In returning, I saw, for the first time in New Guinea, a bush of the real South Sea Island *kava* (*Piper methysticum*).

17*th*.—We have just had a service, and through Kena we have told the natives the object of our coming and staying, that they might know of the true God, and of Jesus Christ the Saviour. It was interesting to mark the different expressions on their faces as they heard for the first time of God—the God of love, and that as His servants we were here. When told of the resurrection they looked at one another; some laughed, others seemed serious. They were very particular in their inquiries as to the name of the Great Spirit, and of His Son—forgetting, and returning to hear it again.

18*th*.—Here we are at Uakinumu for another trip; but alas, alas! cannot get carriers. The young men are all off wallaby-hunting, so we must start. This evening a woman came in with several bamboos of grubs, which were cooked in the bamboos, then spread on leaves; some salt was dissolved in the mouth and squirted over all, and it was amusing to see the gusto with which men, women, and children partook. Oriope is very persistent in wanting a teacher. He was greatly delighted when I gave him a large knife; he examined it all over, then pressed it with tender

affection to his bosom. Fearing lest some friends who are with him at present might ask it from him, he returned it to me, requesting me to keep it until they left.

20*th.*—Last night, after turning-in, I heard a peculiar noise as of some one in great distress, then loud speaking in a falsetto voice, and knew then what was up—we had a spiritist in the village, and revelations were now about to be made. We were all named, and the places we were to visit. I felt somewhat anxious as to the revelation, for if it should be the least doubtful as to our going, no native would stir with us. However, the revelation, on being interpreted to us by Kena, was all right; we were good men, and kind, and the villages would all willingly receive us. The spirit dilated at length on the good qualities of foreign tobacco and the badness of the native stuff, and wound up by asking for some foreign. Oriope at once got up and gave from his own stock what was wanted. These native spiritists are terrible nuisances; they get whatever they ask, and the natives believing so thoroughly in them, they have the power of upsetting all arrangements and causing serious trouble. This morning I found our spirit friend to be a man who sat in our house all day yesterday, a stranger from an inland village. He has quite a different look from the other natives—an anxious, melancholy expression. While at morning coffee he came and sat down alongside of us all right, and we learned from him that the spirit of a deceased friend comes into him, and then things are revealed, the spirit speaking through him. He says, when we were at Eikiri, a few weeks ago, he knew it, and told the people of his village of it.

The wallaby-hunters are to come in this afternoon with great supplies. When sitting round the fire with our old chief, we asked him if he knew of any tailed folks about inland. 'Oh dear, yes.' And then he gave us a perfect and laughable description of what must be some creature of the monkey tribe. It climbs, laughs, and talks a peculiar language of its own; it scratches the head, slaps the thigh, and sits down to eat like a man. I then said, 'But they are not really men?' 'Well, not exactly, but very near it; they are hairy all over, and some are perfectly black.' The tail, according to his description, must be about a fathom long. We are to see them, and must, he says, secure one or two, dead or alive. Our spirit is out in his prognostications, the wallaby-hunters have not returned, and we cannot leave to-morrow.

21*st*.—Our spirit friend is quite out as yet, for here we are nursing Patience, and trying to make her a dear friend. We are promised a start to-morrow. In the evening the hunters came in with large supplies of wallaby. They report innumerable horses and foreigners as having gone to Kupele; we suppose it to be Goldie's party. From to-day's shooting, the old man got a green parrot, and devoured it raw. Oriope dressed himself in his fighting gear, and went through a few antics; he looked a perfect fiend. He is very proud of a stone club he possesses with a piece broken off; he says it was broken in felling a tremendous fellow in a neighbouring village. He killed him. 'What, stand before me!'

22*nd*.—I was eating a banana this morning, when I was told not to throw the skin away, but hand it to them, which I did, when it was passed round and

kissed by all with short ejaculations. I asked what it meant, and was told it was their manner of thanking the spirits for ripe bananas. We started at eight A.M. with eight carriers and our old friend, and twenty inland natives returning home with wallaby; one poor woman had two large kits on her back, and an infant in another, hanging in front of her. We were seven hours on the tramp, along a good path, on which horses could get along well. The most difficult ascent was shortly after we left Uakinumu; but the path was good. The last hour of travelling was in a thunderstorm, with a regular tropical pour of rain. When we neared the village Marivaeanumu, the men came rushing out with their spears and shields, thinking it was an attacking party; but on seeing Maka, who was just behind the first native, and I following up, they shouted out, *Nao, nao!* (Foreigners), and ran back with their spears. The village is small, and the houses very dilapidated; it is 1800 feet above sea-level. Maka was buying taro with salt, and having finished, some natives noticed damp salt adhering to his hand; they seized the hand, and in turn licked it until quite clean. Grains of salt falling were sought for and picked up. The shields here are the same as at Hood Bay, beautifully made. They are going to fight soon with another district, and are making great preparations in spears, clubs, and shields.

23*rd*.—Our spiritist gave us a very short and indistinct séance last night. A man speared the other day in a wallaby hunt, near the Laroki, he told us, was dead. He seemed to be raving a great deal, and wound up the first part with, *Nao kuku daure* (Foreign tobacco is bad). Continuing to rave and disturb sleep, I told

Oriope that, if that spirit did not at once go back where it came from, I should certainly have to make it; he reported what I said, and the spirit thought it advisable to leave. We started this morning after a good breakast, and had good travelling across a fine level country E.S.E. for about four hours, crossing several times the head of the Laroki: it is a magnificent country for horses. In somewhat thick scrub, a youth met the first of our party, and was fraternising very feelingly with them: I appeared, and he took to his heels, and no calling of friends or foreigners could bring him back. We came suddenly upon a woman and two children, and, poor things, they went into a terrible state; nothing would comfort them; beads, tobacco, and salt lost their charm on them. The family pig was with them; it danced, grunted, advanced, retired, and finally made at me. In the morning I took a piece of plaster from my heel, and threw it into the fireplace; instant search was made for it, by about a dozen natives; it was found and handed back to me, they making signs that I should throw it somewhere else. Yesterday morning I unthinkingly put the loose hair from my comb into the fire, and great was the outcry.

We are now in Nameanumu, in the Sogeri district, and in a fine house twelve feet from the ground. We are about 1530 feet above sea-level. Teachers here need have no difficulty about food; there is a great abundance all round of taro, banana, sugar-cane, and bread-fruit. A teacher with some 'go' in him, and a good earnest wife to help him, would do well here. I am inclined to think an easier way here will be from Moumiri; but we have to travel with natives where

they can take us with safety to themselves. Sitting round the fire a little while ago, our spirit friend having just left us, an old woman shouted out to Oriope to look out, as the spirit was about to go through the thatch near to where he was sitting. Instant search was made, but nothing found. She then called out from her verandah that it had gone, as Rua and Maka were doing something with their guns. I may say the old woman was with us last night, and heard my threat. We have had the description here of some other animal that is in the Kupele and Moroka districts. It is a dangerous one to go near, and several have lost their lives from it.

24*th*.—Very heavy rain. A number of people have come in from the villages to have a look at us, so I have to go through the process of baring arms and chest. This forenoon they described an animal to us that I think must be the tiger—a long animal, with a long tail and large paws, treads lightly when seeing its prey, and then bounds upon it, tearing the bowels out first. They say they are as long as the house—twelve feet. We are not prepared to tackle such customers. Our host is a quiet man, with a very pleasing expression of countenance. I like the people much, and pray God the day is near when they shall have the Gospel preached unto them, and receive it, and know it to be the power of God unto salvation. Evil spirits reign over them, and the utterance of every rascally spiritist is thoroughly believed.

They seem very much attached to their children, and in their own peculiar way, I dare say, love their wives. Husband and wife meeting after a separation is strange. Some who returned with us had been away

for a fortnight; their wives looked pleased when they saw them, so did the husbands; not a word was spoken, only a look; clubs and spears were put down, and the husbands went to where other men were sitting, the wives to light fires and cook food; when cooked, the wife took it to the husband, who ate a little, gave away some, and then went and sat by his wife. I have noticed that the wives are particularly happy when preparing this return food. Oriope's wife, who accompanied us, is ill with a cold; I wished her to take a dose of chlorodyne, but she cried and hesitated much; the old man then took the cup and told her to look; he drank some of it, said it was not bad, and then pressed her to drink it off, which she did.

25*th*.—We left this morning at eight, and arrived at Orofedabe, in the Favele district, at one P.M. The walking was good and steady, the first few miles along the valley beneath a mountain in the Sogeri district, which we called Mount Nisbet, and the range near to Eikiri. We crossed the Laroki several times, and sat near its head; then ascended an easy ridge of the Owen Stanley Range. We travelled for about two hours along this ridge, then descended, crossing two streams, which we suppose to be the head streams of the Kemp Welch, flowing into Hood Bay. There are six small villages on ridges close by, high mountains all round, and not far off the mountain on which the wild animal lives. They tried to persuade us that this was Meroka, and there was no use our going further; but we could not believe it, and I brought my compass out, and pointed to them where Eikiri, Sogeri, Kupele, and Hapele were, and told them where I expected to find Meroka, which cannot be very far off. When they saw I knew some-

thing of our position, they said we could not get to Meroka, because of rocks and wild beasts. At the village we slept the last two nights they did all they could to detain us, because of the salt and beads. They were assisted by Oriope, who was anxious that all should go to his cousin and friends, with whom we were staying. In a conversation they had under the house, shortly after we arrived, I could hear sufficient to enable me to understand they would keep us there, and not let other villages get salt and beads. I got thoroughly vexed with the old man, and told him he could return home, and that unless we saw numerous villages with plenty of people we should not again return here. He turned right round and told us we should see Favele and Meroka, and many villages, only we must return to his cousin's; that was all right, we certainly should return. This morning I told him to remain and take care of his wife; that the people here would lead us and carry our things. He begged of me to leave some of the things to ensure our return, and I did so. Some of the people here are very dark and others very light.

26*th*.—They tried hard to prevent our going to Meroka this morning, saying we should be eaten by the *Jakoni* (wild beast)—and how could they return? That would not do—go I must; so I got the things out, and asked some Meroka natives, who had come in, to pick them up and let us start. They refused, and joined in with our friends, saying we had better remain. No; I must see Meroka, and until I saw it not a taro would be bought nor a pile of salt given. They all sat down, looking true savages. After some time I said, 'Meroka, or we return at once.' I got my bag and

went on to the path; they got up, and called to me to come back—they would go to Meroka, but leave the things, and return here to sleep. No; I must have the things; I might want to sleep at Meroka. That was terrible, the salt would be finished, and there would be none for them here. Would I not consent to their taro being bought, and then they would go with me? No; Meroka first, and taro when we return.

Seeing there was nothing for it—that go I would—they consented, and the Meroka folks picked up the things, and away we went. It was a short walk across the side of a ridge, down about 600 feet and up to 1500, and then along another ridge. We soon had crowds to see us, men, women, and children; and all were delighted, for we bought their taro. The village we stayed at was new, and they told us formerly they lived further in on the mountain, but a man was eaten by the *Jakoni*, and they came down. A number of natives were in mourning for the man eaten. After some time we got up to ascend the ridge, to have a good view of the villages, and decide on our position. They tried hard to prevent us, but we went on, a few following to the next village. They pretended great fear of the *Jakoni*, and at some places begged of us to tread lightly, and not to speak. It was all a ruse to get us back. We went on, and up to the highest village, where we had a splendid view. We counted fourteen villages on the ridges in the Meroka basin and on the other side of the river we had crossed, and as many more known as Havele. I believe it would be much easier to get here from Eikiri than from Sogeri. The natives of Oriramamo, the highest village, told us they went from there to Eikiri in one day.

The people of Meroka are very mixed, some very dark, others very light. Some of the women had quite an Eastern Polynesian look; some of the children were well-formed, and really pretty. A few men had light-coloured whiskers; curly heads abounded, although a number had straight hair. They say they are not Koiari. The Koiari comprises Munikahila, Eikiri, Sogeri, Taburi, Makapili Pakari; and Eikiri is N.W. from Oriramamo; Mount Bellamy is W.N.W. A high round mountain, I have named Ben Cruachan, east; Mount Nisbet, W.S.W. The high rock on the easterly side of Mount Nisbet is just over the house where we slept, and will be known in future as the Clachan. They say there are five kinds of wild animals on the mountains at the back, and but for these they could easily cross to Kupele. The Jakoni, Gomina, and Agila are very large and fierce. The Papara and Gadana are small, but fierce. We were eating biscuits, and they begged for a very small piece each, to keep as a charm to help them catch pigs. Hairs from the beard are in great demand as charms. Having seen all we wanted to, and not being able to persuade the natives to accompany us up to the mountain to see the wild animals, I decided to return to Orofedabe; so we returned to the village, gave the taro we bought to the people, paid our attendants and for the house where our things were, and away we went. Our friends were glad to see us, and rejoiced greatly when the taboo was taken off the salt, and taro was bought. We are having rain and thunderstorms every afternoon.

27*th.*—Maka poised a stick twelve feet long on his finger; the natives tried it and it failed; again Maka did it, and all who were looking on came to the

conclusion it was very easy for him to do, as a spirit held it for him. In each place we have been, when at prayers, all the natives are most respectful, keeping perfect silence and bending their heads. We had a fine tramp back to-day, and a refreshing bath in the Laroki after it. We have paid our carriers, and they are rejoicing greatly. We were glad to find our old friend and his wife well, and the things we left just as we hung them up. They are very anxious to have teachers here. We were telling them that we could see no people, and they have gone and brought in great crowds, saying, 'No people—what are these?' I cut up tobacco and spread it out on a leaf in the centre of the crowd, and called out, 'For Sogeri.' One of their number was appointed by them, and he distributed it, all sitting quietly round. I got some salt in a paper, and did as with the tobacco. All rose, and in order approached, took some and retired, leaving the remainder, nearly half, for a very old man. The beads I gave to the women, the men saying they ought to have had them too. 'Come and live with us; there is no place like Sogeri—it is good, it is large, it is peaceful, and there is plenty of food.' So say the Sogerians. I was sitting on the ladder of the house, the crowd sitting round. Rua was in the bush with his gun; he fired at a bird, and it was amusing to see the simultaneous jerk of the crowd when they heard the shot.

28*th.*—Last night a chief, Biaiori, of Eribagu, slept in the house with us, to be ready to lead us to his village and other villages about in the morning. We started about half-past seven; but it was evident at the start he had been talked over during the night in quiet whisperings, so as not to take us anywhere but his own village.

We walked about a mile and a half, and came to his village, in a fine dry position, much preferable to the one we had left—good houses, one house floored with cedar slabs, and having a fine verandah all round. I wished to see a chief I had met yesterday, Jaroga, and was told he was at the next village, so we up with our bundles and away for about half a mile furthur on, to a nice clean village. I at once asked Jaroga to lead us to the places he named yesterday; he was quite willing, and began pointing in the various directions, and naming the villages, but was soon silenced by signs and words from others; he then said he could not go; so we left to go to Epakari; a young man very much attached to Maka, and who has been with us for ten days, having promised yesterday to lead us there. We had to carry our bags—not a very agreeable job. We had great excitement at leaving, our old chief insisting on our going back to Uakinumu; but we had discarded him, and were determined to find our own way should Someri, Maka's friend, fail us. I gave orders to keep a good look-out on Someri, who was carrying a bundle, and he was given into Maka's care. Our young friend was very quiet, and tried skulking behind and moving on fast ahead. When crossing a ridge about three miles from the village, I was leading, when we heard Maka calling for Someri. Rua at once returned, and found the bird had flown, leaving the bundle, but carrying with him the camp tomahawk, which Maka had foolishly let him have to cut a stick with. It would be folly to return to get the tomahawk, so we kept south and west for some distance, when we came to a deserted village; then we turned west. We crossed the Laroki several times before we came into the open country; at our last crossing we met

a company of natives, all armed, on watch for Makapili natives, who were expected to attack them. They took our bundles and led us to a small village, where we met some of our Marivaeanumu friends, who led us to their village and to our old house. A young child called Maka was presented for presents, the father telling Maka he called the child after him, because he was his friend when we were here last. We have now the open country before us, and expect no trouble in getting along. The natives are all unsettled at present, and every man we meet is armed. I can see the country better to-day than when here last week. Marivaeanumu is on a rise near the hills of Eikiri and north-north-west from Sogeri. The latter district is in a valley between the Owen Stanley Range and Mount Nisbet, to the south-west of it. Eribagu would make a good station for the Sogeri district. This place would be a suitable station, being at the head of the plain that reaches away to the Astrolabe on the one side and up to Vetura and Uakinumu on the other, stretching east by Mount Nisbet, and away east and south by the country at the back of Mapakapa. The Laroki rises in the Owen Stanley Range, and is the drain for the Sogeri district and all the plain; it is very circuitous, and near here very deep and slow, flowing west.

29*th*.—For nearly six hours we have been travelling with our bags, and I can honestly say I feel tired. We are now at a new village—the houses just going up—on the top of the high green hill in front of Munikahila, overlooking the Kupa Moumiri valley. The village is named Keninumu, and consists of four houses at present, two on high trees and two on high rocks. We have pitched our tent close by, and intend

resting until Monday, when we hope to start for the plain—a very fine country, but no natives. This part of the plain is dry and barren, with stunted gum-trees. A party met us when near the village, and a woman with a child on her shoulder, I suppose seeing me look tired, insisted on my giving her my bag. I looked at the child, and wondered how she was going to manage, but that was soon arranged; she made the child sit on her left shoulder, holding her by the hair; then she took my bundle, and away she went. Some young men have come in from one of the districts we wish to visit, and I hope to keep them until we leave; it will be a help and of great value as an introduction at this time of trouble. We are 1440 feet above sea-level.

A fortnight ago there was a great wallaby hunt down at Moumiri, and natives from all the districts round were present. A native of Munikahila speared a man from Tabori, who died soon after, so now Makipili, Epakari, and Efari are said to have joined on with Tabori, and unitedly mean to attack Munikahila. All the natives condemn the murder of the man, because of the time and place.

31*st.*—Natives all excitement, expecting Munikahila to be attacked. Every evening the men go armed to Munikahila, and the women, children, dogs, and pigs to the bush. I am sorry our Keninumu friends should consider it their duty to assist the murderers. The natives of the district to which the murdered man belonged are quietly biding their time, hunting wallaby close by us. The kind woman who assisted me the other day has a son by her first husband living at Keninumu, and for a long time she has not seen him, he being afraid to come here. She knows that Maka

was returning yesterday, and felt sure her son would accompany him. When some distance from here Maka fired a shot, to let us know he was coming, to which we responded, assuring him all was right. On hearing the shot the poor woman became quite excited, came and sat down by our fire, got up and got us firewood, sat down again, telling Kena to get the taro cooked for Maka, rose again and fetched more firewood, then sat down in front of the path, looking steadily and anxiously for the travellers. Poor body, they came in sight, but her son was not one of them. She seemed to feel it very much, rose, went to her house, and was not again seen until this morning. God grant the day is near when the song the heavenly host sang, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and goodwill toward men,' shall be known and enjoyed here!

September 1*st*.—We left this morning at seven o'clock and drew up at Makapili at four P.M., resting by the way. For salt, tobacco, and beads we had help all the way. What appears a fine level plain in the distance turns out to be a fine country, full of ridges and luxuriant valleys, abounding in every kind of native vegetable. From the departure this morning until our bringing up we could have ridden horses at a fine canter along the ridges from one to another. This is the best country I have yet seen in New Guinea, and the natives seem very kind and friendly. At the Laroki we had to strip, and just above small rapids, holding on by a long line fastened to poles on each side, we crossed over. The natives have the line to help them when the river is up. We called at several villages on the ridges, passed others, some on large table-rocks. Fancy a table-rock

with twenty or thirty houses on it. At Chokinumu, a village 1600 feet above the sea S.E., from Marivaeanumu seven miles, we alarmed the people so that they rushed away, leaving us the village. Shortly a man came back, pretending to be very unconcerned, chewing betel-nut; we soon were friends, and he called out to the others, and they returned. We told him where we were going, and he said he and his wife would accompany us, as we were the first foreigners who had ever been to his village, and he would not leave us. At other villages they also cleared out, screaming terribly. Gimenumu, 1900 feet above sea-level, and two miles east from Chokinumu, will make a fine mission station—a large village, fine plantations, and plenty of water. We crossed several streams from the Astrolabe Range, all flowing into the Laroki. The whole drainage of the Astrolabe Range and of this country falls into the Laroki. We are now in Vaiako, Makipili district, 2250 feet, in a really lovely spot.

There are a great many natives in this district. About four miles from here we passed a deserted village on a table-rock, at one time the home of this people; but the Sogeri natives came over and killed eleven of them, and the others thought it time to settle somewhere else. We have now a splendid view of Mount Owen Stanley, due north of us, and rising far away, clear and distinct above a thick mass of cloud. Mount Bellamy stands alone, with a bare south-east side, and Mount Nisbet just across from here, behind which is Sogeri, so much dreaded by this people. On all the ridges stretching away to the eastward from here behind Kapakapa are natives. A woman, coming to have a look at us, spied our black dog, *Misi Dake*, and off

she went, climbing a tree, kit and all, quicker than I ever saw a native climb before. We met a fine old patriarch in a stream about two miles from here, and the meeting with our friend from Chokinumu was most affecting, touching chins and falling into one another's arms weeping. He sat down beside me with grave dignity, and the woman from Chokinumu sat in front of him, chanting and weeping. We had strawberries coming along, with little or none of the flavour of the home strawberry. The raspberry bush is very abundant.

2nd.—Just after sunrise we had a great crowd up at the tent to have a peep at us. At eight o'clock we started for the summit of the Astrolabe, to have a look at the sea. It is very broken on the summit, and we had a good deal of ascending and descending before we got over Kaili, to be disappointed in not seeing the sea, the fog hanging thick under our feet. We returned by a very circuitous path, passing several villages built on rocks and trees. On one large table-rock was a snug village, and to the east of the rock four large posts beautifully carved. On feast days the food is collected close to these, and a platform is fixed on the posts, on which dancing takes place. We returned at three P.M. The old chief soon followed us up to the camp with a large present of food, and saying he hoped we would soon return. I hope the same. After some delay, so that it might not appear as payment for the present, we gave our present to the old chief; when he got the tomahawk he wept for joy, looked at his friends, then at us, pressed it to his bosom, and then kissed it. The chief's name is Kunia.

3rd.—We left Makipili this morning at eight o'clock,

and came along leisurely, arriving at Chokinumu at half-past ten. The chief and his wife who accompanied us pressed us to stay a night in their village, and, seeing it would displease them if we went on, we consented. We had a thorough downpour of rain in the afternoon, after a very hot sun, the thunder rolling all round us. The chief Lohiamalaka and his wife are exceedingly kind and attentive; they have kept close by us since we left here on Monday. I am sorry for the Makipili people; they are so afraid of Sogeri that they have left their houses and are living in the bush, and under the shelter of rocks. Sogeri, Makipili says, will listen to no conditions of peace. Several overtures have been made, but all are useless. We were told at several places that if we ventured to Makipili we should never return; but we have been there, were treated kindly, and pressed to return.

4th.—Using our blankets yesterday as a flag for our tent, they got so wet that it required a day to dry them, so we decided to remain here and visit the Laroki Falls. Ten days ago we found from the natives that they were near here. The native name is *Round*. We found the falls in a deep gorge formed by the west end of Astrolabe and east end of Vetura Range. On each side of the gorge the mountains run sharp down, in many places precipitous rocks. The falls are E. from Port Moresby, E.S.E. from Moumili, and S.E. from Vetura proper. They are grand, and well worth seeing. I wish we had seen them from below. For a long distance up there are small falls and rapids. The water comes surging on, and then takes a fearful leap of many hundred feet on to a ledge, and from there to the boiling cauldron below. The noise is deafening.

Where we stood, nearly level with the water, it was 1340 feet above sea-level, and I do not think that from there to the cauldron could be less than 900 feet. I think it may be possible to get to them from the north side by Mangara, and then we can rightly tell the height of the falls.

5th.—Left Chokinumu this morning at eight, and had a pleasant walk for three hours, ascending gradually the Astrolabe until we reached the summit at the back of Tupuselei, 2300 feet high. We were resting before descending, when a native party appeared and approached us, somewhat scared. They said on coming up they heard the noise as of chopping wood (we were marking trees). They came on and saw through the bush a white man, and at once went back; then, hearing as if natives were with him speaking in Koiari, they returned and determined to meet us. They were much pleased at receiving a present of salt. We descended on the west side of the Astrolabe; the descent, being steep and difficult, took us some time. In the afternoon we arrived at Janara, near to Efari, at the back of Pyramid Point, the Astrolabe bearing north. Our friend Lohiamalaka, the chief of Geminumu Monito, and three youths are with us. I have never met a kinder and more friendly native than Lohiamalaka. Janara is a good large district, and seems to have a number of natives. The village we are in is 600 feet above sea-level. Tupuselei is the nearest mission station, and a teacher placed here or at Efari would have constant communication with that place. I was the first to enter the village. They had heard us cooeying to one another; so only saw one man, and he tried to look very unconcerned, with a bamboo pipe,

trying to light it, but too excited to succeed. The women had shut themselves indoors with the children, and the men had gone into the bush close by with their weapons.

6th.—From Janara to Epakari there are several steep ridges to go up and down, and the last ascent is truly steep. It took us three good steady hours' walking and climbing to get to Karikatana, the first of six villages in this district. Dawes and Stone were at a village, I believe, on a ridge nearer to Port Moresby. The chief, Nikanivaipua, received us graciously, and insisted on our taking his house. We paid off our friends, and they departed well pleased. We received presents of cooked food and smoked wallaby. They were prepared for us, having been shouted to an hour before we arrived at the village by our friend Lohiamalaka. The village looks to be in a fine healthy position, close to the west end of the Astrolabe, the high bluff bearing N.E. They have plenty of all kinds of food. We crossed from the Janara a good-sized mountain torrent flowing S.W. to Bootless Inlet. We are 700 feet high. High bluff of Astrolabe, N.E.; Bootless Inlet, S.S.W.; peak of Astrolabe above Kaili, E.S.E.

7th.—Our friend Lohiamalaka turned up again last evening; he did not like leaving us. This morning he really set off, promising to visit us at Port Moresby in October; that is, not this moon, nor the next, but the one that follows. I asked for a little ginger to eat, and they have brought it me in bundles. It is really good when green, with salt. A large number of natives attended our service, and were truly orderly—not a whisper, and during prayer every head bent. On he

Astrolabe, the other day, Lohiamalaka said he felt anxious for us in entering Janara. Rua, through Kena, told him not to fear anything on our account, as the Great Spirit was with us, and no harm could come near us. Last evening he was telling the people here of his fears, and what Rua said, 'and how true it was the Great Spirit or something is with them.' At all the villages Lohiamalaka repeated all he could remember of what he had been told, and of our singing and praying. Every evening he would sit at the tent door and get us to sing for the benefit of a crowd of natives outside, who, having heard from himself of our musical powers, refused to go to their homes at sunset, and insisted on remaining until after *noko* (singing). When the Koiari visit the coast they go in for begging largely, and they generally get what they ask, as the Motu people are very much afraid of their spiritual power, they being thought to hold power over the sun, wind, and rain, and manufacturing or withholding the latter at will. When the Motu people hear that Koiarians are coming, they hide their valuables. All the young swells here have head-dresses of dogs' teeth, got from the sea-side natives. At Eikiri they told us they got theirs by killing and stealing. We can truly say we are under arms in this house—sixty-two spears overhead, four shields on walls, and two stone clubs keeping watch at the door. A Makipili woman has been telling Kena how she happens to be here. Formerly her people and these were at enmity. Makipili sought peace, but had no pig. She was selected to supply want of pig, and taken with food. When she grew up, the old man (not her husband) insisted on her living with him.

8th.—We had six hours' good walking, and are now camped under the shade of Vetura. The country from Epakari to here is very ridgy, and, after leaving the ridges of Epakari, very barren. Coming suddenly on a large party of men, women, and children returning from a dance, they were so frightened when we called out, *Naimo!* that they set off, kits, spears, and drums, and no fine words would bring them back. We have seven natives with us; the old chief says he must see us safe to Keninumu. We passed a fine village—Umiakurape—on a ridge west of Karikatana; the chief's name is Vaniakoeta. It would make a splendid station. The high ridge at the back of Epakari, along which we came, is 1000 feet high, and from it we saw Fisherman's Island, Redscar Bay, Bootless Inlet, and the whole coast east to Round Head.

9th.—Arrived at Keninumu at half-past ten A.M. Found all well. The natives are constantly on the look-out for the Tabori attack on Munikahila. We hear the Munikahila natives have been stealing from Goldie.

14th.—Since our return we have been house-building, but are getting on very slowly. I fear we are six weeks too late for the Kupele district, and shall have to leave it for another season. It would be awkward to get in and not get back until the end of the wet season. I find our friend the chief, Poroko, has had two wives; one he killed lately. She was in the plantation, and some young fellows coming along, she sat down with them to have a smoke and get the news; Poroko heard of it, and on her coming home in the evening he killed her. A woman at Favelle said, 'Oh, the Koiari man thinks nothing of killing his wife.' The word for 'sneeze' in Koiari is *akiso*.

When they are leaving for a journey or going for the night they call out *kiso*, and often from their houses they shout their good-night to us, *kiso*. There is a woman in deep mourning for her daughter. She has hanging round her neck all the ornaments once the property of the deceased, and along with them the jawbone. The headless body she visits occasionally, and rubs herself all over with the juice from it!

18*th*.—We have a great crowd of natives in from Kupele, the nearest district to Mount Owen Stanley. They are the same race of people as at Meroka—some very dark, others very light-coloured. Their weapons are the same as the Koiari, so also is their dress. Two men are in mourning, and are wearing netted vests. The chief is rather a fine-looking fellow, and dressed profusely with cassowary feathers. They all have a wisp of grass bound tight at one end, and hanging from a girdle behind, to be used as a seat when they sit down. It is a stretch of imagination to say it looks like a tail. They are very anxious we should accompany them on their return, and say they will show us plenty of villages and people. Yesterday we had great feasting in the villages on yams and taro. To an Eastern Polynesian it would be ridiculous to call it a feast, seeing there was no pig. In the evening we had a good deal of palavering with spears and shields, fighting an imaginary foe, and at times retreating. Their movements are swift and graceful: advance, retreat, advance, pursue, ward off to the right, to the left, shield up, down, aside, struck on knee, a shout, all gone through with the greatest alacrity, and I am not at all astonished at so few being killed or wounded in a fight. They value shields that bear the marks of spears.

19*th.*—Our old friend Oriope came in to-day, and handed us the tomahawk stolen by the deserter on our last trip. He says when he heard how Someri had served us he sent at once to Sogeri, and got the tomahawk, telling them it was very wrong to steal from such dear friends of his. One of the Kupele natives stole a knife, but he had to give it up to the Keninumu friends, who returned it to us. I should have liked to have started a station at Chokinumu, so as to try the climate of both sides of the district this wet season.

23*rd.*—We find it impossible to get the men to help us with the house whilst so many of us are here, so we return to the port, hoping to get into Chokinumu soon. The people, seeing that we are really going, have begged hard for Jakoba to be left, and they promise faithfully to assist him in finishing the house. Jakoba being anxious to remain with them, I consented.

24*th.*—Arrived at Moumiri about two P.M. We heard there that Tabori and Makipili have been murdering. A number of people from Marivaenumu were here wallaby-hunting, and on returning were met; three women and two men were killed. They report here, also, that Kupele proper (a small village) no longer exists; the Koiari to the west of us having gone over and killed all but five, who have gone to another village.

26*th.*—Returned to Port Moresby to-day, and found all well, and good news from all the stations. The services have gone on here in Rua's absence with great success. On two Sundays the chief Poi conducted the services, addressing those present, and telling them he thought that now it was time for them all to receive the Gospel

which had been so faithfully taught them during these years; in prayer he remembered us who were inland, and asked our Father in heaven to watch over us and bring us back safely, and to enlighten all of them at the seaside.

CHAPTER IV.

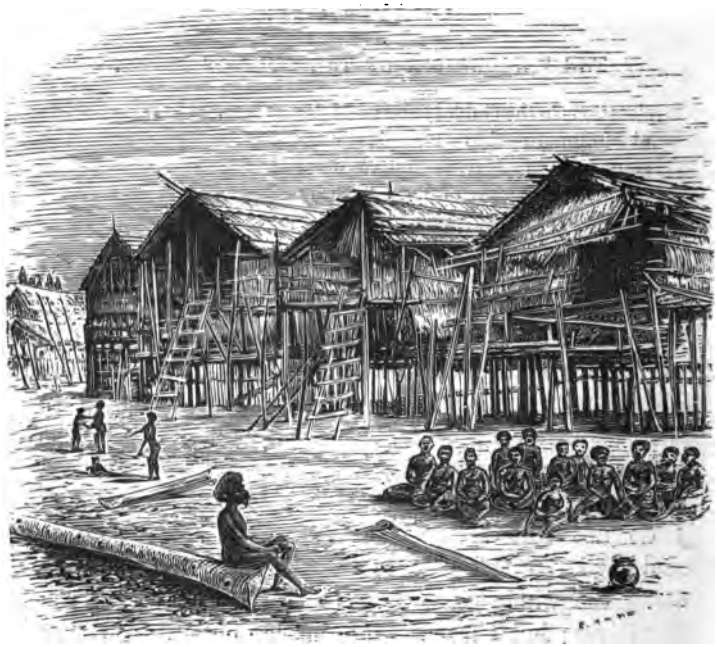
THE EXPLORATION OF THE GULF OF PAPUA.

Explorations in the Gulf of Papua—Maiva—Coombes River—Temple at Motumotu—Silo—Kerema—Vailala—Treachery Point—The cannibals of Maiva—Native dress and ornaments—Native trading—The gods of Port Moresby—Native ideas of a future life—Directions to seamen.

On the 22nd of November, 1879, accompanied by Mr. Beswick and Piri, native teacher of Boera, with two Port Moresby natives to act as pilots, and three natives from the Gulf of Papua, who had been at Port Moresby for some months, and were now returning to their home, we left Boera, to make a long-talked-of visit to the Gulf of Papua. In 1875, Mr. McFarlane visited some part of the Gulf on this side, but how much I do not know. In 1878, Mr. Ingham, who was murdered by the natives of Brooker Island, came along the whole coast in his small steamer from the Fly River; but I fear the information obtained on that voyage has all been lost. Mr. Goldie ran along the coast from Yule Island to Freshwater Bay just before our visit; but I believe only landed at Maiva. Our trips extended to Bald Head of Deception Bay, the utmost known to the Port Moresby natives. We have made two visits—one on our way to Thursday Island, and another on our return. For brevity, I condense

both into one chapter. At Yule Island (native name Lavao) we were met in a friendly manner by the people.

Starting early on the morning of November 25th from Yule, we arrived about two hours after (10 miles),



A NEW GUINEA VILLAGE.

off a large district, very thickly populated, called Maiva, comprehending eleven villages, five on the coast, and six about half a mile inland. Between the sea and the low hill at the back is about a mile of good country, where all kinds of native food can be

grown. The inland villages are, I fear, unhealthy, being close by a swamp; but those on the coast are as fine-looking as any we know, and may be tolerably free from fever, being built on the same kind of sand as those in the Aroma and Kerepunu districts. The natives are a fine, strong, healthy race, resembling much the Hood Bay and Aroma natives, and there are crowds of children. They have good large houses, kept wonderfully clean, with sleeping benches in all of them. In front of many of the houses are nicely kept flower gardens. The largest houses are built to represent an alligator with open mouth; the platform in front of the house is the lower jaw, and the long shade over the platform the upper, so that standing on the platform you stand in the alligator's mouth, the house sloping to appear as a body. One house, to be used as a temple in one of the inland villages, was about 150 feet long, very high, with carved posts, and in front overhead a beautifully decorated shade, with long pendants of different kinds of leaves. The back country is very hilly, but fertile. On the sides of the hills are many well-kept plantations. With the exception of the country at the back of the Astrolabe Range, there is no other that I have yet seen in New Guinea to compare with it. On the chart the villages are marked about two miles too far west. There are now no villages in the bight close to Cape Possession.

Beyond Cape Possession, and near to Wedge Hill, are three villages, comprising the district of Oiapu; we visited two of them. They were small, and the houses in a very dilapidated state; yet men, women, and children swarmed about, very friendly, and similar to those at Maiva. We caused great excitement, being

the first foreigners to land amongst them. They shouted and clapped their hands with delight, and were greatly disappointed at our leaving so soon. Before leaving we were led up to the temple, and a mat spread out, were told to be seated, where we gave our presents, and told the people the object of our visit. We do not consider a people visited unless we have landed unarmed, and remained some time amongst them. The most easterly of the three villages bears a bad name, the inhabitants being looked upon as petty pirates, who rob the trading canoes on their return from the west.

A few miles further on is Jokea, a very pretty village on the point between North-West Hill and One Tree Hill. There are beautifully kept plantations running back to the hills. The natives received us in a very friendly manner. We did not see arms anywhere. The village is kept fine and clean; and if we dare now give an opinion as to healthiness or unhealthiness, I should say the former. Fifty yards off shore we were in five fathoms; but, on going east round the point towards the cape, vessels should keep well out, because of reefs and sandbanks.

Three miles further west we discovered a large river, and named it the Coombes. At low water, 150 yards off entrance, there are four-and-a-half fathoms, gradually shallowing, until on bar only one fathom is got. There is a large basin inside, with two-and-a-half and three fathoms. Running south is a broad creek with a small island in centre. Keeping the creek on the right, we pulled up the river for about a mile in an east by south direction, and got from two-and-a-half to three fathoms well towards the left bank. It is about

seventy-five yards across, with great swamps on both sides. The water is fresh on the bar. About a quarter of a mile up from the basin a smaller river falls into it, coming from the west and north. From the natives we learn the Coombes comes from the Yule Range, passing by several very large villages, where sago in great abundance is made. The inland villages are named Hinavi, Mekeo, and Poro. The inhabitants are very light-coloured, a few dark ones like the Port Moresby natives.

Continuing our course westerly, we came to the large village of Lese, where the people were prepared to receive us, being dressed in their very finest, the ladies besmeared with red ochre mixed with oil. This place is noted for mosquitoes and alligators. At the back of the village is a very pretty lagoon we named Macey Lagoon, the opening into which is at Cliff Head, extending from there to beyond the village, and ending in two large creeks with mangrove banks. If we can get a passage-in deep and wide enough, we shall have one good harbour west of Yule, safe in all weather. The mat was brought out in front of the chief's house, and we were invited to a seat. The crowd was great, and very noisy; our presents were received with the greatest grace, and in return we were presented with the sacred betel-nut, a few cocoanuts, and a few bundles of sago, and had a very pressing invitation to dine on sago and wallaby; but the sun hurrying on to its bathing, we thought it best to decline.

Between Cliff Head and Motumotu is a large river called Maratu, deep and broad; inland some distance are three small villages, the same kind of natives as at Port Moresby, and sago and all kinds of food very

abundant. Keeping west four miles, we landed at Motumotu, a very fine large village near Freshwater Bay. At first it appeared as if the crowd that met us on the beach meant to walk off with us, boat and all. Getting ashore, and the boat going off to deep water, we were led through the village, or collection of villages, and at last up and on to the platform of a large temple sacred to Semese. No woman has ever entered that temple or stood on that platform. Hanging high up overhead, at the entrance, is a representation of a mermaid, half fish and half human. It looked old, certainly not as if made in recent years. We asked them what it represented, and were told they appeared sometimes in the sea opposite. Inside the temple were sleeping benches running down both sides, and at each post an idol—the figure of a man, representing Semese. Turtle nets were kept inside; sticks, with bunches of empty nuts attached, used in dancing, and drums, were hanging about. There are no windows, and only one door, opening in from the platform. We gave presents to the chief, and placed others on the platform, for the temple. The chief brought two of Semese's priests, and asked us to give them presents. These people intermarry with the Port Moresby natives. We met a number of people from Boliapata, Pari, and Vapukori of this district. Piri is well known here by report, as he is all along the coast, and all were delighted to meet him. A large river, which flows close by the village, named by Mr. Goldie the Williams, is a branch from a very large river inland, called Arubada. About thirty miles up the Arubada breaks off into two branches, one flowing into Freshwater Bay, and the Williams forming the other.

Leaving Motumotu, and rounding the point, we saw the Alice Meade at anchor in Freshwater Bay. Mr. Goldie came on board, and told us of a lagoon he had discovered and named Alice Meade Lagoon. On our return voyage our captain examined it, and reports small vessels able to enter, and once in, safe in south-east season; but the difficulty will be in getting in, as, according to native report, the sea breaks heavily a very long way off. There are no villages in Freshwater Bay, only a few houses—lean-overs, used by natives when on fishing expeditions.

Falling into the west side of Freshwater Bay is the large river called Kaurepinu, and said by the natives to be another branch of Arubada. The Arubada rises a long way off in the back range, which may be a continuation of the Owen Stanley Range.

The Port Moresby natives go up the river for three days, when they arrived at a village called Moveave, at the base of a mountain we saw on our return voyage. We named the mountain Mount Chapman. It is north-east from the small islands in the bay forty miles, and about 8000 feet high; round bluff on west side, and three finger-points on east with saddle, and then a round peak. Inland and coast tribes are constantly at war. The Port Moresby natives go up to Moveave for sago and food of various kinds. They say it is impossible for them to describe the quantities of food grown there. The people are black, with woolly hair, and are not cannibals. They have very large temples.

Along the coast, five miles from the Kaurepinu, is a district named Karama, with three villages. Our natives gave the inhabitants a very bad name; and, on our nearing the large canoes that came off to meet us,

they went below and got into the sailors' bunks, begging the mate to shut up the forward hatch. On our seeing all the canoes armed with clubs and bows and arrows, and all the bows ready as for action, and natives standing up with guards on their arms, we thought it best to have little to do with them, and, after giving a few presents, we steamed along to Namai and Silo.

To the latter place our Gulf natives belonged, and we landed with them. We were received as real friends, and the natives we returned to their homes made us out to be great chiefs of peace, great, 'like the sun in its meridian splendour, and the moon at the full when it travels in the zenith.' We were led to the temple, then through the village, so that all might have a good look at the great personages who brought their friends home 'in a ship that can go without wind, and straight ahead, though blowing a strong head breeze.' On our first visit we secured the hat of the goddess Kaevakuku, and on our second tried to purchase two idols, Semese and Tauparau; but the people would not hear of parting with them. The district of Silo comprises several villages; in one of them, when being led to the temple, the women and all those not allowed near the sacred place insisted on our squatting on a mat some distance off, that they might have a good look at us. On our return visit we received large presents of sago, and the people helped in wooding the vessel.

At some distance from the coast is a fine range of hills extending from Freshwater Bay to behind Pier Point, and named by us the Ingham Hills. Between the sand ridge on the coast on which the villages are built and the base of the hills is a large swamp covered

with sago palms. The houses are small, and built low, not raised on piles, as further east.

Passing round the Cupola to Pier Point, we were met by several canoes full of natives, who came along shouting for Piri. They were from a village called Pesi, in the small bay into which the river Vaibada flows. Up this river some distance is Opao, a district of several villages, where sago and all kinds of native food are to be found. The people are not cannibals, and are the same as at Port Moresby.

Next to Pesi is the Kerema district, of three villages, all friendly; but we could not find sufficient depth of water to get near enough to land. Our pilots from Port Moresby told us the country was very swampy at the back. Next to Kerema is the district of Keuru, with three small villages, inland some distance. There are no rivers in this district, the openings, as on chart, are only salt-water creeks in mangrove swamp. The inhabitants are said to be bad, and treacherous, and we were strongly advised to have nothing whatever to do with them; but, on our return voyage, being short of wood, we anchored off some distance for the night, intending to go ashore in the morning and get two boat-loads. About half-past two in the morning the shells were blowing, and lights were seen all along the coast, that we thought it better to heave up anchor, run on to our friends at Silo, and there get wood. Round Maclatchie Point, on the west side, is Vailala, a good-sized village or collection of villages, with some very large temples. The people were very excited, and numbers followed us about carrying arms. When coming out of one of the temples the old Port Moresby chief came close up to me and said, 'Tamate,

there is no chief here, only useless fellows about; I think we should get off to the vessel.' Understanding what he meant—that the useless fellows without authority might cause trouble—we got away to the vessel.

Vailala is built on a neck of land, with a large river running into the sea on the west side, and the sea on the east. The river we named the Annie. In two districts, called Heran and Keuru, up this river, are many large villages. The population is very great. The natives are spoken of as being very big men and women, and as light-coloured as our Eastern Polynesian teachers; they are not cannibals. The country at the back is very swampy. The sago and all kinds of native food are as abundant as in other inland districts. There are a very few low hills near the coast. Elephantiasis seemed very prevalent amongst the natives of Vailala.

On the west side of the river, and four miles along the coast, is Woody Hill. The point stretching out to sea is known by the natives as Aumana, and beyond in the bay is the large district of Orokolo, comprising six villages, viz., Namea, Haremamu, Kaeva, Kamu, Marea, Huku, and Kavara. The bay we named Orokolo Bay; it extends from Aumana Point eleven miles to Treachery Point. Our Port Moresby natives advised us strongly to have nothing to do with the people, but pass on. On entering the bay, and getting close up to the villages, we were soon surrounded by a number of well-manned and well-armed large double canoes. Things not looking particularly pleasant, bows being handled, and men taking stations on the platforms that join the canoes, we thought it well to give a few presents and get away. 'Full speed ahead,' and away we went with two double

canoes keeping well up for a considerable distance. On our return we again visited the bay, and a few small unarmed canoes coming alongside, we allowed the natives on board, and were fraternising all right with them until we observed two large double canoes; one working up to port, and the other to starboard, and our natives noticed signs being given that led them to tell us 'to look out, get rid of these lying fellows.' We told them to get over the side, as we were going to leave; but they lingered on until some time after we were under weigh. It seems they are at deadly feud with all natives in the Port Moresby district, because of one of their chiefs, who left in a Boera canoe, and on their way east calling at Maiva, being murdered. The Orokolo natives believe the Boerans did it, and they vow vengeance and no peace until many heads are brought in as compensation.

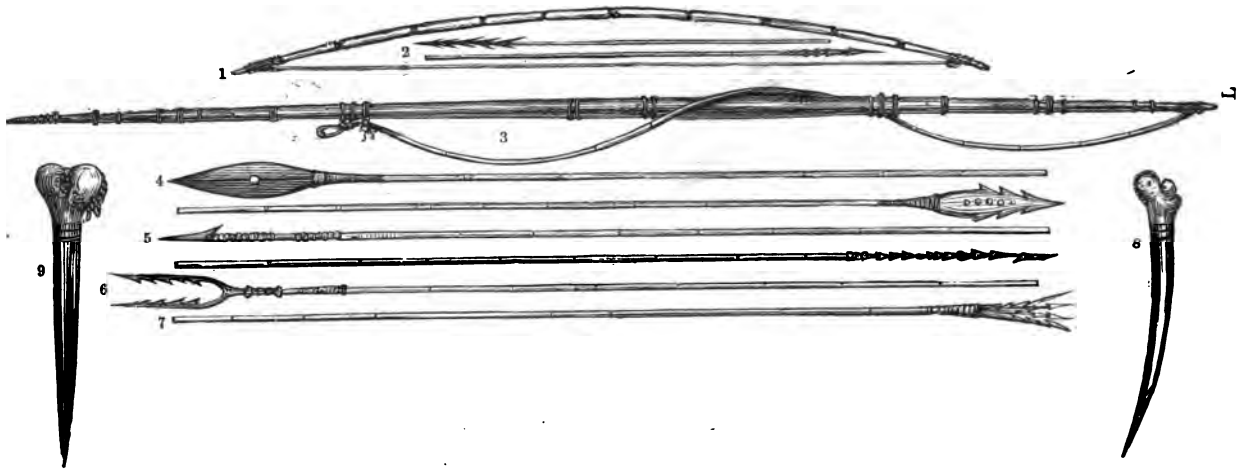
Passing the villages, we steamed through discoloured water coming from a very large river that breaks up inland, and reaches the sea through several large channels or mouths, falling partly into the bay and partly to the west of it. The first mouth is named the Alele, and up it a short distance is the district of Jare, consisting of three large villages. The population is comprised of black and light-coloured natives, all cannibals. On the east bank is the district of Muro. Sago and native food so abundant as to beat all description.

The west bank of the Alele extends to a point named by us Treachery Point, because of an attempt to surprise and secure our wooding party a few miles from there. After passing Orokolo there are no more coast villages as far as we went; but inland parties

come down the river or channels and remain on the coast for some time fishing. Our boat went ashore in charge of the mate with five men to cut wood. When cutting, a native came down through the swamp, and appeared friendly, trying to get them to go inland and have cocoanuts; but, on no one going, he disappeared. Soon a few unarmed natives were seen coming along the beach, and on looking into the thick of the bush, an armed party of about fifty was seen. The mate shouted to our men to hurry into the boat; they got in, when the unarmed natives rushed into the water to seize the boat, and those in the bush were ready with arrows on their strung bows; but the boat was got away, and soon pulled beyond reach. Passing along from Treachery Point to Bald Head, you will notice on the chart East Entrance and West Entrance Islands: these have gone, it may be have become part of the mainland, or been washed away by the force of water from the various mouths. Between Treachery Point and Bald Head are four mouths—the natives say long branches of the inland river coming from far back in the country. The following information we obtained from the natives.

The first is named Aivei. This inland a short distance is one with Alele. The greatest body of water comes out of this mouth. A short way up is a large village called Maipua. The natives are black, with woolly hair, and all cannibals eating human flesh, cooked or uncooked, and pronounce it better food than anything known.

The second is named Panaroa. It comes a long way from the main stream. At the mouth there are great quantities of cocoanuts, sugar-cane, and taro. There



NEW GUINEA WEAPONS.

1. Small bamboo bow, very stiff and strong. 2. Small arrows for same.
3. Long palmwood bow, strengthened with circular bands of green hogskin. 4. Arrows used for shooting wild pigs.
5. War arrows tipped with bone, which remains in the wound on the arrow being extracted, causing mortification.
6. War arrow, double-headed. 7. Fish arrow, for shooting small fish near the surface of the water.
8. Bone dagger, made of the leg bone of the cassowary (*Casuarinus Australis*). 9. Bone dagger.

are no villages along it, and it is therefore not ascended by the Port Moresby natives.

The third, Urita, is large, deep, and broad, and far away inland leaves the main stream. Two days' good hard pulling up it brings the traveller to the district of Kailu, where the natives are perfectly black, with woolly hair, and are all cannibals. Sago and all kinds of native food are very abundant. To the west of Kailu is another thickly populated district called Kerepenairu. From Kailu the mountains are seven days' good pulling. In all the districts the natives are continually fighting with one another.

The fourth, Arai, large, broad, and deep. Two days' hard pulling brings to Ukerave, a large district with black natives, and all cannibals. As in the other districts, sago and all kinds of native food are abundant. The natives are very friendly with the Port Moresby natives. Fresh water can be obtained on all the bars.

At the Bald Head, on the east side, is the mouth of a very large river, called Maivau. They say it is a distinct river, and comes through a very great extent of country. On passing off the mouth our old chief announced to us that we had now reached the end of Elema, the furthest point of their coast knowledge. He and his people go up this river to villages far inland for sago. They leave Port Moresby in the month of September, during the strength of the south-east monsoon, in their large trading canoes, and after several days and nights at sea enter the mouth of this river, and for seven days work their way up to their friends. All the way up the river is deep and wide. The people are black, with woolly hair, beards,

and moustache; are very friendly, but terrible cannibals, laughing at their Port Moresby friends for not eating such delicate food as human flesh. They have good houses and very large temples, believing greatly in the power of Kaevakuku, Semese, and Tauparau. The Port Moresby natives, during the remainder of the south-east monsoon, remain cutting wood and making large canoes, which they lash alongside their old ones. Sometimes they will have as many as fifteen lashed together, forming a very large and peculiar-looking raft. When the north-west monsoon sets in they take on board their cargo of sago, visit the temple of Kaevakuku and leave offerings, bid their friends farewell, and come down to the coast, where they take in supplies of taro, cocoanuts, and sugar-cane, and with the strong north-westers return to Port Moresby. We tried to get into Deception Bay, but, finding no passage deep enough, we stood out until well off and in deep water, where we anchored for the night. In the evening we saw indistinctly rising away above the clouds, far inland, a long range of mountains; and further west, towards the Aird, three peaks. On our return voyage we made Bald Head early in a fine clear morning, and then we saw our new range very distinctly. We named it the Sir Arthur Gordon Range. It is from forty to fifty miles inland of the low land stretching from Maclatchie Point to Bald Head. The high bluff on the western end we named Mount Chester.

To the west of the range, and between that and Aird Hill, we discovered the three peaks of our down-trip to be three mountains, and have named them as follows:—Mount Gill, N.W. by N. ½ N. from Bald Head; Mount

Alexander, N.N.W. from Bald Head; Mount Charlton, the largest of the three, N.W. from Bald Head. To us they appeared as standing alone, and not connected by intervening ridges.

After leaving Maiva, the married men and women have very little dress; the young men and girls have a little more than their parents. Shells are much used in making head-dresses; the small ones are cut, bored, and strung together, and fastened round the hair. The large ones are cut and rounded, and, with tastefully cut tortoiseshell, placed in the concave, are worn, the larger ones on the forehead and the smaller ones on the temples. They have shell necklaces, and wonderfully wrought earrings made from tortoiseshell. Their nose-jewels, also made from shell, are very large, some three-quarters of an inch in diameter. On their arms they wear large shell armlets, and round their waists broad fancy-cut bark belts; some of the younger swells wearing tight bands of native cloth, nicely coloured, made from the bark of the native mulberry, and if compared with the tight-lacing of civilization, they would undoubtedly carry off the palm. They paint the face in stripes of black, white, red, and yellow. When in mourning, they paint themselves all over black, and wear finely wrought net collars. When in very deep mourning they envelope themselves with a very tight kind of wicker-work dress, extending from the neck to the knees in such a way that they are not able to walk well. All along the Gulf coast and inland they have an abundance of food. Nowhere east of Yule Island is it possible to find cocoanut groves to compare with those from Maiva, westward, and everywhere the sago palm is abundant. Yams and sugar-cane are also

grown in great quantities, and wherever you go the bread-fruit tree is to be seen with large plantations of bananas.

The Gulf natives come east to the Port Moresby district during the north-west monsoon, with cargoes of sago, and return laden with earthenware, armlets, shell head-dresses and necklaces, tomahawks, knives, beads, and red cloth; and in September or later the Port Moresby natives pay them a return trading visit, conveying fresh supplies of earthenware, &c., in exchange for which they get sago, native food, and

NEW GUINEA POTTERY.

canoes, returning home at the beginning of the north-west monsoon. A very large trade will yet be carried on by foreigners in the Gulf in sago and copra.

In all the villages west of Maiva we saw large sand mounds over the graves of the dead, and on the top or close by these mounds are small houses, where near relatives sleep to watch by their deceased friends.

The dialect is different from that of the Port Moresby natives, but they so constantly visit one another that there is no difficulty in travelling.

After passing Motumotu the natives are much darker, a few amongst them light-coloured. As in Polynesia,

they rub noses when meeting, and to us it was not at all pleasant when an affectionate chief met us, his face got up for the occasion, the paint still wet, or perhaps in mourning, and that only recently put on, and insisted on rubbing noses.

The people of Port Moresby speak of themselves as one with the Gulf natives, being of one origin. Two men sprung out of the earth, Kerimaikuku and Kerimaikape, but no woman; their only companion was a female dog. Anxious for children, a daughter and a son were born to them. When these were grown up they married, and children being born, the inhabitants soon numbered fourteen. They then separated, two going right back to the mountains, and from them sprung the great Koiari tribe; two going not so far inland, and dwelling on the low lands, and from them sprang the Koitapuans, a tribe of sorcerers; the remainder all going to Elema, where they remained many generations. A quarrel occurring between two brothers, the younger with a large party set out for the eastward, and on arriving at Taurama (Pinnacle Point) decided on settling there. On leaving, the goddess Kaevakuku said, 'Go, and in dance, in feasting, at planting, and growing times, remember me, and I shall behold you.' Semese and Tauparau said the same. On a feast-day certain parties dress up with different kinds of leaves from the bush, and with ornamenting sticks come into the village representing Kaevakuku.

The gods live in Elema, and dances and feasts are held in their honour, when hymns or chants are intoned or sung. Their priests are sacred, and their temples; no female or youth is allowed near. When one is sick,

food is presented to the idol, and prayers are offered that the sick one may be saved. When the Port Moresby canoes arrive at their destination in Elema, the chief or chiefs on board repair at once to the temple with offerings of large armlets, earthenware, &c.; and when ready to start on their return voyage, another visit is paid, offerings made, and requests for favourable breezes, and a safe and speedy return home. The gods are much offended if their sacred men are slighted. The centre post in every house is sacred to Kaevakuku, and her portion of food in every feast is first offered there. The first-fruits belong to her. All planting is useless unless blessed by the gods. The sun belongs to Kaevakuku. Rain, lightning, and thunder, to Semese and Tauparau. When we were at Vailala, Semese's temple was closed, and he kept a prisoner inside until a great dance and feast they were soon to have were finished, when he would be set at liberty, to go out to the mountains and do as he pleased in thunder, lightning, and rain.

At Port Moresby and other parts along the coast they have many charms used in planting, fishing, &c. These are obtained from Vailala, and have been blessed by the gods. Kaevakuku is represented by a large frame of wicker-work; her hat is large, and is something like a penguin in shape, and when she is consulted in difficult affairs she gives her answers by shaking her head or remaining still. A party wishing to fight would at once go to the temple with an offering and inquire as to whether they should fight or not, and if she would assist them. Were she agreeable, her head would shake; if otherwise, she remained still. Semese and Tauparau are made from blocks of wood, and stand

outside of some temples, and against all the posts running down the centre. At Port Moresby the natives say that the spirit as soon as it leaves the body proceeds to Elema, where they for ever dwell in the midst of food and betel-nuts, and spend their days and nights in endless enjoyment—eating, chewing betel-nuts, and dancing. Most worthless fellows are sent back to Poava and Idia, small islands near Boera, there to remain until the goddess sees fit to send for them.

I may add here the following directions to seamen by the captain of the Ellengowan, about the coast from Bramble Bay to Cape Possession.

'The best place to make the land is to the westward of Maclatchie Point, where the first villages on the coast are situated. When within a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles of the land in clear weather, the high mountain range named Sir Arthur Gordon Range will be seen, with the three mounts to the westward. These are unmistakable, appearing as three islands; the two eastern ones are very rugged; the centre one bears from Bald Head about N.N.W. 35'. On nearing the land it is easily known if to the east or west of Maclatchie Point, as to the westward of Flat Top and Woody Hill there is no high land near the coast, nothing but low, flat country. East and West Entrance Islands could not be made out sailing on the four-fathom edge of soundings. If wishing to go close to the land, the lead is a sure guide; the water shoals very gradually to the beach; nowhere between Bald Head and Cliff Point did the water shoal more than a fathom in a mile, except off the river-mouths; it is necessary to pass these at a distance of three miles. Alice Meade

Harbour, reported by Mr. Goldie, can only be used by very small vessels drawing no more than four feet, and it should not be attempted in bad weather, as the approach to it for some distance has a depth of only two-and-a-half and three-fifths, which will break heavily. Between Cliff Point and Jokea village (North-West Hill) a depth of five and six fathoms was found close to the shore; here the water shoals more rapidly; off Coombes River there is a depth of four fathoms to within two hundred yards of the bar, on which there is six feet. After passing Jokea village it is necessary to keep a distance of two miles from the shore, to avoid very shallow water till nearing Cape Possession. The soundings on the other part of the coast are correctly laid down.'

CHAPTER V.

THE KABADI DISTRICT.

Manumanu—Wish for teachers—The Skittle Rocks—The Aroa River—Native villages—Kind reception—Native customs—Natural products—The Enona and Varemenana Rivers—Unhealthy region—Hammocks—Native Legends about the Origin of Man and the Flood.

On Saturday, the 31st of July, 1880, we left Port Moresby for Boera, intending to start in the morning for Redscar Bay. When seated in the boat, and about to cross the reef outside Boera, intelligence arrived of an attack that had been made on a Chinese junk at Aroma, resulting in the murder of seven Chinamen. We at once resolved to change our plans, in order that we might proceed to the scene of the outrage, and visit the teachers located in the neighbourhood, whom we were greatly relieved to find safe and well. Retracing our course, we reached Boera on the 10th of August, and on the following morning commenced the Redscar Bay trip. We spent the night at Manumanu in the midst of mosquitoes and noisome smells. There are about three hundred inhabitants at Manumanu, all belonging to the Motu tribe, and, although the place is at the mouths of two large rivers and surrounded by extensive mangrove swamps, the people look strong and healthy, altogether superior to their neighbours at Boera and Port Moresby. The children are numerous,

and blither, noisier children need not be wished. About forty years ago a great disturbance took place at Hanuabada (Port Moresby), and a large number migrated, some settling at Boliapata, and the others here. The houses are high and strong, and, being so near to timber, vastly superior to any of their neighbours. The women are great makers of earthenware.

Ours was the first visit that had been paid to this place since the teachers left it in 1873. The old chief, Naimi, wanted to know what he had done that he had been so left out in the cold. Was he not the first to receive teachers? Was it not through him that the teachers became so well known all along the coast? Had he killed any one of them? Shortly after they landed, and when some, fearing sickness, wished to kill them, did he not interfere to save them? I replied, 'All this is true; but your place is surrounded with swamp, so that foreigners cannot live here, and during the short time they were here a number died.' He replied, 'Listen, Tamate; that was a year of great sickness; we were all sick, young and old; the foreigners came, and they too became sick; some died; but have they not died in other places too? This is not so bad a place as you think.' The old chief accompanied us to Kabadi, and during the days he spent with us this was his one complaint. He would often say: 'I am left uncovered, I who opened the door; others are happy.'

This opening is not laid down correctly in the chart. Galley Reach is a salt-water creek; to the east of it is a large opening, the mouth of the Veoru (Brown), rising in the Kapele district and flowing close in by the base of Mount Owen Stanley, along past the range through a very swampy country with very few

inhabitants. To the east of that is the mouth of the Vanapa (Laroki), rising in the Eikiri and Sogeri districts. A little distance inland both rivers meet, and then break out into two openings. On the western side of the mouth is Morabi, a fine planting country, used by the Manumanu natives as such.

The following morning we left Manumanu, and sailed out by the Kekeni or Skittle Rocks, which, according to heathen tradition, came from far inland down the river. They halted at the mouth, and would go no further, although often implored and hard pressed by imprisoned fish, who were anxious to get to sea. At last a number of big fish determined to open a passage, and began eating at the foundation, but, before they got through, a great flood came down and swept the Kekini away, carrying them out to where they now are.

Keeping the largest of the Skittle Rocks right astern, with west point of opening right ahead, we found a fine passage into the river. Toutu is the name of the other opening, and not the opening at Manumanu; so that Mr. Gill is correct. The river is large and fresh a long way out, and swarms with alligators. It is called Aroa.

About ten miles from the mouth, the Akevailui falls into the Aroa. Above the junction, the Aroa shallows very much, but we had no difficulty in getting along. Near the mouth are extensive mangrove and sago-palm swamps; but a few miles up we passed, on both sides, some very fine country, and above the junction came to beautifully kept plantations on both banks, continuing so until we arrived at the villages. The district is known as Kabadi, and comprises twelve villages, with fine flat country about.

We camped at Ukaukana with an old chief named Naimieru; but the largest village is Keveo, where the chief, Naimiarua, resides. This is the head chief of the district; he has power over all the villages. He is a fine, kind-hearted, fatherly fellow. He has a fine large council house, strongly built, and beautifully finished. The villages are swept every morning, and all the houses are kept in good order. From the large number of cocoanut and betel-nut trees about, the villages are cool and pleasant in the hottest day. The houses of the principal people have large covered verandahs in front, different from anything I have hitherto seen. I have visited a good many districts in this great island, but nowhere have I experienced so much kindness from natives as here.

On going up the river, the people crowded out to see the first boat and foreigners they had ever looked upon, and on our landing Naimieru met us. He is about fifty-five years of age, a fine intelligent-looking man, with an expression indicating that it would be better to have him as a friend than an enemy; as the latter he could be disagreeable; to us he was the former, and he treated us in a right friendly manner. He gave us his council house to camp in, and permitted our cooking arrangements to be carried on close by his own, superintended by his wife, who, as we can testify, can make savoury dishes, and one in particular, a pudding fit for any table. She is a clean, tidy body, with a terrible temper.

The people brought us cooked food daily, and, although our party was large, we could not consume it all. We were entertained in the council house at a sumptuous repast, all sitting round the house in groups

of six or eight, with dishes in the centre of each group, from which all partook. After dinner betel-nuts were handed round with peppers and lime calabashes, and then all chewed and talked. My travelling bag astonished them much, and its contents were examined with great interest, they never having seen pins, needles, thread, scissors, &c., before; but the most astonishing thing was the small case, explained by a Port Moresby native to those around as containing things that told roads, heights, and weather. I opened it and showed them my barometer, thermometer, and compass, and tried to explain to them their uses. 'Shut it, shut it; put it away, now put it away; we shall be all sick!' I put it away, assuring them it would cause no sickness.

Visitors from the Naara district, who had been attracted by the presence of white men, were also hospitably entertained. I was compelled to decline the request of their chief that I would accompany him to his home.

The men of Kabadi have their persons covered, and the women are very neatly dressed with petticoats made from the young leaf of the sago-palm, dyed red, yellow, brown, and black. The women do not shave the head, as is done along the coast, but allow the hair to grow long, tying it all together on the top of the head. The young women in their dress use many shells of various kinds, and the young men resemble the Gulf natives. Daughters of chiefs, when they are about twelve or thirteen years of age, are kept indoors for two or three years, never being allowed, under any pretence, to descend from the house, and the house is so shaded that the sun cannot shine on them. When the time arrives

for one so kept to be introduced into society, a great feast is prepared, and all the young swells in the neighbourhood are invited. The food is brought up in front of the house, where, when the young lady descends, it is divided. When dinner is ended, dancing begins, and the prisoner of the last few years mixes with the crowd and selects her beau, presenting him with a betel-nut. She is now, like other girls of the place, allowed to go about as she desires.

Along the rivers are ferries, with canoes regularly plying, and men or women are always ready to take you across. A dog that accompanied us was much honoured. Getting to know that she was called Jess, they would, when some distance off, shout, 'Jess! Jess!' *Maino! maino! maino!* (Peace). I was often asked to tell Jess that all Kabadi is *maino*, and she must not frighten anyone. She has a particular dislike to any one carrying arms; so I tell them that only such and thieves need be afraid. Opportunities for preaching the Gospel were not infrequent, and on Sundays public services were held, at which the attendance was good. On the 19th of August we started on an inland journey, accompanied by the chief Naimieru, as guide.

We passed through a fine level country, studded with plantations of bananas and yams, into a belt of thick low scrub, with a swamp close in to the hills. We camped at Kokoubadina, a place with a few tumble-down sheds used by natives when making sago. The place is entirely surrounded by swamp, with numerous sago palms. The next day we had a long tramp through thick scrub and long deep bogs. We crossed the Akevailui on a native suspension bridge made of cane, the same as the Dyak bridges of Borneo. The river is

deep, and contains a large body of water: it rises in the Owen Stanley Range and flows west, falling into the Aroa a few miles below Kabadi. Some miles beyond the Akevailui we crossed the Maikona, about three feet deep and not very broad, with pale blue water flowing away to the westward, and falling into the Akevailui. About six miles beyond the Maikona we crossed the Mabina, a small stream that also runs into the Akevailui. Before crossing, we saw on the opposite bank two girls, who, knowing our guide, remained, and helped to carry our goods down and up the steep banks. This was certainly a suspicious-looking place for alligators, and I felt right glad when all were safely over. Lest we should frighten the people, the girls and one of our carriers went on ahead; but, on entering the miserable tumble-down village of Revareva, we found all had gone on to another village some miles further west.

We crossed the Enona about two miles beyond Revareva. It runs swiftly over slippery shingle, is broad and tolerably deep. The native women were leading, shouting, as they were crossing the stream, the names of several small pigs following. When I was just getting into the river, I heard a great noise ahead, and the native women apparently in great trouble. Jess did not like the pigs leading her, so, seizing one, nearly tore off its ear. The pig was saved; but Jess will remember that attempt at murder. Through this incident we nearly lost our dusky female guides. The Enona flows into the Akevailui. Again, through swamp, into a splendid forest of very high trees, on to higher ground, sixty feet above sea-level, for some miles, and then descended to cross the Varemenana, a broad stream, apparently from the Yule Range, at the

back of Hall Sound. All had a bathe and then a smoke, and away through forest and swamp to Iduna. On nearing the miserable tumble-down place, the men came rushing out with spears, and in their terror were about to throw them, although the women and their chief kept calling on them to desist. Poor fellows! They had never seen foreigners before, and never expected to, and here they were in their village! A more miserable place I have not been in in New Guinea. Bush and swamp all around. In a short time we obtained a change of clothes, and were squatting on the ground feeling quite at home with the villagers. They were delighted with our salt, knowing only the salt sand from the seashore at Toutu. They showed us bundles of this salt sand, got from Kabadi natives. I found this was not their permanent home, but that they belonged to a large district on the Yule Range, and that at certain seasons they come down to the sago swamps and visit Kabadi, to get salt and make sago, and then return to the mountains. Dogs, pigs, and people live altogether in terrible squalor.

We pitched our tent, but the mosquitoes being numerous, I preferred the open air in the middle of the village. After dark a triangle was made of sticks, and three hammocks were fastened to them. Each hammock was occupied by a youth. In all their dwellings hammocks were swung about. I noticed the same custom at Kabadi. The men sleep in hammocks, the women on the floor. These hammocks are made by inland natives, and are similar to those used in Ashantee. They use adzes, roughly made from slate; certainly the poorest I have seen. The men have their persons covered; the women wear only a slip of native cloth.

The women work very fine fancy garters worn by the men. Several of the men at Iduna had shell ornaments that I knew could not be got anywhere on this coast, and, on inquiring, found they came from the other side. This is the first time I have met trade from the other coast; and, from information I have, I hope to have a walk there on a path from this place. Our clothes and gear amused them very much; my air pillow will never be forgotten by them. They were highly delighted with our beads. They presented to us a pig, some sago, and a quantity of feathers, and gave me a very hearty invitation to visit them in their mountain home. The women were not at all afraid of us, and were as modest as any on the coast. These mountain natives are very reserved concerning their faith. All I could get from them was this: their Great Spirit lived on the mountains, and was called Oarova; he had a wife named Ovirova; they had a son called Kurorova.

On the following day we returned, and fell in with a Orokolo native who greatly interested me. In counting they begin with the small finger on the left hand and go up the arm—by the neck, ear, eye, and nose—to the other side. Then down the right arm, ending at the small finger thereof. From him I got the following:—

The spirit Kanitu made two men and two women, who came out of the earth. The name of the elder brother was Leleva, and the younger, Vovod; and from them have sprung all mankind. They believe in one spirit, who lives in spirit-land on the mountains, and when he visits them he rests on the ridge of the temple. He is represented in the temple in wicker wood; there he is consulted, and there presents are made to him.

Iko, a brave man, went to the land of spirits, and

saw there the inhabitants feasting and dancing. There was a splendid temple, and he, wishing to rest, was told he might lie on the floor, the spirit meanwhile resting on the ridge pole. Iko returned and told what he had seen. He had a wife whose name was Iva. They had one son. Some time after, Iko was murdered, and the murderers, returning to their village, saw him sitting on a large stone. They approached him, saying, 'We killed you; how comes it that you are now alive?' He said, 'I am not killed; I am alive.' They got a cocoanut cup and went to where they had murdered him, got some of his blood, and returned to him, saying, 'Here is some of your blood; what can you say?' He replied, 'Enough; I cannot live with you; and you cannot live with me; but you, too, will die and leave that life, never to return to it again; you will come to me, to the land of spirits, of plenty and joy, land of continual feasting and dancing, and the only life worth calling life. Did you but know what this life is, you would ever be wishing for it. That life you live is bad, and ends; this only is good, and never-ending.' Iko is now Kanitu, and causes everything to grow.

Once this earth was 'drowned,' only the tops of very high mountains left. Lohero and his younger brother were angry with the people about them, and they put a human bone into a small stream. Soon the great waters came forth, forming a sea, covering all the low land, forcing the people back to the mountains; the waters still increasing, the natives ascended until they had to take refuge on the tops of the very highest, and there they lived until the sea receded. Some went to the low lands; the others remaining on the ridges built houses and formed plantations.

I asked the old man if he thought his people would receive me kindly were I to visit Orokolo. He put his finger in his mouth, threw his head round, and said, 'Receive you? yes, and with great rejoicing, and they will nurse you as their own. Come, Tamate, take me home, and you will see what sort of reception you will get.'

CHAPTER VI.

SOME NEW GUINEA VILLAGES.

Tobokau—A feast—A New Guinea belle's *début*—*Dubu* or sacred place at Kevanai—Brown River—Native hospitality—Funeral ceremonies—Rain-making—A New Guinea Queen—Death of Da, a native chief—Mourning over him—Ceremonies at the *Dubu* on the death of a chief—The Yule sorcerer—The New Guiuea Queen at home.

In October, 1880, I started to visit Doura, a district near the base of Mount Owen Stanley, but on arriving at Manumanu, in Redscar Bay, I was informed that the day before a party of coast natives had gone up the river and surprised the nearest village, killing twenty, and taking away everything they could carry. It would be useless for us to go then, as the natives of the other villages would have fled to the mountains, and would not return for some time; so I determined we should visit Naara, the district around Cape Suckling. A few miles east of Cape Suckling there is a small salt-water creek, in which we left our boat, and walked to the village of Tobokau, ten miles inland. The country is very swampy near the coast, but between the swamp and the hills is very fine, level country. The village is on one of the ridges, 150 feet above sea-level, with low, thick scrub all round; for that part of New Guinea it is a large village. Houses belonging to one family adjoin, with one verandah covered over. A man with more wives than

one has for each wife a separate house. Food, children, house duties, planting, &c., all are distinct. Sometimes the wives are very friendly, and assist one another in planting and cooking, but more generally the opposite, and then the poor husband wishes their houses were in different villages, instead of being close by one another with one verandah. A native asked me if I knew he once had two wives, and on my replying I was not aware of it, he said, 'Yes, I had two wives; but they nearly broke my heart. It was a continuous quarrel, so I sent one about her business, telling her she must never appear again in my house. Lately she sent to me for a little tobacco, and to know if I would have her back. I gave no tobacco, and to have her back I know better than that.'

They were having a grand feast when we entered the village. Some were dancing, others were cutting up pigs, so that we were right in the village before they noticed us. On seeing us the men rushed for arms, women and children climbed on to the verandahs quicker than they generally do. On knowing who we were, arms were put down and a crowd gathered round. Some were all over blood from pig-cutting, others were dressed regardless of expense. There were head-dresses of many shapes, and a few had hats seven feet high, a wooden frame, one mass of feathers and plumes. Some had large pieces of native cloth, beautifully marked, like tartan; from others, long streamers, made from the pandanus leaf, hung from the neck, arms, and legs; and nearly all had necklaces, armlets, and anklets made of shells. All their wealth of jewellery and clothing they carried on them that day.

Having met the chief Naimieru at Kabadi, we settled

down with him. His wife No. 1 attended on us. A noisier body I have not met in New Guinea. She began on our arrival, was at it when we left—getting hoarse though. In the evening, dancing was resumed, and kept up to an early hour. One would think they require the morning light and heat of a sun fifteen degrees high, to go home by, as these dances are seldom over until the sun is well up. Some people think these meetings mere innocent amusement; but it is because they know nothing of natives. Purity is unknown. There are no moral natives, unless very young children, and even they have their minds stored with filth. I slept in one of the chief's houses, a pig close alongside of me, and during the night the brute must grunt music, determined to prevent me sleeping. To turn it out would have given mortal offence, and might end in my being turned out in a not very pleasant manner.

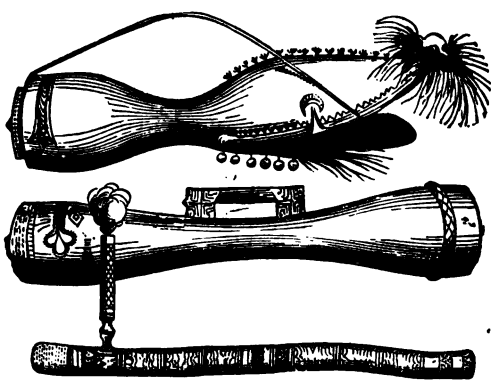
The following morning the chief presented us with a pig (not the pet pig of the night before), yams, and bananas, and we gave a return present. In the afternoon we returned to the boat, but finding the wind too strong we slept on the beach, and the following day returned to Manumanu, where we spent the Sunday. We had two good services, the people wonderfully attentive. I had hoped to go up the river on the Monday to Doura, but on the Saturday afternoon we heard that another party had gone inland, and no guide would go with us.

On the 28th of October, 1880, I left Kapakapa, the village near Round Head, where Ioane is teacher; he accompanied me to visit inland in the Tarova district, two of which villages had been visited by Mr. Beswick. The first we came to was Bonotupu, six miles from the

coast, two hundred and seventy feet above sea-level, with a population of about seven hundred. One mile and a half further on is Kanotage, three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, substantially built houses, same as at Kalo, and a population of about five hundred. Two miles further is Kidobada, three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, and with a population of about five hundred. In this village the women were in charge, all fighting men being out on the war-path in quest of taro. The houses are very large, and for native houses well built. Two miles further on is perhaps the largest of the villages, Rabiamaka, three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, with a population of about eight hundred. North of Bonotupu, about one mile and a half, is Papaga, three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, with a population of about four hundred. We were hurried out of this village by an offensive effluvium from a corpse drying in the sun. At these five villages there are large quantities of food of all kinds, obtained from plantations close by. Their water is got from small running streams in the valleys, and is good.

About three miles further inland is Gerise, nine hundred feet above sea-level, with a population of about two hundred. They were having a grand feast, and insisted on our remaining to see the opening dance. At the opposite end of the village to us we heard drumming, and soon four girls, beautifully tattooed, came on dancing, followed by thirty men drumming and dancing, and two more girls brought up the rear. The dancing was wild and the drumming noisy. These girls were being publicly introduced into society. They were skilfully dressed with feathers and shells, and

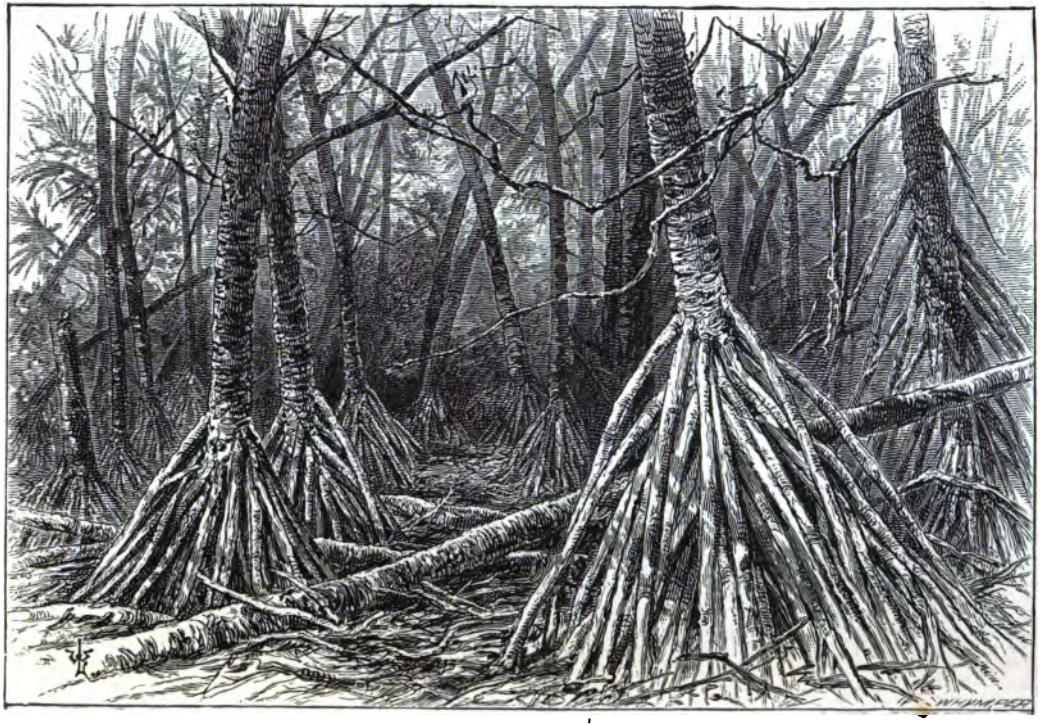
short dress petticoats, made for the occasion. It was amusing to see the anxiety of the female relatives to have all correct, and every motion as correct as possible. In the centre of the village they had what I call a gigantic Christmas-tree, about seventy-five feet high, and branches in proportion, laden with cocoanuts, betel-nuts, bananas, and yams, and numerous pandanus-leaf streamers, croton leaves and flowers all hung about. In front of the houses were collections of food, and



NEW GUINEA DRUMS AND PIPE.

every verandah was nicely decorated with flowers, variegated leaves and food. A great many natives, all armed, were in from various districts, and many that we met in our last long tramp came to touch chins. They have plenty of food and good water close by.

On the 29th, I visited Veipuri, inland from Kaile six miles. Along the banks of the Vailala River are some fine plantations and plenty of good land under bush. There are three villages in the district on ridges close



A FOREST OF PANDANUS TREES.

by the Astrolabe Range. They seem to have abundance of food and betel-nuts. They belong to the Koiari tribe, who generations ago were driven over the Astrolabe by their friends and settled down here. The village we visited is on a ridge, six hundred and thirty feet above sea-level. Close by was a large stream of running water. We were well received, and returned laden with taro and betel-nuts. We got into the boat at Vailala, called at Tupuselei, and arrived at Port Moresby somewhere near the small hours. The Dourans, we hear, have concluded a peace with Lealea, and the chief Adu has sent us word to visit him. He says that while he lives he will have no peace with the Koitapuans of Lokurukuna, who attacked him and Manumanu, as it was a man from this place who led the attacking party up the river, and showed them the way through the bush; but for his guidance the Koitapuans could not have found the village. At Munikahila, during our teacher Jakoba's visit to the coast, the natives broke into his house, took what suited them, and threw the remainder outside. Hitherto the Koiarians have stolen nothing from any one of us, and it is a pity they should now begin.

We reached Lealea in the evening. Some years ago a teacher lived here, but was removed. The place is surrounded with swamp, and the people looked very miserable. We got the chief's front verandah to sleep on.

10*th.*—In the very early morning we left Lealea, pulling up a large salt water creek for about five miles, under the guidance of a Koitapuan. Leaving the boat in a clump of mangrove, we travelled for about five miles across a very barren piece of country to the Laroki River, where it is a large stream. Meeting a party of Koitapuans on the way, we enlisted two into our

service, who were friendly with Doura natives, and willing to accompany us. Having secured a double canoe, we paddled for about twenty miles up the river, which is deep and broad all the way, much more so than at Moumili. We left the river by a large creek that led us into a network of lagoons, and through these to Kevani, a Koitapu village. The lagoons swarmed with wild ducks and many other kinds of birds, which feasted on the abundance of fish. All up the Laroki and in the creek and lagoons the alligators were very numerous. Beautiful lilies, tinted blue and white, adorned the fever-stinking swamp. Paddling, poling, and wading brought us about five o'clock to the village—a miserable locality in very truth. We were given the *dubu*—sacred place or platform—to sleep on. It is about twenty feet off the ground, the posts are carved, and on each side have representations of men, women, and alligators, roughly done, and showing very little taste. The people were exceedingly kind, giving us food cooked and uncooked. Shooting ducks on the way up frightened them much, but having heard I was likely to be about soon, some thought they would risk coming down in their double canoe and have a look, others were rushing through the bush with their arms. On seeing us, and learning who we were and what we wanted, they shouted to the village, so that on our landing we were received as friends.

11*th*.—Stinking swamps all round, and mosquitoes so numerous that even their singing outside of the net prevented sleep. The boards on the sacred place were so uneven that they could not be spoken of as 'very comfortable,' and between them the mosquitoes found me out. It was a most romantic night; clear

moonlight, beautiful lilies, tropical forests with gigantic trees; sleeping on a platform twenty feet high, with coarsely-carved figures and pigs' jaws fastened as pegs, on which we hung our things, mosquitoes singing outside your net, and rascally ones biting you inside; men, women, and children coughing, and the last, also, crying; and ugly dingoes collected underneath, with evil designs, and howling frightfully.

Starting early next morning we travelled westerly through low country, swampy in many parts, with thick low scrub. In the afternoon we came on to the bank of the Brown River. It is about the same in size as the Kemp Welch. A few natives in a canoe poling up the river were very much afraid of us, and it was only after a good deal of palaver we got them to come and ferry us across. Since the attack by the Koitapuans on the village nearest the mouth, the natives have left their houses in the other villages, and for the present have gone further up the river. Two natives led us through the bush for about two miles further up the river, where the elder one gave a peculiar call, and soon there was a great noise from the other side, and, on coming out on the bank, we could see men arming, and women and children running about in great excitement. The native leading us called on me to stand in front close to the stream. I got in front, when he shouted my name, and, laughing, told them to put their arms away. Packed canoes came across, and in one of them was the chief Adu. I had gone into the bush a little way to get out of the sun, having had sufficient for one day, so that Adu on landing wanted to know what had become of me, and on being

showed where I was, hurried on, touched my chin, and I his, then took me by the hand and hurried me off, as if impatient to get across. Adu is a fine-looking fellow, light-coloured and tall, with a beard of which he is exceedingly proud. Their present houses are mere lean-overs. At night they cross the river to a sand beach a little way up, carrying with them all their valuable property. They wanted us to accompany them, and so be safe from enemies. But we had done enough for one day, and would chance enemies. We were given three lean-overs and plenty of bananas.

12*th*.—Spent to-day visiting with Adu the villages further up the river. The people live very scattered. Adu says from Veriveri we can get to the very top of Mount Owen Stanley, where villages are to be found. He has heard it is dreadfully cold up there. If I return he will take me to many villages on the spurs. In each of the villages visited we had presents of cooked food. In the afternoon returned to camp. At one village the people were very much afraid of us, and begged Adu to lead us on.

13*th*.—Ready to start before sunrise. No sleep: dingoes and mosquitoes beyond description; net simply useless. Adu was anxious to keep us; he brought a pig, but all the pigs in Doura would not have kept us.

'Stay to-day with us, Tamate.'

'No, I cannot; I must return.'

'But here is a pig; you must eat it, or carry it away with you.'

He thinks he has me in a corner; he knows we have no carriers for a pig, and we must remain to eat it; for who ever left a pig?

'Adu, mark that pig as mine, and when I return to

visit the places we have been speaking about, then we can have a feast.'

'Are you sure to return?'

'Do you see that mountain, and all these ridges and spurs? They are unvisited, and you say there are many villages. I must return, if well.'

'I believe you. The pig we shall eat on your return.'

Adu himself must needs take me down the river to the path, and would gladly have accompanied me to see Port Moresby, but I was afraid of his being waylaid, and at present I could not well return to see him home. When parting he said—

'I should like to have gone with you. I can get no young wives here; I might at Boribori.'

'Wait, friend, until I have seen and spoken to the Koitapuans.'

He will gladly now make peace in the ordinary way. We parted as old friends—he giving me a parting present, and I gave him one in return. We travelled hard, no resting; and when we got to Kevani all seemed knocked up. Had dinner, and, to the disgust of our guides, entered our canoes and left for the coast, arriving at Lealea some time early in the morning of the new day.

18*th.*—Maiva canoes reported on their way here. Our first report was that Lolo natives (those who killed Dr. James and Captain Thorngren) had come down in force to attack Manumanu, and that several canoes from Port Moresby lying there had only women and children in them, the men having gone to Kabadi. A canoe was dispatched, soon returning with information that they were traders only for Lealea, and that numbers more

were on their way. Hoping to return with them to Maiva, we hurried off to Tupuselei, to visit their inland villages. A strong south-easter prevented our arriving before eight P.M.

19*th.*—A child having died a few days ago, wailing is still continued. Unfortunately the corpse is not far from the mission house, and with chanting and drumming so near it was impossible to sleep. All was in a low irritating key, if only in a high noisy one, sleep would have been possible. Had early breakfast, then away with guides to Tabunari. Just at the back of coast ridges is an extensive swamp, then good country, well-watered, for a few miles; then leaving it we got on to the ridges in front of Astrolabe spurs. Tabunari is very much scattered; a house or two on a spur. The people are Koiarians. They were very kind—cooking us food, and giving us presents of spears, food, and betel-nuts. The village we were in was three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, close to a fine stream of beautifully clear water. From there we travelled west to Fasili, three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level; forty houses, people all Kirari. Returning early to Tupuselei, we got into our dingy and returned to port, arriving late.

23*rd.*—Arrived at Boera on our way to Maiva, having promised our friend Oa, the chief, to visit him before the end of the year. When I met him at the port a few weeks ago he asked me to get Renaki and Revakura, of Hula, to send a son each to Maiva, that he would receive them and treat them kindly, and after sago season he would visit Hula. The two lads are with us, but they go with fear and trembling. Our boatmen are not sure of this trip, they lack the heartiness of former

trips. We have met some Maiva men, who say Oa is very ill; one says he is better. (He was really dead, but they were afraid to tell us.) Piri, who is now a great man with the Gulf natives, will accompany us, and, in hopes of getting sago, will take his own boat. Very little would turn our men home and leave us to go alone.

24*th.*—Left Boera this morning. In crossing Caution and Redscar Bays we have a strong tide against us, so did not get to Naara coast until dark. The sun was exceedingly hot.

25*th.*—Slept last night on beach, near Cape Suckling, and by sunrise left for the west. When a few miles beyond the Cape, we met three Delena canoes with pottery. It seems that in ancient times the Boera natives were one with his people, and now a great many Boera women are married to Delena natives. They were waiting for the Namoa natives to come down and trade for their pottery with smoked kangaroo. We all landed, and, after luncheon, a party was arranged to visit Namoa. When about to start, I said, 'I fear it will rain before we can return.'

A woman sitting close by said, 'It cannot rain until after we return home to Delena.'

'Why not?'

'The rain-maker is with us, and he alone has power.'

'Where is he?' and she pointed to the chief Kone.

'Kone, my friend, what about the rain?'

'It cannot rain; so do not be afraid.'

'But I think it will rain this afternoon, and I am not sure of going to Namoa until our return from Maiva.'

'You need not fear; so let us start.'

They were exceedingly desirous that we should at once start. So off we set for a walk of about three miles

When crossing a piece of level country, I said, 'Now, Kone, it will rain.'

'It will not!' and he cried out, 'Rain, stay on the mountains.'

I said, 'No use, Kone, rain will come.'

We reached Namoa, and the rain has come, and here we are prisoners. Kone only says—

'Do you think I thought you were a man of no power? You are a Lohiabada (great chief), and so am I, but the rain has listened to you.'

Kone laughs when I say, 'Come, my friend, remember what I have been telling you of the great and good Spirit, and His power.' He was greatly relieved when it began to clear up, and the stars to peep out. We were led into the great meeting-house, and as a mark of friendship were at once presented with betel-nuts and cooked food.

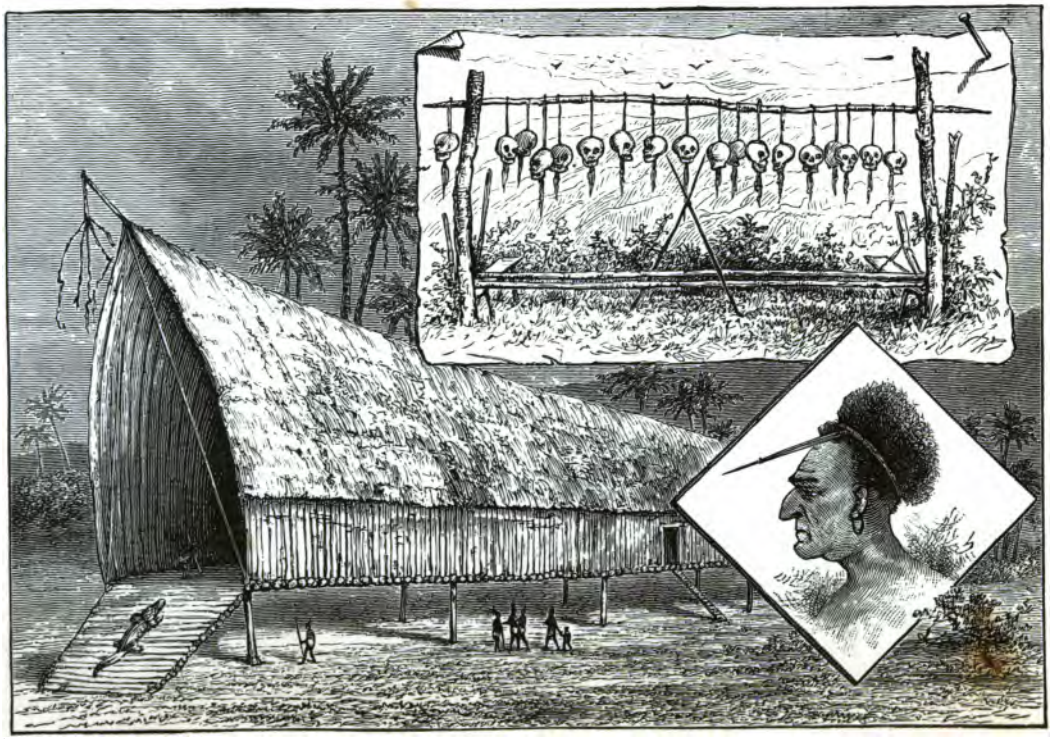
For the first time in New Guinea I have met a real chieftainess—a perfect Amazon—who rules her husband as well as others. She is about twenty-four years of age. Her husband is about twenty-six, rather good-looking. I have no doubt he can sulk amazingly. The people are all very kind, coming with presents of cooked food and betel-nuts. The women altogether are very masculine in appearance. Two young girls are being introduced into society, so there is feasting, and will be dancing during the evening. Both are laden with feathers, shell jewellery, and pigs' tails; they looked pale from long confinement, and were not able to walk well. During the afternoon they were walked up and down the village by two old dames, who preceded them. We have to camp out here to-night, without blankets, and in damp clothes. A great crowd attended our evening service, and all were very quiet.

26*th.*—Had a tolerable night, with a crowd of natives to watch us, lest any harm should come to us. Chieftainess Koloka, and her husband, Boe, must also be in attendance. Dancing began about seven, and continued until twelve, when rain dispersed the merry dancers. Our friend Oa is dead, and I fancy my natives are not sure of going on; they are conjuring up all imaginable evils. All our Namoa friends were anxious this morning that we should stay until mid-day; but, anxious to press on, we left in the early morning, accompanied to the boats by Koloka, Boe, men, women, and children, four men carrying a pig, and others food—a present to us from Koloka. A great many were carrying smoked wallaby, and on getting to the coast they traded all away for pottery. They are all sharp traders. Koloka and her husband wish us to call on our return, and they will visit Port Moresby with us. Namoa is a good village about three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, with a population of about three hundred.

Delena natives having disposed of their ware, we accompanied them to Delena. It is a small village on the main land opposite Yule Island. Formerly they lived on Yule, but so many having died there, they left it for this. On both sides are extensive mangrove swamps, and at the back a hill, one hundred feet high, with thick bush, yet the people say it is a very healthy place, they having no sickness, as on the island. When nearing the village two canoes of Lolo natives came off; but I would not let them come alongside until our friends came up, and we had a talk about the murders of Dr. James and Captain Thorngren. After landing, we had a meeting, and I was assured the Lolo natives did not commit the murders, that it was Paitana natives, a

village near Lolo, up one of the creeks, and no great distance from the coast. The story we heard three years ago was substantiated as to the reason of the murders. These people are not altogether free from blame, as they could have prevented the Paitana natives attacking, or have informed Dr. James the day before that an attack was arranged. They speak very well of Dr. James, but of another naturalist and collector who lived on the island they use the strongest expressions of dislike, and hope he may never return. They say he was always threatening, and did fire on more than one occasion on natives. I asked them why he was not murdered, and they said he left before a plot laid was carried out; but had he remained much longer he would have gone. Such men do an amazing amount of harm, and endanger the lives of many.

27th.—Arrived at Maiva this evening in rain. We were met on the beach by a great crowd of natives—men, women, and children, and not a club, spear, or bow. They have been expecting us for some time. Fearing a westerly wind, we anchored our boats well out, and landed, walking in to Oa's village. They had not heard of our arrival, so we were near the village before they were aware of it. Paru, Oa's brother, came running out to meet us; he led us right up to Oa's house, and, taking me by the hand, drew me in. The house was very dark. The chief is buried in the centre, a mat was spread over the grave, on which I was asked to sit until they had 'a weeping.' His wives, daughters-in-law, and weeping women sat round; his son, Meauri, sat at the foot, and several of the male relatives stood beside me. It was unbearable: at times loud, then again low and plaintive, one party would chant a question of



DUBUS AT VAILALA AND MOAPA.—KOAPINA, CHIEF OF MOAPA.

something relating to the deceased, and the opposite party of women would reply, then all would unite in a great burst. They beat their breasts and tore their hair, swaying themselves right and left, backwards and forwards. I sent for Piri, and got him to take my place. Oa spoke of me to them all as a special friend, and shortly before his death wondered why I had not come. He was a fine fellow, somewhat despotic in his own place, a man of war from his youth, and a great sorcerer. He had a wonderful influence all along the coast, to Port Moresby on the east, and to Orokolo, near Bald Head, on the west. His bows and arrows are stuck at the head of the grave, and on these hang some of his ornaments. The greater part of his jewellery is buried with him. The large temple, or *dubu*, is given to us to live in during our stay; but our followers must not enter. It is one hundred and sixty feet long and thirty feet broad. At the entrance is a screen made from the sago-palm leaf, hanging loosely. Overhead, just inside, are six large frames, all covered with feathers of various kinds. These are sacred to the spirit, and must never be looked upon by women, young unmarried men, or children. I occupy Oa's place in the *dubu*. All the posts are named, and each chief has his own particular post. A large front post, with a well-carved alligator, done by Oa shortly before his death with a tomahawk I gave him, is named Tamate. Meauri came in the evening, and called me out, to know if I was comfortable, and if there was anything he could do for me. He dare not enter, being in mourning.

28*th*.—We had a very large attendance at service this morning, in the centre of the village—the first ever

held in this locality. Rua, one of the chiefs, is now sitting alongside; he tells me it would be a fearful thing for any woman or youth to look inside the *dubu*, if they did, they would be smitten with loathsome disease, and never recover. Shortly, all the men will gather in this place, and for two months will not see or be seen by females or youths. Enclosed paths are to be made from the *dubu* to the bush, along which they can go unseen with safety. At stated times food will be brought by their wives, and left outside at some distance, and when no one is about they go out and carry it in. Any one becoming sick during these two months must remain in *dubu*, and on no account go out to friends.

'Now, Rua, tell me, if one should die, what then?'

'No one can die during that time.'

'But suppose one should die, what would you do?'

'Take his body outside, and leave it for his wife or wives and children to carry away, weep over, and bury.'

The taboo is very strict, no one will break it. Any one breaking the taboo would be smitten with leprosy that would 'consume' him. When the two months are up, and the taboo is off, all march to the sea and bathe, return to the *dubu*, and dress in their finest, then out to a grand feast prepared by the outsiders, after which dancing and feasting are carried on for several days and nights. Should a man be pursued by an enemy, and take refuge in the *dubu*, he is perfectly safe inside. Any one smiting another inside the *dubu* would have his arms and legs shrivelled up, and he could do nothing but wish to die.

Rua has lately been to the Port, and seen our new church; he says, 'Tamate, your *dubu* is bad.'

'No, Rua, it is small, but light, and we invite men, women, and children to enter to hear of God and His love through His Son, Jesus Christ. Your house is dark, and no women or children must ever enter.'

'Ah! You see this place is too sacred, and they must never enter.'

'Not so sacred as ours; we never smoke or sleep in ours, as you do here. We worship the one Great Spirit, by all meeting together, and praise Him in song, prayer, reading His Word, and hearing of Him.'

To Rua it was all new. Meauri, Oa's son, is a strapping fellow, about twenty-six years of age. He has five wives, who are all much attached to him. Meauri and all Oa's friends, with all Maiva, would willingly have teachers. A missionary here, with a staff of teachers, could do valiant things for Christ. Real work here can only be done by living amongst the people. The heathen must see our daily life, must learn to love us, must hear from our lips the word of Eternal Life, and so be led to love Christ.

29*th.*—Left before daylight for Keveri, a district inland of Cape Possession. We crossed two deep swamps, and passed through numerous well-kept yam plantations. By the light of a waning moon, women were out weeding, fearing to do so in the sun. There are large groves of coacoanut-trees: and in the swamps sago, palms, taro, yams, bananas, and sugar-cane are all grown in great abundance. Keveri is as large as Maiva, and the villages all kept as neat and clean. In front of the houses on both sides of the street in each village are coacoanut-trees, bread-fruit trees, *dracœnæ* of various kinds, and a beautiful assortment of crotons. We had really a splendid reception,

and crowds came to see the strangers. Paru, Oa's brother, led the party, and he did his part well. We returned laden with food. Mekeo natives are in from inland with betel-nuts. They are terrible smokers. In the evening we had a strong shock of earthquake; sitting on a platform in the village, I feared it was going to fall, and I felt a peculiar sensation as of sea sickness. Meauri and his friends say they will do all they can to live peaceably amongst themselves and with neighbouring villages. We leave to-morrow; so to-night there are great lamentations in the village, and many are the invitations to return soon. Some of those in the *dubu* begged to be permitted to sit by the fire all night, to talk and sing, and so keep us awake. I decidedly objected.

30*th*.—Received large presents this morning before leaving, and all turned out to see us off. Meauri would have kept us if he could. The one cry is, 'Do return soon.' With a fine wind from the north-west, we were not long running over to Yule, and outside to Delena. We found four large canoes in from Boera, which were to have proceeded to Marva, but the great Yule sorcerer did not get an armshell large enough to satisfy him, so he told them they must not go, as they would all be killed if they went. They have decided to return from here. I have met the sorcerer—a small, mean, wicked-looking fellow. He would rather not have seen me. The people are dreadfully afraid of him. He was wild with passion when I told him in the presence of the people that his trade was one of murder, robbery, and lying, and that he had better give it up, and no longer deceive the people. He gets the best of everything—best pig, best food, best tomahawk,

best shells. If all these men could be changed, there would be fewer murders on the coast. They can use poison well, and their influence can bring tribes against one another. He left me, vowing vengeance, and I fully expected to see him in the morning. In the evening I gave presents to chiefs, and arranged to visit Mekeo to-morrow, if it does not rain overmuch to-night.

December 1st.—Mekeo natives came in during the night, and they report inland districts very unsettled, and think it would be unsafe for us to visit them at present, so we have decided to return. Received presents of feathers, pig, and food. Yule natives are over, but the sorcerer keeps out of the way. With a light wind we ran up to the Namoa Creek, where we landed. On passing through the plantations we met our friend Naime, Koloka's uncle, who, with his wife No. 1, came on to the village with us. The only occupant of the village was one old man; Koloka and husband, with men, women and children, were out planting. Naime's wife at once cooked food—sago and yams; and a youth coming in was despatched to inform the chieftainess that we had returned. Soon she and her husband appeared, and, after dinner, insisted that we should accompany them to where the people were working. We went out, and found men and women hard at work with the long poles turning over the earth. Close by, in the shade, a dozen women were cooking. They use hammocks here, as at Kabadi, and a number were fastened to trees about. In these we spent a lazy afternoon. Her Royal Highness lay in a hammock some distance off, attended by a number of women, who received her orders, and delivered them to the cooks. She gave all her orders without any fuss and in a very

quiet manner. We are told by the people that when she travels she is carried in a hammock by women. She is certainly obeyed, and seems to have great power. After feasting with the people, we returned in the cool of the evening to the village. Koloka would not hear of our going to the *dubu* to sleep. She was much interested in hearing from the boatmen of Maka's marriage to one of Ruatoka's girls; all the presents were carefully enumerated. She would like Maka and his wife to live with them here. Her husband, lounging in his hammock and shaking his head, very seriously told us in great confidence that he had to pay an enormous sum for Koloka, viz., ten armshells, three pearlshells, two strings of dogs' teeth, several hundreds of cocoanuts, large quantity of yams, two pigs.

2*nd*.—Shortly after turning in last night we were annoyed with mice—mice running over us, mice on each side of us, mice at our feet, mice at our heads, and mice overhead. About midnight we cleared out, and stole away to the *dubu* to have a quiet sleep; but, alas! we were seen. First one came and threw himself close by. Then Naime and his wife No. 2 came and lighted a fire to keep off enemies, real and spiritual. I told them I would rather they had remained away and let the enemies come. Boe, on wakening up for his midnight smoke, found we were gone, and he, too, must come to disturb us. I ordered him away, as he was too talkative. They were greatly astonished at our apparent carelessness, sleeping anywhere, without guards, watch of any kind, or arms. The idea of ordering them out of the *dubu*, and being left alone, will not soon be forgotten.

After an early breakfast, we came to the coast, accompanied by all the people. Koloka and Boe decided to

remain, and finish planting; they also wish to be in the village when the Boerans call. Up till now, for many years, they have been at enmity with Boera. On our way down, some of our Boera boatmen went in with us, and, being well received, they arranged at Delena to get some of their leading men to call and make peace. We left the Boerans one of our men, who with Kone and the principal men from the canoes will go in to Namoa, and conclude a peace. Boera gives armshells and pearlshells; Namoa, pigs, food, and betel-nuts. With light winds, we crossed Redscar and Caution Bays, reaching Boera safely.

CHAPTER VII.

PEACE-MAKING.

Mr. Chalmers asked by the natives to go to Elema—Native fears —Difficulties at the start—Namoa—Delena—A Motumotu trading canoe—Interview with Semese, chief of Lese—Christian natives—Friendly meeting with a war canoe—Arrival at Motumotu—Friendly reception—Viewing Mr. Chalmers' feet—Natives in full dress—Sunday open-air service—Sago as an article of commerce—Peace agreed upon—Return to Boera.

WHEN at Kabadi in 1880, the natives begged of me to endeavour to prevent the Elema natives paying them another visit, as they were now living in the bush near the hills. All along the coast the people were much afraid, expecting a raid, and at last news came in from Maiva that Motumotu and Lese were making great preparations that they would visit Motu, kill Tamate and Ruatoka, then attack right and left. Last year when leaving they said they would return and pay off accounts, kill the foreigners first, then all the natives they could get hold of.

Under these circumstances, I resolve to visit Motumotu, and beard the lion in his den. I did not believe they would touch me, but I feared they meant mischief to Kabadi and the coast villages. No time could be lost, as we were in a bad month for rain and storms, and the coast line is long and bad. The natives said it was too late, yet I resolved to try it.

On the 5th January, 1881, we opened the new church at Port Moresby, and baptised the first three New Guinea converts. The church was crowded, and all seemed interested. I arranged for Piri and his wife to accompany me to the Gulf, they taking the whale boat. We cannot call at Kabadi on our way down, as we must hurry on, but our natives here were going to Kabadi, and gladly took the news.

On January 10, the flag flying on the boat told all that we were to start. Our leader ran off to Kaili last night, but Huakonio, one of the three baptised on the 5th, was willing to go. Our boat's crew were considered fools, rushing into the arms of death. Wives, children, and friends were gathered round weeping. The men said, 'Cannot you see that if Tamate lives we shall live; and if he is murdered we shall be murdered; it is all right; we are going with him, and you will see us back all right with sago and betel-nuts.' Huakonio told me in the boat that every means imaginable but physical force were used to prevent their accompanying me; and he added, 'We know it is all right; the Spirit that has watched over you in the past' (naming the various journeys) 'will do so now; and if we return safe, won't the people be ashamed?'

We left Port Moresby about nine A.M. with a light head wind; outside found the current very strong setting easterly. We arrived at Boera at four P.M., and found Piri and his wife ready to start at once. Piri has a Boera crew, and we increased ours here by two. Here the natives did not seem at all afraid, and many wished to accompany us.

On leaving Boera, it was a beautiful clear moonlight night, and there was a light land breeze. Pulling brought

us to Varivara Islands, in Redscar Bay, about two A.M., where we anchored until six, when we tried to make Cape Suckling. As it was blowing hard from the north-west, we had to put into Manumanu. The Motu traders did all they could to persuade us to give up Motumotu, and to visit Kabadi. Both crews would gladly have given up; their friends told them to leave us, and return in the trading canoes. They came to me to say 'the bad weather has set in, the winds and rains are here, we cannot go on.'

I replied, 'Think, my children, of the disgrace. We started to go to Motumotu, and at the first breath of contrary wind we put back. It must not be. Let us try it a little longer, and if the wind increases we can put back, and not feel so ashamed.'

'You are right,' they rejoined; 'we will go on with you.'

At sunset we all got into our boats and were ready for a start. A fellow who has just returned from Kabadi thought to get over me by saying, 'Tamate, Kabadi are looking daily for you, and they have a large present ready; feathers in abundance and sago; your two boats cannot take half.'

'I am going to Motumotu, and not all the feathers in Kabadi, nor all the sago they can prepare, will turn me now, until I have made a fair trial, and then, if driven back, I will visit Kabadi.'

I believe our crew had had a talk with that man before he came to me.

It was five o'clock on January 12th before we got to Namoa, near Cape Suckling. Maiva canoes passed with wallaby from Namoa. When ashore, cooking breakfast, Koloka and her husband, with uncles and aunts, and men and women from the village, came down. The

two former were going to Maiva, and the crowd followed to see them embark in one of the large Maiva canoes. After the bamboo pipe had been passed all round, the embarkation took place, men and women weeping as if taking a final farewell.

When they had gone we told the people we wished to sleep, and they left us undisturbed. In the afternoon we came on to Delena, where we had right hearty welcome. They are truly glad we are going to Motumotu, as they fear an attack, and hope our visit will benefit them. They feel sure Motumotu will receive us well, and seeing that I specially visit them, they say it will be all right. The crews feel encouraged, and are at present ashore feasting on dugong, sago and betel-nuts. Some have been off for tobacco, and are now laughing at the folly of their friends. The sorcerer is not in Delena; but even he would do nothing to prevent our going on. We are all ready to start with a land breeze. The crews have sent us word, 'When you wish to start, call out; you will see us gladly spring into the water.'

On leaving Delena with a light breeze and pulling, we reached the Keveri beach, near Cape Possession, about eight A.M. When near Maiva, we met a Motumotu canoe. At first they were afraid to come alongside of us, but after a little talk we got near them, exchanged presents, and were soon friends. They seem glad we are going to their home; they say peace will be arranged. The Motumotu have said that if we only were to visit them, they would gladly make peace.

It seems that they are very badly off for *uros* (earthenware pots), and the native tribes along the coast to the west of them are crying out and blaming

them for the scarcity. They are certainly blaming the right party; but for Motumotu, the Pari, Vapukori, Port Moresby, Boliapata, and Boera trading canoes would all have been down the coast last season. The principal man in the canoe, knowing that all, except our boatman, Bob Samoa, had friends at Motumotu, made friends with him, rubbing noses and handing his lime gourd, which is to be shown on arrival, and his father and friends will receive Bob as his friends. They go on to Lolo in quest of *uros*.

We landed to cook food. On awaking from a sleep, I was astonished to find a crowd of natives close by, and my friend the Kavari chief, Arana, sitting near me. Two boys who were on the beach fishing, seeing us land, ran inland and reported, and he, with two of his wives carrying food, followed by men and women from the villages, came down. His two wives are now busy cooking, and he is trying to persuade me to call on our return and get his present of sago and food. I could not promise, and he seemed disappointed.

We left the Kaveri beach and pulled round Cape Possession, passing close in by Oiapu. A heavy sea was rolling in, and a canoe putting off to us was swamped. People running along the beach called on Piri and me by name to land and feast, but our crews were too frightened, and we went on. When off Jokea, men, women, and children all came on to the beach and also by name begged of us to land. We would have done so here, but the sea was too high, breaking with great force on the fringing reef. Several canoes put off, but only one succeeded in reaching us. They begged of us to call on our return, and let them know the result of our visit, and said we had better also visit Lese.

They think our visit will put all straight. Motumotu, they say, is very undecided as to what to do, but having heard that I was to visit them, put off the decision for some time, saying, 'If he comes, it will be all right, and we shall have peace, but—' well, they did not know. They rub noses all round, and make for the shore, we for the harbour at the mouth of Coombes River, but a very heavy sea running in, we prefer anchoring outside at midnight.

By five A.M. up anchor and away to Lese. Two Naima canoes returning from Lolo, where they had been trying to get *uros*, passed close to us. They also are glad of the likelihood of peace and *uros*. At seven we got to Lese, and were met by an excited crowd, the majority armed. We anchored a little out, and would allow no canoes alongside. I called out for Eeka, and a very old man walked into the sea, when I went ashore and took him by the hand. Piri and his wife followed with part of the crew and the Boera and Port Moresby chiefs. We were led to the village, the crowd increasing as we went along. Piri noticing an enclosed place, went in to see what it was, and called me to have a look. I went in, but no women or youths followed. Inside were two large houses with rows of masks and hats, the latter like small canoes about ten feet long, made with very light wood and native cloth. On coming out I was seized by the hand by an elderly man, who, in a towering passion, drew me on. All I could make out was that somebody was a thief and a liar. The Boera chief ran up, and I asked him what was wrong. 'Oh, this is your friend, Semese, the chief you gave the present to when you were last here, and he is angry with Eeka for taking you away.'

'Tell Piri to come up quickly.'

'Piri, go with Eeka as your friend; give him a present as such; it is all right. I go with Semese.'

Soon squatting on the platform, wrath fled, and I had to wait to be fed.

'But, Semese, I want to press on to Motumotu and see them. I am afraid of the weather coming in bad.'

'Motumotu to-morrow, Lese to-day; you must have a pig.'

'Leave the pig for another visit.'

All was of no avail. A fine large pig was speared, brought and laid at my feet. Semese and the people were in the very best humour. Eeka was delighted with Piri, and the latter had a pig presented to him. We gave our presents, and, feeling tired, I suggested to our friends that we had better take the pigs to the other side of the entrance, to Macey Lagoon. Semese is quite agreeable, now the peace is made, and it was arranged that he and his party should visit me with sago at Port Moresby. Both pigs, ready for cooking, were carried into the boat, and the excited crowd, this time all unarmed, were on the shore to see us off. They promised not to molest Kabadi again, and that they considered our visit as peace with all the coast villages.

Macey Lagoon would make a splendid harbour for small vessels, very large vessels not being able to cross the bar. On the eastern side a bank runs out for nearly a mile, on which the sea breaks; close in by western shore is a good passage. The great work of the day was feasting and sleeping. There were two Lese men with us, and they said that the Motumotu have have been talking of war, not of peace; but now it may

be different. To get into Motumotu in the morning, we had come to within two miles of the village, and we anchored off. Notwithstanding some anxiety, soon all were asleep. The natives were astonished at the beautiful weather, and said they felt as if all would be right—the great and good Spirit who had led us so far and safely would not leave us now or on the morrow. At every meal on board or ashore they asked a blessing, and our old friend Hula prayed with real earnest feeling. He was certainly in earnest to-night when he prayed for the Motumotuans, and that our visit might be blessed to them. I was charmed with his simplicity, fervour and expectancy.

This old man, a few weeks before, at the close of a meeting at Port Moresby, said, addressing *us*:—

'Listen, you think we Motumotuans are not attending to your words; but you are mistaken. Before you came here, we were always fighting and were a terror to all, east and west, but now it is different. We are at peace all round; we go about unarmed, and sleep well at night. Soon our fathers' ancient customs will be all given up, and you will see us, old and young, coming to be taught the word of the great and good Spirit.'

I was aroused about two A.M. by shouting, and, looking over the gunwale, saw a large double fighting canoe alongside of Piri's boat, in which all were sound asleep. On awaking, they were startled by the appearance. They were asked by those on the bridge—

'Who are you?'

'Tamate and Piri going to Motumotu.'

Soon all were friends, chewing betel-nut and smoking tobacco. On each canoe with paddles were over thirty men, and on the bridge adjoining the canoes were

armed men and a large supply of sago and betel-nuts. They were going to Lese to purchase *uros*. They came alongside of our boat, received and gave presents, and then an order was given by one from the bridge, and away they went at full speed. It was a pretty sight in the moonlight to see the canoe move swiftly on, when nearly eighty paddles as one touched the water. We rolled ourselves up again for another hour or two's sleep.

At six A.M. we weighed anchor, and were off to Motu-motu. There was a great crowd on the beach; but it was all right, as boys and girls were to be seen there, as noisy as the grown-up folks. A chief rushed into the water and called on us to come. 'Come, with peace from afar; come, friends, and you will meet us as friends.' We went round and entered the river in deep water, close to eastern bank near to the village. Until we had a talk, I would allow none but Piri's friend and my friends, Semese and Rahe, near the boats. They had been told that we were going to fight if they visited us, and that all women and children were to be sent back to the Keiari, and the Keiari fighting men were to be in league with all the foreigners about. Then they heard that I had been murdered, and were terribly sorry; but now they saw I was alive, and had come a long way in a 'moon' in which neither they nor their fore-fathers had ever travelled. So now they must make peace.

I said, 'You must not again go near Kabadi, and all along the coast we must have peace.'

'It is right, we shall not again visit Kabadi. Lealea feasted us with pigs, and pressed us to attack Kabadi, to pay off an old attack on them. It suited us, because

Kabadi thought themselves strong; but now it is peace.'

I landed with them and went up through the villages, then returning to the boats we were told to remain there. Shortly three pigs were brought, and our return presents of *uros*, &c., were carried off. Bob's calabash has brought him a host of friends. Piri is with his friends at one end of the village, and in the opposite I am to reside in my friend Rahe's *dubu*. Semese is his father, and a very old man. The number of old men and old women and children is astonishing.

No enemy dare come near their villages, and their houses have never been burnt down. The Boera chief —a capital fellow to have—speaks this dialect very fluently. Our people at first were very much afraid, but soon settled down, and are now roving about.

Suddenly the war horn was heard blowing—not the pig horn, so often heard on the coast. I wondered what was up, but it turned out to be only the youths training. Two new double canoes came down the river with large complements of paddles, all young lads gaily dressed. A number of young men painted and extravagantly dressed have been here; they lately killed some Moveavans, and are hence greatly admired by old and young.

I had to take off my boots and socks, and allow my feet to be admired, also to show off my chest. All shout with delight, and every new arrival must have a look. The sun was frightfully hot. Some men were fishing on the breakers; they had a long post with a cross-bar, on which they stand, fixed in the sand, head covered with native cloth, and bow and arrow ready.

A number of people came in from Vailala. They wish I would go down with them, but it is too late to

go so far in an open boat. I have had another meeting with the leading men, and I think all is now peace. My friend Rahe seems a great personage with relatives innumerable. He wants to know if I would like to be alone in the *dubu;* only say it, and all the men will leave. I prefer them remaining, and I will make myself comfortable on the front platform.

In the evening men and women—I suppose *they* would say 'elegantly dressed'—bodies besmeared with red pigment, croton and *dracæna* leaves, and feathers of various birds fixed on head, arms and legs, paraded the villages. At present all move about armed, and in this establishment bows, bent and unbent, and bundles of arrows are on all sides.

Rahe has just been to me to ask for boat medicine.

'What do you mean, Rahe?'

'I want you to give me some of that medicine you use to make your boat sail.'

'I use no medicine, only Motu strong arms.'

'You could never have come along now without medicine.'

'We use no medicine, and have come along well.'

I had a splendid night's rest. My mosquito net and blanket caused great amusement. My attendants are innumerable and attentive, and will allow no noise near. Our service in the morning was very noisy—everybody anxious for quiet must needs tell his neighbour to be quiet. Our old Port Moresby chief prayed in the Motumotu dialect. The Boera chief translated for Piri and me. They are very anxious to know of the resurrection and where Beritane spirits go after death.

In the afternoon we held service in the main street. The singing attracted a very large and noisy crowd, but

when our old friend began to pray it was as if a bomb-shell had exploded, men, women and children running as for dear life to their home. Another hymn brought them back armed and unarmed. We had a long talk on peace, and they wished I would go with them to Moveave, and make peace. One division of these villages they have simply wiped out. I asked them to leave Moveave alone, and when a fit season comes I will ascend the river with them, and make peace.

I have visited the party who last week killed several of the Moveavans, and they promised not to attack them again. The Kaback jewellery is about in abundance.

Semese spoke nearly all the night through, exhorting all to peace, and that now we had visited them they ought no more to go about exalting themselves, fighting with their neighbours, and speaking evil of their friends, the Motuans. Rahe has brought his son, whom he has named Tamate. I have no doubt he will be an expensive honour.

We went up the William River to-day. At mouth, on the west side, are two islands, viz., Iriho and Biaveveka. Between the latter and the mainland is an entrance into Alice Meade Harbour. The river is broad and deep. Both banks are lined with sago palms.

When a young man marries a young woman, the custom here is to pay nothing for her; but for a widow something very great. The people live chiefly on sago. Sago is cooked with shell fish, boiled with bananas, roasted on stones, baked in the ashes, tied up in leaves, and many other ways. We have received large presents of sago, both boats bearing as much as is safe to carry. We leave in the morning. At present a man is going

through the streets in great wrath, having been to his plantation and missed a bunch of bananas. As he moves along he shouts out his loss, and challenges the thief.

We had a gathering of old men until late into the night, and they closed with a wail, chanted, with drums keeping time. Hours before daylight Semese was up, waiting for me to turn out.

We had a fine run back to Yule, where, at sunset, we were met by a terrific gale of wind and a thunderstorm. We had to put in close to the land, and for four hours sit it out in a deluge of rain. It was soon inky dark, the lightning very vivid, and the thunder deafening. Piri's boat anchored close alongside. On the weather clearing up a little we crossed Hall Sound to Delena, where we were soon met by natives carrying torches, and were led to their houses. A change of clothing, and we were all as comfortable as possible.

We spent the hour of midnight with Kone and Levas, chiefs of Delena, telling them of our visit to the west, and its success in establishing peace. They were greatly delighted, and will do me the honour of visiting me at Port Moresby, that is, will relieve me of some tomahawks. With a light wind and a smooth sea, we had a pleasant run to Boera, where we arrived at sunset. There was great joy in the village at our arrival.

We reached Port Moresby on the 20th, and on March 6th we baptized Kohu and Rahela, the first two women of New Guinea converted to Christianity. May they be kept as true ministering women for Christ!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KALO MASSACRE.

Twelve teachers and their friends killed at Kalo in 1881—The warning—The massacre—The fear for the teachers at Koma—Mr. Chalmers' views on the question—Voyage westwards in the Mayri — A Sunday at Delena—Visit of Queen Koloka—Threatened attack by Lolo natives—The fight—Peace—Miria's village—Bad character of the Motu natives—Visit to the chief of Motu Lavao—Story of Dr. Thorngren's murder—Peace made with the village.

ON the 7th of March 1881, the natives of Kalo, a village at the head of Hood Bay, near the mouth of the Kemp Welch River, massacred their teacher, Anederea, with his wife and two children; also Materua, teacher of Kerepunu, his wife and two children; Taria, teacher of Hula; Matatuhi, an inland teacher; and two Hula boys—in all, twelve persons.

The earliest news of the tragedy was given in the following letter from the Rev. T. Beswick, dated Thursday Island, Torres Straits, March 24th:—

On Friday, the 4th inst., Taria, our Hula teacher, left Port Moresby with Matatuhi, an inland teacher, the latter wishing to visit the Kalo teacher for some native medicine. Reaching Hula on the evening of the 4th, Taria heard a rumour that the Kalo people intended to kill their teacher and his family. Accordingly he went thither the following day, along with Matatuhi, and

requested the Kalo teacher and his family to leave at once. The teacher refused to place credence in the rumour, and even questioned his chief and pretended friend, who assured him that there was not the slightest grain of truth in the rumour.

The Hula teacher returned, leaving Matatuhi behind. On Monday, the 7th, Taria, along with five Hula boys, proceeded in a boat to Kalo and Kerepunu, with the view of bringing the teachers and their families to Hula, on account of the ill-health of some of the party. He called at Kalo on the way thither, and apprised the teacher of his intention to call on the return journey. At Kerepunu he took on board the teacher, his wife and two children, and one native youth. The party then proceeded to Kalo. During the interval of waiting there the chief and pretended friend of the Kalo teacher got into the boat for a chat. On the arrival of Matatuhi and the Kalo teacher, along with his wife and two children, the chief stepped out of the boat. This was the pre-arranged signal for attack to the crowds assembled on the bank. At the outset the chief warned his followers not to injure the Hula and Kerepunu boys; but such precaution did not prevent two of the former being killed. The other four boys escaped by swimming the river. The mission party were so cooped up in the boat, and spears flew so thickly and fast, as to render resistance futile, and escape impossible. Taria resisted for a time, but a fourth spear put an end to his resistance. The others were dispatched with little trouble. A single spear slew both mother and babe in the case of both women. The only bodies recovered were those of the Kerepunu teacher's wife and her babe; the natives of Hula and Kerepunu severally interred

the two bodies. The rest of the bodies became a prey to the alligators. For the two Hula boys who were slain speedy compensation was made by the Kalo people. The whale-boat, too, was recovered by the Hula natives.

The above sad intelligence reached Port Moresby at early morn of the 11th, just as the Harriet was about to leave for Thursday Island, and the Mayri about to take me to Hula, whilst a party of foreigners were leaving for the East End. The news, of course, upset all arrangements, and, after the first moments of excitement were over, our next concern was about the safety of the two Aroma teachers. With as little delay as possible, but with groundless forebodings of coming evil, a large party of us left for Aroma. About ten A.M. of the 14th, we reached there, and whilst our three boats lay off a little, so as not to arouse suspicion, a teacher and myself went ashore. With devout gratitude I heard that both teachers and natives were ignorant of the massacre. In less than an hour the two teachers and their families were safely ensconced in their whale-boat, taking along with them but a minimum of their property, according to the orders given. By these means the chiefs and natives of Aroma were left in utter ignorance as to the cause of our erratic movements, nor did they seem to suspect anything.

At Kerepunu we experienced considerable noise and worry. Here, too, we judged it prudent to remove very little belonging to the deceased teacher. At Hula my house had been entered, but the few things stolen were mostly returned. Here, too, we have left goods, until some definite course be decided upon. Strange to say, at Hula, where we expected the least trouble

and danger, there we had the greatest; indeed, on one or two occasions affairs assumed a rather serious aspect. The main idea present in the native mind was to take advantage of us in our weakness and sorrow. After a very brief stay at Hula, we left there on the 15th,

A HULA GIRL.

reaching Port Moresby the following day; and on the 17th I left for Thursday Island.

The natives of Hood Bay attribute this massacre to the influence of Koapina, the Aroma chief, he having assured the Kalo people that foreigners might be massacred with impunity, citing as an illustration the massacre at Aroma last July, and pointing out at the

same time the great fame that had thereby accrued to his own people. The Kalo people have not been slow in acting upon his advice. I visited Hula and Kerepunu within six weeks of the massacre, and was so impressed with the peaceful bearing of the people in both places that I should have been glad to have re-occupied both stations immediately.

I should have visited Kalo, but was afraid of compromising the mission, as it is possible the natives may be punished for the outrage. I fear we are not altogether free from blame; the teachers are often very indiscreet in their dealings with the natives, and not over-careful in what they say; there has also, perhaps, sometimes been a niggard regard to expense on our part. A very few pounds spent at a station like Kalo in the first years would, I believe, prevent much trouble, and probably murder. The Kalo natives felt that Hula and Kerepunu got the most tobacco and tomahawks, and that their share was small indeed. Instead of our buying all the thatch required for the other stations—only obtainable at Kalo—we got the teachers, with their boys, to get it. We meant it well, to save expense. My experience teaches me to throw all I can in the way of natives not connected with our head station. At this station—Port Moresby—for the next few years the expenses will be considerable in buildings, laying out the land, and in presents to the constant stream of visitors; but it will have a Christianising and a civilising effect upon a large extent of country.

On the 24th of May, 1881, left Port Moresby in the Mayri, and, having taken on board four natives at Boera, continued a westerly course, anchoring next day

in Hall Sound, opposite Delena. Early on the morning of May 26th, Kone and Lavao, our old friends, came off. They say it is useless going to Maiva, as we cannot land; but we can go and see for ourselves, and they will accompany us. I had to land to eat pigs, *i.e.*, receive pigs and hand them over to my followers. On landing, they led me up the hill at the back of village, where I was astonished to find a fine tract of land forming a splendid position for a house. Kone at once offered me as much land as I wanted. After thinking it over on board, I decided on building. I landed tents and pitched them on the rise above the village. My experience is that places quite exposed to south-east wind are *more* unhealthy than swampy country. On Rarotonga there were more deaths on the windward side of the island than on the leeward.

On the Sunday after landing we went down and had service in the village. Kone interpreted into Lolo. When telling the people we had no work for them on Sunday, Kone said: 'Oh! we know, and we, too, are going to be *helaka* (sacred) to-morrow.' I asked him, 'Come, Kone, how do you know?' 'From Boera.' I met a lad repeating the Lord's Prayer in Motu, and found he had been taught by Piri. The Motu tribe has already had great influence, and will have more and more every year. I have an interesting class of children, and hope, before we leave, they will know their letters well.

What nonsense one could write of the reception here —such as 'Everybody at service this morning listened attentively; commented on address or conversation; children all come to school, so intelligent, and seemingly anxious to learn; and, altogether, prospects are bright.'

At home they would say, why, they are being converted; see the speedy triumph! Alas! they are but savages, pure and simple, rejoicing in the prospect of an unlimited supply of tobacco, beads, and tomahawks.

Paura, a chief from Motu Lavao, is in. The people, it seems, told him, being *helaka* day, I could not meet him, and he did not come up-hill. He is rather a nice-looking fellow, with a mild, open countenance. Kone told him to tell the Paitana natives, who murdered James and Thorngren, that, if they wished peace and friendship, they must come in here and sue for it; that I could not first go to them, as they were the offenders and murderers.

Arrangements were at once made for erecting a wooden house at Delena, measuring 36 feet by 18 feet, material for which was easily procurable. On the 30th of May, Queen Koloka, her husband, and a number of men and women came in. The Prince Consort first came up, all over smiles, followed in half-an-hour by his wife and maids. After formally receiving her, I presented Mrs. Lawes' present. I unloosed the parcel, and turned maid-of-honour in real waiting. Her Majesty was chewing betel-nut, but that did not prevent my putting the dress on; first attempt all wrong, the front became the back, and the back the front. At length I succeeded, and, after fastening the dress, tied a pretty kerchief round the royal neck. There was great excitement, in every mouth a thumb, a few moments of silence, and then every soul spoke and shouted. It was amusing to see her husband, uncles, maids, old men and women, young men and maidens, gather round the royal presence, wonder and

admire, and then shout, *Oh misi haine O!* (Mrs. Lawes). Ah, Koloka, I wonder how you are going to get out of that dress to-night; will you understand buttons, hooks, and eyes?

During my stay at Delena, one of those warlike incursions by hostile tribes so common in New Guinea took place. My presence and influence happily brought about an early and satisfactory settlement of the dispute. I extract the following from my journal:—

June 2nd.—Our friends seem troubled, and their house-building earnestness is somewhat abated. I find they have heard that the Lolo tribe intend making a raid on them. Is it on them, or on us? Their great hope is that we shall use our guns, and so frighten the invaders. I tell them that we cannot do this; that we are men of peace, and have no wish to frighten any one. It seems Maiva is very disturbed; they are fighting all round, avenging Oa's death, and may soon be expected here. Maiva would not interfere with us, but Lolo I would not trust.

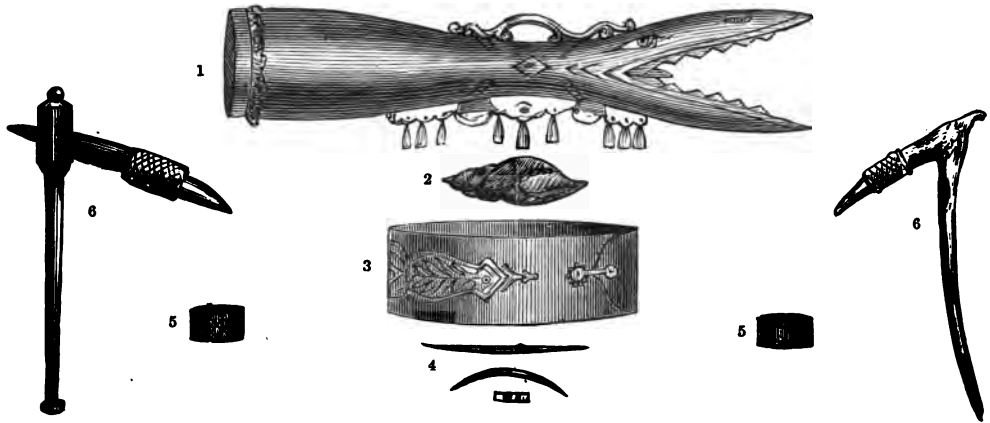
We shall have to keep a good look-out to-night. Our friends seem very troubled and excited. I have given warning that any one coming near our camp must call out my name and his or her own. No one can come near without our knowing, as my terrier Flora is a splendid watch-dog. This evening some women passed camp, carrying their valuables to hide away in the bush. Bob asks, 'Suppose Lolo natives come to us, what we do?' 'Of course they will not come near to us unless they mean to attack, and then we must defend ourselves.' The guns are ready. It is not pleasant; but I fancy they will not molest us, so hope to sleep well, knowing we are well cared for by Him

who is never far off. Through much trouble we get to be known, and the purpose for which we come is understood.

3*rd*.—Last night I slept lightly, with Flora on watch, and Bob easily aroused. After midnight he kept watch. We placed the lights beyond tents on each side, and so arranged that the light would strike on any native nearing camp. About two A.M. Lavao's wife No. 2 came up with her grandchild, goods, and chattels for safety. The Loloans were coming. All right; all ready. Very loud, noisy talking in village. At four we called out for Kone, who came up telling us that we should be first disposed of, then Delena. I went to the village, and saw the old friendly chief from Lavao. I told him any Loloan coming over the brow of the hill with weapons we should consider as coming to fight, and we were ready. At five, women and children crowded into camp, with all their belongings, and asked for protection. Certainly; we shall do what we can for them. Men are running all about, planting arms in convenient places in the bush. We are told to keep a good look-out—and that we shall. It is now daylight, so we do not care much. The fight has begun in the village. Some Loloans, running after Delena natives, rush up-hill; we warn them back, and they retire. There is a loud shout for us to go to the village and fight. I leave Bob with guns and cartridges to keep watch over camp. I have more confidence in the skirmish unarmed, and have no wish for the savages to think I have come to fight. I shout out *Maino*, and soon there is a hush in the terrible storm. I am allowed to walk through the village, disarm one or two, and, on my return to our friend Kone's end of the village, he whispers to me,

'There is Arua,' understanding him to mean the chief, or *vata tauna* (sorcerer). I recognise in him the man introduced to me on a former visit, and who in wrath cleared out from my presence. Now might be his time to pay me out. I take his weapons from him, link him on to me, and walk him up the hill. I speak kindly to him, show him flag, and tell him we are *maino*, and warn him that his people must on no account ascend the hill. All right, he will stop the fighting. I sit down to write this, when again they rush up for me, saying Kone was to be killed. Leaving Bob with arms in charge, I go down to the village, and without my hat. More canoes have arrived. What a crowd of painted fiends! I get surrounded, and have no way of escape. Sticks and spears rattle round. I get a knock on the head, and a piece of stick falls on my hand. My old Lavao friend gets hold of me and walks me to outskirt. Arua and Lauma of Lolo assure me they will not ascend the hill, and we had better not interfere with them. 'Right, friend; but you must stop, and on no account injure my friend Kone.' It would frighten them were we to go armed to the village; but then we dare not stay here twenty-four hours after. I can do more for the natives unarmed. I am glad I am able to mix with both parties; it shows they mean us no harm, and speaks well for the future.

No one was killed, but several were severely wounded, and a few houses destroyed. They have made peace at last, and I have had a meeting in the village with all; the Loloans have promised to be quiet. I told them we could not stay if they were to be constantly threatening. In the afternoon the chiefs came up, and I promised to visit them all. My head



NEW GUINEA WEAPONS AND ORNAMENTS.

1. Drum, covered at one end with iguana skin. 2. Conch-shell war trumpet, used for assembling the people.
3. Arrow-proof belt of hard bark. 4. Nose ornaments. 5. Cane and hair armlets.
6. Stone tomahawks.

aches a little. Had I been killed, I alone should have been to blame, and not the natives. The Delena natives say: 'Well, Tamate, had you not been here many of us would have been killed, and the remainder gone to Naara, never to return.' There is some pleasure in being of a little use even to savages.

The next Sunday we had a splendid service. All the young fellows dressed for it by painting their faces. It was amusing and interesting to hear them interpret all I said from Motuan into Loloan; and when I attempted to use a Lolo word, they corrected me if I wrongly pronounced or misplaced it. After service we had all the children and young men to school. A goodly number have got a pretty fair hold of letters. Some would beat native cloth, and Kone grew very angry, and, because they would not listen to him, threatened to pull up his recently buried child. I sent word that he must on no account do that, and must say no more to the men beating cloth; that by-and-by the people will become enlightened, and then they will understand the Sabbath. Poor Kone's idea is that now and at once they should understand.

On June 6th, I once more left Delena to proceed to Maiva, and, although a heavy sea was running at the time, landed safely about eleven A.M. at Miria's village, on the Maiva coast. I saw a number of people with *karevas* (long fighting sticks), and wondered what was the matter. I said to my old friend Rua, who met me on the beach, 'Are you going to fight?' 'No, no; it is all right now.' I gave him a large axe for Meauri and party to cut wood for a house at their village. Meauri and a number of followers soon made their appearance: it seemed strange that they should have come down so

soon. Miria, the chief, being away cutting wood, went to Meauri's village, passing through several seaside villages. We selected a new position for the house, at the back of a large temple; gave them tobacco and red cloth, they promising gladly to have wood cut against my next return. Sitting on the platform, Rua turned to me and asked, 'Tamate, who is your real Maiva friend?' Fancying there was trouble, I replied, 'Oa Maoni, who sleeps in that house in death, was my friend: Meauri, Rua, Paru, and Aua are now my friends.' 'I thought so, and Miria has no business to build a house for you. Before we saw the boat we were down on the beach at Miria's village to begin a quarrel; we saw you were coming, and we waited for you.' 'But I want a house on the coast as well as inland; Miria's village is small and too exposed, and I must look for another place.' 'That is all right, but this first.' 'Be it so.' After visiting three villages I had not seen before, and going through all the inland ones, I returned to Miria's village; he not having returned, I went along to Ereere. After dark, Miria came in. He felt sorry when I told him I could not put a house up in his place, owing to its being exposed to south-east wind, and to there not being many people. 'But I have cut the wood.' 'I shall pay you for that, and the wood can remain for my return.' I gave him tobacco for the young men and a present to himself, and all was right.

A few mornings later, I found the natives sitting round rice; one said, 'Come, we are waiting for you to bless the food.' They have seen our boats' crews of Botu and Boera natives always asking a blessing. I said to them, 'Cannot one of you ask a blessing?' 'No; wait until we learn, and you will see.' A good

story is told by the captain of the Mayri. On their going to Aroma to relieve the teachers after the Kalo massacre, in the early morning they were pulling along the reef, and just as the sun appeared over the mountains, one of the Motu crew called on all to be quiet, rowers to lean on their oars, and then engaged in prayer, thanking God for watching over them during the night, and praying that He would care for them during the day, and that no unpleasantness might occur with the Aroma natives. All along this coast, and right away down to Elema as far as Bald Head, the Motu tribe has a wonderful iufluence, and in a few years excellent pioneers may be had from it. They must have been a terrible lot in the past. I have heard much from themselves of piracy, murder, and robbery, and all along here they tell terrible tales. A Motu chief in one of our meetings, speaking of the past and the present, concluded by saying: 'Since the arrival of the foreigners (teachers), we have changed, and will continue to change.'

An old chief, Aiio, from the Mekeo district, came in to see me, and brought me as a present a splendid head-dress, which is hung up by Kone in front of the tent for all to see. On giving him a present of salt, it was pleasant to see the old fellow's expression of pleasure. He is anxious I should go inland as soon as possible; I tell him I must wait for tomahawks.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 13th of June, I started to visit Madu, the chief of the Motu Lavao. We went up from the bight, a large salt-water creek with dense mangrove on both banks,—a veritable bed of fever,—and anchoring our boats, we walked through the deserted village of Paitana and on for about a mile and

a half to Motu Lavao. The path leads along a narrow tract of good country, with dense swamps on both sides. The village is large, with good houses kept nice and clean; but I can conceive of no more unhealthy locality —swamp all around. A number of people were down with fever, some in their houses, others lying exposed to the sun. I asked them if they had no *vatavata* (spirits) knocking around in their district, and did they not much trouble them. 'Oh, trouble us much, very much.' I told them I thought so, and the sooner they removed from that place the better—that they were right in the centre of sickness and death. They said, 'And what is to become of the place of our forefathers, and the cocoanuts they planted?' 'Better leave them, or in a short time there will be none left to remember their forefathers, or eat their cocoanuts.' Madu was in the country, and we waited his return. He tried hard to get me to stay over-night, but it was of no use. He presented me with a pig and feathers, and we concluded friendship by my giving a return present. An old woman was presented to me, a great sorceress; but, not liking the sisterhood, I did not see my way clear to give her a present. Such as she keep the natives in constant fear, do what they like, and get what they like. It is affirmed by all that the great Lolo sorcerer, Arua, keeps snakes in bamboos, and uses them for his nefarious purposes. Late in the afternoon we left, accompanied by Madu and a number of youths carrying pig, cocoanuts, and sugar-cane. When leaving, the chief said, 'Go, Tamate; we are friends.'

On June 14th, I had a long conference with the old Paitana chief, Boutu, and his followers. They looked very much excited and alarmed when I met

them, but that wore away during our conversation. Boutu, his party, and other Lolo natives assured me that the attack on Dr. James and Mr. Thorngren was unknown to all but those in the canoe. The excuse was that the day before they were trading on Yule Island one young man had feathers for sale. Dr. James and Waunaea told him to leave; they would not take his feathers because he objected to the pearl shell produced. This, they say, was the beginning. He tried very hard to sell his feathers, and, if possible, get a tomahawk. Failing, he went home, quietly arranged a party, slept in the bush, and before daylight went off to the vessel. On nearing the vessel, Dr. James called out—'You must not come alongside: you are coming to kill me.' They said, 'We are not going to kill you, but want to sell yams.' The yams were taken on board, and whilst Dr. James was counting the beads to pay for them he was struck with a club, and afterwards speared, but not quite disabled, as he drew his revolver and shot the man who attacked him. Mr. Thorngren was struck at from aft, fell overboard, and was never again seen. They say, when the people in the village heard of it, they were very sorry, and that ever since they have been looked upon with anger, as they have been the cause of keeping the white man away with his tobacco, beads, and tomahawks. I asked them, 'What now?' 'Let us make friends, and never again have the like.' 'But your young men could do the same again without your knowing.' 'They know better than try it again; they are too much afraid; and they see that what was then done has greatly injured us as well as all the other villages.' I explained to them the object of our coming here, and that they must not think we

are to buy everything they bring, and must not be angry when we refuse to give what they demand. We do not come to steal their food or curios, and, if we do not want them, they can carry all back; we are not traders. After praying with them, they said, 'Tamate, now let it be friendship; give up your intention of going to Mekeo (inland district), and come to-morrow, and we shall make friends and peace.' 'I shall go; but suppose the mother of the young man who was shot begins wailing, what then?' 'She will doubtless wail, but you need not fear; come, and you will see.' 'Then to-morrow I shall go.'

Next morning, the Mayri having arrived the evening before, I carried into effect the intended visit. The chief of Paitana and two followers, with my friend Lauma, of Lolo, waited to accompany me. After breakfast we got into the boat, Lavao in charge. We entered the same creek as for Motu Lavao, and when up it some distance turned up another to the right, too narrow to use oars. When two miles up we anchored boat, then walked or waded for two miles through swamp and long grass. When near the village we heard loud wailing, and Lavao, who was leading, thought it better we should wait for the old chief, who was some distance behind. On coming up they spoke in Lolo, then threw down his club, calling on one of his followers to pick it up. He went in front, and called on me to follow close to him, the others coming after; and so we marched into the village and up on to his platform. Then began speechifying, presenting cooked food, betel-nuts, pig, and feathers. When all was finished I gave my present, and said a few words in the Motu dialect. The uncle of the man shot by Dr. James came

on to the platform, caught me by the arm and shouted, *Maino!* (Peace), saying that they, the chiefs, knew nothing of the attack. The murderers lived at the other end of the village; and thither, accompanied by a large party, I went. They gave me a pig, and I gave them a return present. The real murderer of Mr. Thorngren sat near me, dressed for the occasion, and four others who were in the canoe stood near the platform. The mother and two widows were in the house opposite, but with good sense refrained from wailing. I spoke to them of the meanness and treachery of attacking as they attacked Dr. James and Mr. Thorngren. They say there were ten in the canoe—one was shot, three have since died, and six remain. They also say they feel they have done wrong, as they not only made the foreigners their enemies, but also all the tribes around were angry with them. 'What now, then?' 'Oh, *maino* (peace) it must be; we are friends, and so are all foreigners now.' 'I am not a trader, but have come to teach about the only one true God and His love to us all in the gift of His Son Jesus Christ, to proclaim peace between man and man, and tribe and tribe.' What seemed to astonish them most was my being alone and unarmed. After some time our old friend came from the other end of the village and hurried us away. It was time to leave them, so, giving a few parting presents, we picked up our goods and away to the boat.

CHAPTER IX.

A TRIP TO ELEMA.

The death of Kone—Kerema—Vailala—Talks with the natives—Temples—A dangerous landing—Visits to Motu villages—Christian work among the natives—Haru—Native gods—Trip up the Annie River.

ON October 24th, 1881, we left Port Moresby in the Mayri with a good breeze, and were soon at Boera, where, after an hour's trading for earthenware pots to take west, for which we would receive sago in return, I took fifty on board, and set sail for Delena, to get my boat for river work, and take my friend Kone with me, he being well known, and liked all along the Gulf coast to Bald Head.

We anchored next morning about three miles from Delena, and at daylight ran down to the anchorage off the village. Very soon we saw the boat coming, Lavao standing up aft, and several of the men with native cloth on their heads for mourning. I missed Kone, and anxiously waited for them to come alongside. As they neared, there was no loud talking, and all looked sorrowful. Lavao stepped on board, and I asked, 'Where is Kone?' After a time he said, 'Oh, Tamate, Kone, your friend, is dead.'

'Dead, Lavao?' I had to sit down.

'Yes, Kone is dead, and we buried him on your

ground, near your house; the house of his one great friend.'

'Did Kone die of sickness?'

'No; he was speared by your friend Laoma. After you left, there was a feast at Delena. Kone and others were there, also some Naara natives. At night, Laoma came with his spears to kill a Naara man, and when about to throw a spear, Kone caught the Naara man and placed him behind him, the spear entering his own breast. We carried him home, and on the second moon he died.'

My poor Kone! The kindliest savage I have ever met; how I shall miss you here! I had hoped that you would yet become a great help in introducing the Gospel into the Gulf, and now had called to take you with me. How anxious he was to be taught, and to know how to pray! I taught him to say, 'God of love, give me light; lead me to Christ.' Who will deny that my wind- and rain-making friend has passed from this darkness into the light that he prayed for?

After breakfast I landed, and found the house just as we left it—hammocks swung underneath, and small houses all about. Where I pitched my tent on my first visit there they had built a good-sized house, in which the body was buried. I entered, and found Kaia, Kone's widow, enveloped in cloth. She began wailing and cutting her head with a shell held in her right hand, the blood flowing freely, and would certainly have done herself much harm, had I not interfered. I do feel sorry for her; but what could I say to comfort her? I did not think it out of place to pray, sitting on that grave, whilst for a little the loud wailing was hushed. Aua, Kone's cousin, will now be chief, and he

sat at the head of the grave. He is very friendly with us, and says he will accompany us to Elema. After sitting for some time by the grave, I gave our presents to the dead and the living, placing those for Kone on the mat covering his grave. Leaving the grave, I went up to our house, where several dishes of bananas and fish were presented to me. Everything we left in charge of Kone and other natives had been well cared for, and the boat is in excellent order.

We went on board the Mayri, and we stood out to the east of Lavao. Bob Samoa was in charge of Mayri, and another native, Charlie Oak by name, was in charge of my splendid Newtown boat, with a crew of six natives. Charlie had instructions to keep as near us as possible.

We could not see the boat anywhere next morning. We had light north-east winds all night, and ran leisurely along, and at three P.M. anchored off Kerema, but no boat was to be seen. We passed a very disagreeable night, there being a rough sea and heavy rain, with very vivid lightning over the land.

We started at daybreak with little wind. When it cleared a little we saw, to our great relief, the boat not far astern of us. Losing sight of the Mayri, they had adopted the peculiar plan of returning to look for us, and returned from Motumotu to Lese, coming on yesterday.

We returned and anchored, and I landed in the boat. We found a passage close in by the east point. Our Boera friends with a crowd of Pesi natives met us on the beach; all were delighted to see us. With what intense interest on both sides questions were asked and answered! The Boerans were busy getting large canoes, which they lash alongside their old ones; fill up with

sago, and about the end of the year return home. Sometimes they return with as many as sixteen large clumsy canoes, well lashed together, all full of sago.

I made friends with Opuna, the old chief of Pesi, who took me to his house, and presented me with betel-nuts and a good supply of cocoanuts. The village is a miserable concern in thick bush, creepers growing over many of the houses. In the main street I passed what looked like a very rough chair, and, on asking what it was for, was told a grave was underneath.

On returning to the vessel, I found a number of our Motu friends on board. Their *lakatoi* (large trading canoe) is at Kerema. The wind was very light, and we drifted leisurely along. When about five miles away from the shore, a canoe with two natives came off to us. When near, they called me by name, saying they were sent by their chief to get me to land; and I must on no account refuse him. 'Friends, return, and tell your chief I cannot land. I want to be at Vailala to-night.'

'But he has made his pig fast, and is only waiting your arrival on shore.'

'I must go on.' This was simply a stratagem of the youths to get me to land.

We came leisurely along with light wind, and did not get off the mouth of the Annie River until after sundown. Before dark we saw a red flag flying on the eastern bank of the river, and knew our Motu friends would look out for us, and conduct us to an anchorage. The rocking of last night made us wish for a quiet anchorage, so we risked entering, safely crossing the bar, and when well in were met by several canoes crowded with friends belonging to Port Moresby, others crowded

with Gulf natives, and all shouting instructions as to our course to a snug anchorage. We anchored some distance from the village, intending to go nearer to-morrow morning. We were soon beset with questions as to how their fathers, mothers, wives, and children were.

When everything was snug, and most of the natives gone, I got a crew and went in the boat to visit the Motu *lakatoi*. On our way up, I asked a lad from one of the canoes, who stepped into the boat with me—

'Well, have you services, and do you observe the Sabbath?'

'Do you think, Tamate, we forget? We have observed every Sabbath, and every morning and evening we have services, and never omit to ask a blessing on our food.'

'Who conducts your services?'

'Aruataera and Paeau.'

The former is the first baptised native in New Guinea, and the latter is a blind boy, who has for a long time lived with us at Port Moresby. He is quite blind, but makes capital use of his ears, and has a good memory.

Getting on board the canoe, I was met by Bara, the captain, who led me to his own mat. Several fires burning brightly gave us good light. They have roofed in the canoe, and live on board. Alongside were nine new canoes, so that when they return home they will have one *lakatoi* made of thirteen canoes.

'Well, Bara, what about the Word of God?'

'We remember it, as you will hear from Aruataera and Paeau.'

Aruataera comes forward, silence is called, and from full hearts we give God thanks that we all meet in health. Arua tells me that they have had morning and

evening services, and on Sabbaths an extra one. Paeau has a small bullock bell that he rings to call all together, when a large number of Gulf natives join them. They both visit the temples, where there are always numbers of men, and when sitting eating with them they tell all they can remember of the teachings of the past few years. Could I help giving God thanks? The friends at Port Moresby feel that the sorrows and trials, the heart-aches and tears of the past, are far more than rewarded.

I gave a present of tobacco to Bara for the crowd, and taking Aruataera with me returned to the Mayri. I asked Arua when the Sabbath came, and I was astonished to find he counted correctly. I asked how he knew, and he replied that since leaving he had kept a string, and every morning tied a knot, and the seventh knot was *helaka*, the Sabbath.

Early the next morning a native canoe came alongside, saying that I was to cross to the other side and be presented with a pig. When we landed on the beach we were met by an admiring crowd of men, women, and children, all anxious to see a white man. I was led up to an old chief's house, where a large present of betel-nuts was given me. In the house were shields, bows and arrows, and drums, and two roughly carved wooden men, with very bushy hair stuck on their heads. I asked if they would sell them. 'No; they belong to our ancestors, and we cannot part with them.' They do them some kind of honour, and I noticed, when speaking about them, all spoke in whispers. Before going to fight, they consult them and pray to them for success.

The chiefs, having heard about our guns from the Motu natives, were anxious to hear a shot fired, so Bob

Samoa went on board and brought his gun ashore. A great crowd gathered, but, after the first shot, few were to be seen; and after the second the few men who tremblingly remained cried it was enough, that they thought the Motuans lied, but it was something more terrible even than had been reported.

The temples are well built, with flooring of sago palm bark, and in each there are large wicker frames, that in sacred times they adorn with feathers, &c., and worship as Semese. During that time the men remain in the temple for five moons, when no woman must be seen, and no children dare approach. They have food brought and left outside, and when the parties bringing it have retired, it is carried inside. In two of the temples were a number of lads, aged from ten to eighteen, who were supposed not to be seen by their parents or friends. When they entered, their heads were shaven, and they remain until the hair grows thick and bushy, then a large feast is prepared, and they mix with the crowd. They have a back entrance by which they go out when necessary, but first cover themselves with native cloth, that they may not be seen.

In the afternoon we visited Haru, three miles distant round west point. We had a splendid walk inland through a strange profusion of cocoanut, sago, and betel palms, numerous bread-fruit, and large *tamanu* trees, *dracœna* and crotons of various kinds, and ferns in abundance, and through swamps in which various kinds of mangroves grew, to a pretty little village. I returned by the beach, Avea accompanying me. When about to cross a creek, he insisted on carrying me. I was scarcely on his back when I was dropped into the water. Poor fellow, he was terribly chagrined.

We left about sunrise on October 29th, in the small boat for Maipua and Kaipurau, districts near to Bald Head, with cannibal populations. On entering the bay, the crew not being smart enough, we half-filled with water, soaking everything thoroughly. We passed Orokolo, intending to visit it on our return. We had a very heavy southerly swell in the bay, and, on our getting up to the Alele, where we hoped to enter, the sea was breaking frightfully right across, and the further west we went the worse it got. Not caring to lose the boat, nor life, I decided to return, leaving these districts for another trip; so went round and stood well up for the most easterly village of Orokolo. Here we were again disappointed, the wind having increased, and the sea breaking more heavily on the beach than when we passed—so much so that we dared not attempt landing. We anchored well off, and two boys landed through the surf. We waited for two hours, and the boys not returning we waved to them to walk to Vailala, and we should try and beat down. Then up with the mast, and anchor, and away, close-hauled, but making little way. On one tack, when standing well in, we saw our boys struggling through the surf, and got as near as safety would allow, and got them on board.

After several tacks, the wind increasing, and a nasty sea running, and we being on a lee shore with no hope of getting up to Vailala before midnight, we decided that if we could see a place a little more suitable than those passed we would risk running in. We reached a suitable place, and took the chance of a grand turn over and loss of everything. It was better to try it in the light than in the dark. The mast was taken down, the four oars put out, the order given, 'Give way, pull hard;

look at nothing, only pull.' The boat went at lightning speed, flying on the tops of the seas. She was nearly in, when a tremendous roller lifted the rudder out of the water, and she swung on the sea.

The boys became frightened and sprang to their feet. We must surely go over. 'Down, boys, down!' and 'Pull seaward, oars, pull hard!' She righted, and again we rushed madly onward upon the shore, taking very little water in. White surf raged all round us, and we were seized by strong natives, and soon our boat was beyond high-water mark. Men in hundreds, all armed with bows and arrows, met us. Women and girls, with fishing nets, ran up and stood at a distance, and children of both sexes viewed us at a safe distance, screaming wildly when fifty yards off.

From Maiva to this part the women attend to the fishing. We had a long hot walk along the beach, and in wet, heavy clothes it was not very agreeable. We were led up into a splendid temple, divided into stalls; one was given to Bob and me, and two others for our boys. The place is full of frames hanging up, and all over are strange-looking head-dresses, masks, and imitations of crocodiles' heads, and grass petticoats that only giantesses can wear. In sacred times, seasons of *helaka*, these frames are all adorned with the above, and praise is offered. Singing is the great work of that season.

The country looks more inviting from the sea than it does when ashore. The sea comes up near to the houses; there is a narrow strip of splendid land, on which every kind of food will grow, and on which they have abundance. Some of the finest crotons I have ever seen grow wild here. Behind this strip of fine

country is the deadly swamp, yet it is covered with sago palms. The men and children are fine-looking, all in good condition. The women look as if life was hard; they are ill-favoured, and are very shy. They are much darker than the Motu natives. Young women are respectably dressed; married women have very small petticoats; old women generally a white shell or leaf.

It blew hard all night, a very heavy sea breaking on the beach; but we were tolerably comfortable. We had a most interesting service the next day, conducted in the Orokolo dialect by Aruataera and Kape. The people listened attentively. At the close, Aruataera asked if he might tell them of Noah and his three sons. I assented; but it took longer than I bargained for. What splendid material for Gulf work we have in Motu Christians! Both addressed them freely, and without any difficulty as if in want of a word. They come here as little children, stay for months, and mix freely with Elema children: so they cannot fail to get a thorough hold of the dialect.

We next visited all the separate villages, called at sixteen *dubus* and gave small presents to each. In one they had some hideous-looking figures to represent Semese. Everywhere we were kindly received. There are many minor chiefs, two and three in each *dubu;* but I find they have one head chief, Mama, and in the presence of all I gave him a present, saying I heard that he was the one real chief of Orokolo, and to that all assented. Mama's village is Kaivakabu. Their large *dubu* had very recently been burnt down; so we had service in their temporary one, made with cocoanut leaves; the place was crowded, and they listened attentively,

anxious to have a smoke and a good look at their first white man. Mama is a pleasant-looking man, about fifty, with a good deal of determination—a man likely to have his own way. Apoke is a younger man, very pleasant and quiet, yet could assert himself; he is very proud of the distinction that he shall be the first to receive the foreigner.

It seems this *dubu* belongs to two chiefs, so our neighbour on the opposite side got nasty to-day, when we were out visiting. Bob says he rushed in, painted, followed by his young men, seized their bows and arrows, and rushed out again, apparently in high dudgeon. He got no present when Apoke got his, hence the unpleasantness. Bob says, 'More better, you give him a present now, sir.' 'Wait, Bob; I never give presents when threatened; but if he is all right in the evening, then he shall have a present.' Bob prefers being forearmed; his revolver is close by him. He says the Motu boys got frightened and left him.

This is a most prolific country for children; they simply swarm. Not being cannibals, there is no danger in the constant showing of feet and chest. The boots astonish them. When at South Cape I had at first to exhibit my chest many times a day. One day a friendly chief, a great friend of Mrs. Chalmers, came up to the house with a human breast, being a highly prized and delicate bit, and presented it to my wife! That was an end to chest exhibition by me in that part of New Guinea.

The sea continued worse than ever, the wind blowing a gale. Two men came in, and an old fellow close by noticed them, and at once let forth much pent-up wrath. It seems that his daughter was fishing, and was knocked

down by a heavy roller and much hurt, and these two are the wretches who have caused the trouble, being, in his opinion, lords of the waves!

We had another interesting service; the people hear in their own tongue the story of Divine love. How different to the hard up-hill work of the first months amongst a people, knowing nothing or little of their language, continually suspected, and our true object unknown! Here, all day long, the boys are speaking of us and our teachings, of Adam and his wife, Noah, his three sons, and the ark (this is a favourite subject), and Abraham and Isaac. The Creation is a very pet theme, then the story of *Kanidu's* (God's) love in the gift of His Son, and of His dying for us, His being now in heaven and His return. The resurrection is their puzzle, and they say they could believe all but that.

Semese, according to their view, is a male spirit, and resides in a temple in various representations during sacred seasons. At the conclusion of *helaka*, a great feast is prepared, and all food, pigs, &c., placed just outside the temple, and their ornaments of shell and wood are hung in front of the temple, and all presented to Semese, after which the food is distributed, cooked, and eaten, and the ornaments are taken down and put on, preparatory to a grand dance. An active young fellow showed us one of Semese's dances. He did it very gracefully; advanced, backed, to right side, to left, stepped, right foot to left knee, down, left foot to right knee, wheeled and shouted. He held a drum, on which he beat time, and had on his head a very large hideous hat.

We left Orokolo on October 31st, the boys leading boat along shore just inside of surf, I walking slowly on beach, in charge of three hundred armed men. When

about five miles from village, and near to Aumana Point, the boat swamped, and had to be pulled ashore. We had to leave the boat for better weather, and came along the beach to Haru. I promised Avea, the chief of Haru, when I last met him, that I would spend a night in his village. The boys, in charge of Bob, have gone on. Aruataera is with me, but I have no weapon of any kind. Avea entertained me with his Port Moresby experiences seven years ago. He described the house, the lights, the pictures, the sitting at table, and the dog chasing him, and his flying over the fence like a bird, with great minuteness. He spoke with feelings of gratitude of the rice and biscuits he received, and the kind words that were said to him. He says, 'Tamate do tell Misi Lao and Misi Haine to come, and in a large ship, not a small one such as you have, and I will fill it with sago for them.' Avea cannot do enough to show kindness. Little did the friends at Port Moresby think, seven years ago, when giving the Gulf savage a smoke and a little food, that their old friend Tamate would reap great benefit from it. 'One sows and another reaps.'

At nine P.M. Avea took me quietly into his house. An old man following gave orders to a man outside to close the door, and to prevent any one coming up the ladder. A bag made from the sago palm was taken down, and I was asked in a whisper if I would like to see the maker of heaven and earth, thunder and lightning, south-east and north-west winds. I whispered back, 'Yes, certainly.' Out they came, a small figure of a man, and another of a woman, both coarsely carved. Out came another, which I should call a carved shuttlecock.

'Well, Avea, and how is it managed?'

He places the man and woman side by side, and if thunder is wanted, or if it is thundering too much, he holds up the shuttlecock, and the thing is done. For wind, he alters the position of the man and woman, placing them according to the required wind, and holding the shuttlecock in a different way. I asked Avea to sell them; but he would sooner part with everything he had than with these ancient articles. For long generations they have been in the family. I told him to be sure and keep them for me, as I knew the time would come, if he were spared, when he would think little of them.

I left Haru early on November 1st, reached the Mayri in time for breakfast, and, on the 3rd, pulled up the Annie River for about a mile, then into a large creek, up which we went for over three miles, where we anchored our boat, and then we went through a swamp in water three feet deep, to the district of Herau, comprising five small villages. Close to the villages the country is good, with profuse vegetation—cocoanut-trees and bread-fruit trees are abundant, and the betel-nut is left to fall down and rot. The people were all greatly excited, following us in crowds from one village to another, showing us all the kindness they possibly could. Inland, a short distance from here, is a range of hills, something like the Macgilivray Range, at the back of Hood Bay, not marked on the chart. I have put them on my chart, and call them Searle Hills. The Albert Range stretches away at the back.

In the afternoon, I ascended the Annie River a few miles. It is a fine, broad, deep stream. The natives say it comes a very long way further than they know. They know nothing of the mountain tribes.

The next day, the wind being fair for Port Moresby, though light, and our sago ready, we filled up and left about mid-day. During the time we were getting the sago on board, twelve men well armed planted themselves just opposite the vessel, and kept watch, so as to be ready in the event of a disturbance. Having fine weather, we reached Port Moresby safely after a pleasant sail.

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW GUINEA PICNIC.

A strange sight in New Guinea—Change in the natives—Bathing—Missionaries bathing—Refreshment—A short native service—Races—Sports—Reverence for parents shown by the natives—Home again.

To a stranger, Port Moresby would have appeared rather lively on this particular morning: crowds of children were walking along the shore, and all so hearty and noisy; horses were being saddled, and people apparently white—a lady, and two gentlemen—were standing by ready to mount; on a large boat, mast up, sail was being set, and women and children were crowding on board. What did it mean? In this New Guinea of cannibals, cut-throats, murderers of the deepest dye, is a rising about to take place, and are the people clearing out? No, it is only the first native school-feast that has ever taken place in New Guinea; a pig is to die, a bag of rice and a large quantity of sago have to be consumed. So much for the Gospel. In nine years, a savage people have been sufficiently advanced to relish the blessings of peace and enjoyment, such as a school-feast can afford.

Some may think these people were contented and kindly of old, but no sadder mistake could be made. They were a horde of pirates delighting in war, and the

terror of all their neighbours, carrying murder and plunder for many miles along the coast, glorying in the numbers they killed, and rejoicing in the amount of plunder. Teachers were placed here in 1873, and in 1874 we arrived: since then the mission has steadily advanced, until now the people can appreciate peace through the Gospel. Instead of bringing murder, robbery, and sorrow to other villages, they are now heralds of peace.

About a week before the feast, the large district of Taroa attacked the Mankolans, and killed many, weakening them much. On hearing of this, Kaili and Tupuselei arranged to attack and kill the remainder. Soon the news arrived here, and, unknown to us, Boevagi, the chief of this tribe, sent word to both places, that if they did any such thing as attack a weakened people, he, and all the Motu, would attack them; and what then? It must be peace all along the coast.

Forgive the digression. Ah! well we are in the Torrid Zone here, and need not describe the walk and the burning sun; but, being early, the ride was pleasant for us, as we were the 'people apparently white' whom I mentioned as standing by the horses ready to mount. We were once white, but, like Solomon's wife, Pharaoh's daughter, the sun has kissed us, and left his impression. There they are; the clans gathering from north and south; boys and girls in large numbers, a goodly array of young, and a few old, men. No mistaking it: they are out for the day, and they intend to make the most of it; and I think they see that we are intent on the same thing. You know that 'all work and no play' applies to missionaries, their wives, and also to savage children.

Now as to preparations. We land at the chosen spot, and begin to clear away the under bush, leaving the taller trees, and make a nice arbour: leaves are spread, and soon a nice comfortable place is ready. But there is 'no rose without a thorn,' alas! the red biting ant is in full force, and means mischief. A nice comfortable place, their possession of old, and we mean to have it, but they do not mean to give it up. They bite; but fires are lighted, and they soon yield, and we are monarchs of all we survey. On with great earthen pots: what a bustling and water-carrying, from every corner, sago-damping, rice-cleaning, and banana-skinning, four fires roaring—hungry fires, calling for pig, rice, and sago!

What is that noise? Oh, bathers, in for a good sea-day, in one of the finest bathing-places I have ever seen; swimming, diving, turning somersaults, and ducking one another; there they go—a shout! Off under the water, back again, meet, down all go again, and come up in different places, blowing hard and roaring with laughter. What a splendid beach! So white and clean, so firm, and so suitable for swimmers and non-swimmers. What nonsense, and how stupid, looking at them, and not going in, and being happy in salt-water too. Old missionaries now, so must be sedate. Ah, cannot be so; with so much magnetic happy youth about, so much innocent fun, the old hearts beat young, the enthusiasm of youth is felt, and—must I relate it? Yes, out with it. We undress, and clothe ourselves in bathing costume; a great shout; the enthusiasm and excitement reaches its height; the missionaries are bathing! What? missionaries ducking them, racing with them, diving with them, swimming under water with them! What next? A missionary dives some distance out, crawls

along the bottom, catches hold of a pair of heels, and over the owner goes, alas! to be nearly drowned. Never mind who the owner was, or who the missionary was; but, in years to come, that bathing will be remembered.

What next? We spread leaves; gather in classes and sit quietly; the serious business of the day is about to begin, and, to the natives, the really most important. Pig, sago, rice, and bananas are soon divided, and the babel ceases, whilst our chief, Boe, asks a blessing, thanking the Giver of all good, of peace, goodwill, and friendship, who spreads a table for us, and supplies our every want; then each leader is called, and the division of food is carried off and eaten. All are satisfied, and revived for new exertions in fun; but first, a short service takes place. 'I have a Father in the promised land' is sung in Motuan, a few words of encouragement are spoken, and an earnest prayer is offered to Him who loved, and still loves children, that He would bless these children. The prayer is offered by the first convert, a good earnest fellow, who has already done much service in the distant west: his favourite story in new places is Noah and family, and the flood: and he says when he tells that story that he soon gets an attentive audience.

And now for racing; the boys and girls all try it; beads and looking-glasses are given as prizes: what roars of laughter, as they tumble over one and another; and when others carry off the palm no bad spirit is shown. The racing was led off by a missionary and two natives, the former coming in first; a three-legged race was the climax of amusement, and caused roars of laughter; they took some time to find out that by taking one another round the neck they could steady

themselves, and run faster. The 'tug-of-war' was exciting, and when the rope broke the shouting was beyond description. Then came some of their native games; and nothing in them called forth condemnation.

What happy children!—far happier than most of our British children. No wretched homes; no drunken parents; no hungry days and nights. The parents may sometimes be pressed for food, but all their time and strength will be given to find something for the children, and I think every native parent would say, 'Who dare touch my darling child, the jewel of my eye, my very life?' Shall I say it? It may seem heterodox, but it is true. I have seen the fifth commandment more honoured in New Guinea than I have on many occasions in England. It has been a pleasing sight to me to see the reverence shown to parents by old and young; a missionary, wanting a boat's crew for a week or a fortnight, could not have one native whose mother or father was alive, if he or she did not consent; men of forty will first say, 'Let me go home, and hear what my mother, and wife will say; if it is all right, I shall soon be back.' Lads eighteen or nineteen years of age would never think of engaging until 'mother consented.' I cannot altogether agree with the hymn that says, 'Thank the goodness and the grace.' I have not seen much happiness in the homes where there were constant quarrels, daily disobedience, and an entire want of reverence to parents. These things are certainly more common in Britain than among the converts in New Guinea. Christ loves children; and all we want is to lead the New Guinea children to Him—by no means to Anglicise them, believing that He will receive them without their adopting English customs.

But how I do digress! Well, another bath; horses saddled, a canter on the firm sandy beach, boat made ready, and then all start homewards. Tired? Who could be otherwise? Sitting on the verandah in our house, about half-past eight P.M. we could, in the stillness of the evening, hear the day's transactions gone over again and again. The shouts of laughter told that not only were the actors interested, but the audience, who had spent their day at home or at work, were now taking their share of the day's pleasure in listening.

CHAPTER XI.

BIRDS OF PARADISE.

Common in New Guinea—Habits of the birds—Not suitable for food—Native methods of capturing them—Manufacture of head-dresses from the feathers.

NEW GUINEA is known as the home of the Bird of Paradise—perhaps the most magnificent of all birds in its plumage, but the most hideous in its notes. There are many kinds of this bird, but I shall only speak of the *Raggiana*, because it is the only species that I have seen alive in its natural state.

What strange tales have been told about the Bird of Paradise: how it for ever hovered on the wing, having no feet to rest with, and how it lived on a particular kind of food created for it alone, and kept in some paradise where it only of all birds could resort.

The first time I saw the Bird of Paradise, I was a long way inland in New Guinea. It was sitting on a tree, with its grand plume hanging down. It was shot at, but escaped the evil intent of the sportsman, and flew away, gathering up its plume and making for a clump of trees in a very inaccessible place.

I have seen a hen bird sitting by a hole in a large tree a long way up, the cock not far off. It is a remarkably shy bird, and the slightest noise underneath

alarms it and sends it away. The best time to get near it is in the early morning. One morning we had camped on a spur of the Owen Stanley Range, and being up early, to enjoy the cool atmosphere, I saw on one of a clump of trees close by six Birds of Paradise, four cocks and two hens. The hens were sitting quietly on a branch; and the four cocks, dressed in their very best, their ruffs of green and yellow standing out, giving them a large handsome appearance about the head and neck, their long flowing plumes so arranged that every feather seemed carefully combed out, and the long wires stretched well out behind, were dancing in a circle round them. It was an interesting sight: first one, then another would advance a little nearer to a hen, and she, coquette-like, would retire a little, pretending not to care for any advances. A shot was fired, contrary to my expressed wish; there was a strange commotion, and two of the cocks flew away, the others and the hens remained. Soon the two returned, and again the dance began and continued long, and I having strictly forbidden any more shooting, all fear was gone; and so, at last, a rest, and then a little nearer to the two dark brown and certainly not pretty hens. Quarrelling ensued, and in the end all six birds flew away.

Passing through a forest at the back of the Astrolabe, I saw several engaged as above; our approach startled them, and away they flew.

Anxious to taste the flesh, I had one cooked after being skinned, and, although boiled for several hours, it was as tough as leather, and the soup not much to the taste. Fortunately, we had other things for dinner, so put the paradise-dish aside.

The inland natives kill them with arrows; sometimes

SHOOTING BIRDS OF PARADISE.

they catch them with gum smeared over the branches of the trees. The natives know their favourite resort, and many are snared. The natives skin them so as to secure the head, neck, and plume, throwing the tail away. These skins they trade away to the coast, natives getting in exchange, salt, and shell, and coral ornaments. They are made into head-dresses of various kinds, which are worn at feasts.

At Aroma the head-dress is one mass of plumes, nicely arranged. All the men do not wear these head-dresses, only the dancers, who are much admired by the assembled crowd. At Kabadi and Naara they have frames about 2½ feet in height and 3 feet broad, and from the centre a long stick 10 or 12 feet long. On the frame and centre they fasten plumes until all the wood is hidden. The frame is made to fit on the head, and at the great annual dance they are used. It looks peculiar and much overdone, although, to native taste, it is perfection, and speaks of wealth. The plumes are bought by foreigners, and resold in the colonies, where they are much admired. It is a wonder they have not become popular with the ladies, to be worn in the hat.

CHAPTER XII.

EAST CAPE IN 1878 AND IN 1882.

Original state of the natives—War and cannibalism—How the mission work has been carried on—A Sunday at East Cape in 1882—Twenty-one converts baptised—A bright prospect.

IN 1878 missionary work was begun at East Cape, and four years after the establishment of that mission, on a review of the past, what evidences of progress were to be seen! There were signs of light breaking in upon the long dark night of heathenism. Looking at the condition of this people when the missionaries and teachers first landed, what did they find? A people sunk in crime that to them has become a custom and religion—a people in whom murder is the finest art, and who from their earliest years study it. Disease, sickness, and death have all to be accounted for. They know nothing of malaria, filth, or contagion. Hence they hold that an enemy causes these things, and friends have to see that due punishment is made. The large night firefly helps to point in the direction of that enemy, or the spirits of departed ones are called in through spiritists' influence to come and assist, and the medium pronouncing a neighbouring tribe guilty, the time is near when that tribe will be visited and

cruel deeds done. They know nothing of a God of Love—only gods and spirits who are ever revengeful, and must be appeased; who fly about in the night and disturb the peace of homes. It is gross darkness and cruelty, brother's hand raised against brother's. Great is the chief who claims many skulls; and the youth who may wear a jawbone as an armlet is to be admired.

When we first landed here, the natives lived only to fight, and the victory was celebrated by a cannibal feast. Scenes like that depicted in the Frontispiece to this volume were constantly occurring. It is painfully significant to find that the only field in which New Guinea natives have shown much skill and ingenuity is in the manufacture of weapons. The illustration shows one of the most deadly of these in use. It is known as a Man-catcher, and was invented by the natives of Hood Bay, but all over the vast island this loop of rattan cane is the constant companion of head-hunters. The peculiarity of the weapon is the deadly spike inserted in the handle.

The *modus operandi* is as follows:—The loop is thrown over the unhappy wretch who is in retreat, and a vigorous pull from the brawny arm of the vengeful captor jerks the victim upon the spike, which (if the weapon be deftly handled) penetrates the body at the base of the brain, or, if lower down, in the spine, in either case inflicting a death-wound.

All these things are changed, or in process of change. For several years there have been no cannibal ovens, no desire for skulls. Tribes that could not formerly meet but to fight, now meet as friends, and sit side by side in the same house worshipping the true God. Men and

women who, on the arrival of the mission, sought the missionaries' lives, are only anxious now to do what they can to assist them, even to the washing of their feet. How the change came about is simply by the use of the same means as those acted upon in many islands of the Pacific. The first missionaries landed not only to preach the Gospel of Divine love, but also to live it, and to show to the savage a more excellent way than theirs. Learning the language, mixing freely with them, showing kindnesses, receiving the same, travelling with them, differing from them, making friends, assisting them in their trading, and in every way making them feel that their good only was sought. They thought at first that we were compelled to leave our own land because of hunger!

Teachers were placed amongst the people; many sickened and died. There was a time of great trial, but how changed is everything now! Four years pass on, and, in 1882, we visit them. We left Port Moresby, and arrived at East Cape on a Sunday. Morning service was finished, and, from the vessel, we saw a number of natives well dressed, standing near the mission house, waiting to receive us. The teachers came off, and with them several lads, neatly dressed. After hearing from them of the work, and of how the people were observing the Sabbath, we landed, and were met by a quiet, orderly company of men, women, and boys, who welcomed us as real friends. The first to shake hands with us was a chief from the opposite side of the bay, who in early days gave us much trouble, and had to be well watched. Now he was dressed, and his appearance much altered. It was now possible to meet him and feel he was a friend. We found Pi Vaine

very ill, and not likely to live long; yet she lived long enough to rejoice in the glorious success of the Gospel of Christ, and to see many of those for whom she laboured profess Christianity. We were astonished, when we met in the afternoon, at the orderly service—the nice well-tuned singing of hymns, translated by the teacher, and the attention when he read a chapter in Mark's Gospel—translated by him from the Rarotongan into the dialect of the place. When he preached to them all listened attentively, and seemed to be anxious not to forget a single word. Two natives prayed with great earnestness and solemnity. After service all remained, and were catechised on the sermon, and then several present stood up and exhorted their friends to receive the Gospel. Many strangers were present, and they were exhorted to come as often as possible and hear the good news. Then, again, others offered prayers. We found that numbers came in on the Saturday with food and cooking pots, and remained until Monday morning. They lived with the teachers, and attended all the services, beginning with a prayer-meeting on Saturday night.

During our stay of a few days they all remained at the station, and we saw much of them. The teachers said there were twenty-one who professed faith in Christ and had given up heathenism and desired baptism. We visited further on to the east, and we were a week away on our return to East Cape, and after close examination of each candidate we decided to baptise them on the following Tuesday. The service was most interesting, and well attended by persons from various places. At night we examined the children and grown-up people who attend school, and were much pleased

with them. A few can read in the Motu dialect; others know how to put letters together and form words. We hope soon to have one or two books in their own dialect. Of those baptised several are anxious to be instructed, that they may be better fitted to do work for Christ amongst their own countrymen. Already they hold services, and exhort in other villages, and when travelling they do all the good they can to others.

We are in hopes soon to receive a number of young men and women at Port Moresby, and begin our Institution, to be called 'The New Guinea Institution for Training Evangelists.' At present we shall proceed quickly, building native houses for students, and a class room to be bought in the colonies, towards which our true friends in North Adelaide contribute largely.

The harvest ripens fast: where shall we look for labourers? The Master has said, 'Pray.' May they soon be sent! The light is shining, the darkness is breaking, and the thick clouds are moving, and the hidden ones are being gathered in. We have already plucked the first flowers; stern winter yields, and soon we shall have the full spring, the singing of birds, and the trees in full blossom. Hasten it, O Lord, we plead!

PART II.

SEVEN WEEKS IN NEW GUINEA.

College. Mr. Lawes' House. Ruatoka's House. First Mission House. Church.

PORT MORESBY.

(*Part of the village in the sea and Mission Station.*)

CHAPTER I.

THREE SUNDAYS AT PORT MORESBY.

Port Moresby—Its houses—Two *lakatoi*—Native products—Driving away storm spirits—The sago palm—The church—The services—The baptism of Ruako, the pirate—Two native deaths—A fight averted—Funeral ceremonies—The wail for the dead—Sorcerers—Prospects of Christianity at Port Moresby.

In 1872, the writer, associated with the Rev. A. W. Murray, located the first Christian teachers on New Guinea. Of the thirteen dusky pioneers then distributed about, several, alas! with their wives, were subsequently slain by the heathen; others returned home; whilst Ruatoka and Piri are still living and working for the Master in New Guinea. On November 22nd, 1883, I again sailed in the John Williams from Rarotonga to New Guinea — touching at Sydney — with thirteen married teachers and their families, who were all landed in good health at Port Moresby on February 6th, 1884.

Port Moresby is almost encircled by bare limestone hills. Scarcely a patch of level land can be seen. It is a fine harbour; but the holding ground is not good. It runs six miles north and south, opening out on the west into Fairfax Harbour. Opposite to our anchorage lay the islet of Elevara, with a village at its base. On the mainland, close to Elevara, is the village of Tanobada; whilst at some distance to our right was the

large village of Hanuabada. The united population of these villages is eight hundred and fifty. On rising ground, behind Tanobada, and very pleasantly situated, are the mission premises; consisting of a college, students' cottages, a fine dwelling house, hospital, and a church.

We all received a most cordial welcome from Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers—the latter just recovered from a severe attack of fever contracted in the Gulf. Most of the Port Moresby natives belong to the Motu tribe, as do also the inhabitants of Manumanu in Redscar Bay, where we landed teachers in 1872. Boevagi is recognised as head chief of the three villages; to his care the British flag was entrusted by Mr. Chester, April 4th, 1883.

The appearance of the villages from the deck of a vessel at anchor is striking. At high water they appear to be built in the sea; at low water, on a black sandy beach. The houses are built on stout mangrove stakes firmly planted in the mud and sand. Most of them are large, and swarm with inmates; alongside of many are tiny huts, which I took to be the sleeping-rooms of the youngsters, but they proved to be store-houses of sago, yams, &c., &c. The front of these houses is inland. Canoes are often moored to the stakes on which these houses are built. Were these people attacked from the landside, they could easily escape through the back door to sea.

We were fortunate in seeing two *lakatoi*[1] or Gulf-going crafts; the larger one consisted of fourteen immense canoes lashed firmly together and decked. A

[1] A *lakatoi* consists of *not less* than three canoes lashed together. . . . . { Laka = vaka } = canoe. { Toi = toru } = three.

tall mast and an immense mat sail were secured with ropes of rattan cane. At either end was a thatched canopy, as protection against rain and heavy dews. Each *lakatoi* starting for the Gulf is filled with earthenware pots, &c., to be exchanged for sago, packed in the large sheathing base of the sago leaf. Each canoe measured forty-five feet in length, and stood four feet high,—hollowed out of a single tree.

The institution is conducted by the Rev. W. G. Lawes. There are fourteen students, all married but one. They are making good progress in their studies: their faces indicate thoughtfulness and good nature. The school-children are wonderfully quick and intelligent.

The croaking of frogs startled me during my first night ashore by its novelty. At night iguanas come out of the bush to steal chickens. They are hunted by dogs and eaten by natives. I recollect seeing one on the island of Tauan five feet in length. Papuans do not sympathise with the Polynesian horror of the lizard tribe. There exists in New Guinea an inferior but indigenous breed of fowls. A small oyster is plentiful at Port Moresby; they are capital eating. The beach is covered with a strongly scented mint. Our table was well supplied with fine indigenous cucumbers, which are cultivated by the natives. A tiny wild sort grow everywhere, exactly the same as the *pati* of the Hervey Group.

One night during a thunderstorm we heard a terrible noise in the village;—the natives were beating their drums and shouting lustily in order to drive away the storm-spirits. By the time their drumming and vociferation ceased, the storm *had* passed away, and the villagers were well satisfied. One Sabbath night, in a

similar way, they expelled the sickness-producing spirits who had occasioned the death of several natives! When the church bell was first used, the natives thanked Mr. Lawes for having—as they averred—driven away numerous bands of ghosts from the interior. In like manner they were delighted at the barking of a fine dog domesticated at the mission house (the dingo cannot bark), as they felt certain that all the ghosts would now be compelled to rush back to the interior. Unfortunately, the ghosts got used to the bell and the dog! So the young men had to go about at night—often hiding in terror behind trees and bushes—well armed with bows and arrows, to shoot down these obnoxious spirits (*vata*).

Inland is a pretty valley, part of which is cultivated by the mission. Oranges, limes, citrons, granadillas, avocados, cabbages, beans, and eschalots grow freely. A brook lies beyond, lined with sago palms.

The sago, like the Nipa palm, propagates itself by offsets, as well as once in its life by flowers and seeds; in the former respect reminding one of the banana or plantain, rather than of the cocoa-nut palm. When about twelve years of age, the sago tree sends up an immense terminal spike of flowers; but the fruit is nearly three years in ripening. The tree then gradually withers. Unlike the short-lived sago palm, the cocoa-nut palm under favourable circumstances will last one hundred and fifty years.

My first Sunday ashore I was awakened by a seeming dirge; it was merely the wailing of dingoes (*Canis Dingo*) at break of day. The mischievous dingo is the only representative of the dog tribe in New Guinea. It is valued chiefly for its eye-teeth, used for necklaces and frontlets.

Our first service began at daylight, a hundred natives attending. The church is a spacious, plain structure, erected on mangrove piles; the sides and roof are thatched with sago leaves, rendering the interior very cool and pleasant. Doors, kept open during service, answer the purpose of windows, thoroughly ventilating the building. The flooring is of wood; there are no seats or mats. A mat railing encloses the platform which serves instead of a pulpit.

Mr. Chalmers conducted the service, giving an animated address. Several brief prayers were offered by native converts. Familiar tunes of fatherland were most heartily sung to Motu versions of favourite hymns. Already they have a collection of one hundred and sixty hymns in their own tongue. The greatest attention was paid by the congregation.

A second service was conducted by Ruatoka, "mine own son in the faith," at nine A.M. One hundred and fifty were present. Ruatoka's delivery was dignified and pleasing. The congregation was more mixed on this occasion. The women squatted down on the right hand of the preacher, the men on the left. A fat albino babe, of pure Papuan parents, was a very conspicuous object. The only persons clothed were church members, students, and others connected with the mission. Women wore merely a grass petticoat; their persons exquisitely tattooed. Married women in New Guinea are pitiable objects to look upon,—their heads being close shaven. A fine white shell armlet, however, is worn on the left arm just above the elbow. Most of the unmarried girls were adorned with ear-ornaments, necklaces, armlets, and anklets. They wear the hair in a complete frizzle, four or five inches long, and not parted.

Heathen men wore only a piece of string of the size of whipcord as a girdle. However, they rejoiced in nasal ornaments, often nine inches long and curved, inserted in the pierced septum. A few had their hair in a chignon. A double frontlet of dingo eye-teeth, or of the less valuable wallaby teeth, adorned several of

A NATIVE OF PORT MORESBY.

the males. The tattooing on their face was very slight. Their toilet was completed by a long wooden comb or head-scratcher, stuck in the hair above the middle of the forehead, and surmounted by a white cockatoo-feather and a valuable pearl-shell gorget.

During morning service a long string of women passed, carrying 'chatties' from the stream to their

homes. At three P.M. a third service was held by Mr. Lawes. The text was, 'They feared the Lord, and served their own gods' (2 Kings xvii. 33)—words singularly appropriate to a people emerging from heathenism. Evidently the auditory caught the purport of the message. Of the two hundred and fifty present, many were strangers.

Never did I see brethren co-operating together more harmoniously. Both are able preachers in the Motu language; both in the prime of life—men worth looking at; and a fine *physique* is not without its value amongst savages. The calm, able translator and tutor is linked on to the impetuous fearless pioneer whose name is loved from Bald Head to East Cape, and far away into the interior.

The general features of my second Sabbath at Port Moresby were not dissimilar. But there was one point of special interest in the afternoon, viz., eleven adults —admitted to Church fellowship on the previous Friday—were baptized, and afterwards partook of the Lord's Supper. Very touching was it to me to gaze upon these men, once noted for murder, robbery, and every heathen vice, but now 'clothed and in their right mind,' and especially to unite with the Church (fifty-three in number) of Port Moresby in commemorating the Great Sacrifice on Calvary. Amongst those baptized was Ruako, the pirate of former days. He was once the terror of passing canoes, and, indeed, of all the neighbouring villages. The young men joyfully followed Ruako, as they never failed, when led by him, to return laden with spoil. All who resisted were put to death. This is the man who during Mr. Chalmers last Gulf voyage enchained a

heathen auditory with Bible stories from sunset to sunrise!

My third Sabbath at Port Moresby was of a widely different character. The only attendants at church were the Church members, students, school children, and the missionaries. How to account for this? Two deaths had occurred; one of a warrior who had been ailing for some days, another of a youth accidentally wounded by a friend. The former, although very weak, had conversed with Mr. Lawes in the morning. It appears that his lady friends had made up their minds that he would die; so they—his wife taking the lead—threw themselves upon him in their grief, and literally squeezed him to death! In the other instance, 'payment for blood' was required and paid; but the friends of the deceased were not satisfied. At the close of the morning service came the rumour that a fight was imminent between the natives of Elevara (a wild set), to whom the deceased lad belonged, and those on the mainland, *i.e.*, the relatives of the homicide. Life must be sacrificed in payment for life. A message was sent by Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers to the chiefs to keep the peace. But, as we were sitting down to dinner, mingled with the laments over the squeezed warrior rose the defiant shouts of battle! Helter-skelter ran the missionaries into the *mêlée*. Mr. Chalmers seized the lad whose life was sought by the arm, and dragged him out of the fray. A friend then took him to the mission house, where he was perfectly safe. Heathen-like, knowing that he was to die, he had ornamented himself with the utmost care. His face was painted with plumbago, an enormously long nose-jewel was inserted in the septum, two frontlets of wallaby-teeth were put

on, also armlets and anklets; bows and arrows in hand, he resolved (though trembling all over) to die bravely. When he found himself at the mission house he naïvely remarked, 'I was not a bit afraid!' Meantime, Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers stood between the opposing parties, by turns scolding, entreating, and threatening, until, at length, spears, clubs, bows and arrows were put aside, and a definite promise given by the chiefs that no blood should be shed. The promise was kept. A new and heavier 'payment for blood' was sent to the friends of the deceased, and accepted. The corpse was now laid by the side of the grave dug in the side of their islet, and their heathen grief found its vent. To me it spoke of blank, hopeless sorrow. First, the women lacerated their faces, and beat their breasts most affectingly, bewailing the untimely death of their young relative, and then, in the madness of their grief, pressed the matter out of the wounded thigh and smeared it over their faces and persons, and even *licked it up!* It was a sickening sight. Ruatoka afterwards went to the grave and prayed with the friends. This quieted them down; so that ere sunset (to our great joy) the body was buried. Nevertheless, the lad wisely elected to live with his white friends on the hill, to whose prompt intervention he owes his life.

In deference to the wishes of the missionaries, drums were not beaten for the warrior until midnight, when the full wail for the dead began, and continued till about ten A.M. of Monday;—a scene never to be forgotten. I saw the nude body brought out of the house at dawn, and laid beside a shallow grave hard by in the public road. The widow sat at the head, besmeared all over with ashes; friends stood all round, and the

wail recommenced. Evidently there was a song running through it. Each man held in his left hand a drum, the closed or upper end of which he beat with the right in perfect unison. The effect was very plaintive and weird; not a man moved an inch: but the women crowded round, and with their long finger nails scratched each others' faces and bosoms till they bled freely, evidently as a favour! Then the hair of the dead was plucked and shaved off as charms; indescribable phallic scenes followed. I was the only stranger present, and longed to speak to them of Him who is 'the resurrection and the life.' Ruatoka came when the heathen ceremonial was ended, and conducted a brief service for the sake of the living. The body was then buried. At the side was set up a stake, to which was tied the spear, club, bow and arrow, of the deceased; but broken, to prevent theft. A little beyond was the grave of a woman: her cooking utensils, grass petticoats, &c., hung up on the stake. This is not dissimilar to the almost universal customs of the Polynesians with regard to the dead. These articles are intended for the use of the departed in the spirit-world, the same wants being felt there as here. 'Their foolish heart was darkened.'

The Koitapuans are feared as sorcerers by all the natives on the coast. One trick of theirs is to set a mysterious light under the house, of course pricking the person who is to be frightened. The mystery of the light is, that it is well covered, and then exposed. As the flooring is not well laid down, it is easy to insert a reed or stick to startle the victim. The man, waking up, suddenly sees the light between the crevices and avers that he saw a ghost, and must therefore die.

Large gifts are brought from time to time by Motu natives to these Koitapu sorcerers, to secure their powerful favour. Some are believed to have power over rain and drought.

If it be asked, How is it that such utter darkness exists alongside of Gospel light? let us recollect that in Port Moresby, out of a population of eight hundred and fifty, there are only fifty-three Christians. That no life after all was taken, and that vile heathen customs are curtailed, is something. 'Who hath despised the day of small things?'

The hope of the future lies in the reading of the New Testament in their own tongue. The Gospel by Matthew is in use; Mark is under under revision. It is impossible for darkness to reign where the study of the Word of God becomes general. Rarotonga teachers, guided by faithful old 'Grannie,' came to Port Moresby from Redscar Bay in November, 1873. A year afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Lawes landed. From this date there has heen no fighting or killing all along the coast.

CHAPTER II.

TO MAIVA AND BACK.

The coast to Redscar Bay—The end of the Barrier Reef—Delena—Vegetation—A book in the Roro dialect—A storm in the Gulf—Maiva houses—Men practise tight-lacing—The rose-hill parakeet—*Echidna*—Aplin Island.

On Thursday, February 14th, in company with Mr. Chalmers, I started in the Ellengowan for Maiva, a distance of 71 miles to the west. Beating past Mourilyan Island, and getting so close to the low Fisherman Islands that we could see the mission goats on it, we sighted Bolibada. The scenery was Australian; the hills undulating and barren, but dotted all over with eucalypti. The village of Boera, standing on a promontory, now opened up. It has a population of three hundred and fifty; here Piri has for many years been teacher. The scenery now becomes much richer. The wallaby-hunting grounds of Boera, towards the west, are extensive and very beautiful. As Piri has a good boat of his own,—a gift from the Churches of Rarotonga—it was not necessary to pick him up for our projected conference of missionaries and teachers at Port Moresby. We therefore pressed on. To our right lay the village of Lealea, standing at the entrance to a salt-water creek leading to the hamlet of Kido, in Redscar Bay, thus

making Redscar Head an island. Lealea is very unhealthy; it supplies Port Moresby with fine mangrove timber for house-building. As the sun went down we enjoyed a glorious view of Mount Owen Stanley, towering 13,205 feet above the level of the sea.

The whole of the next day (February 15) was wearily spent in beating across Redscar Bay,—a place much dreaded by boats and canoes (including the vast Gulf-trading *lakatoi*), as there is no barrier reef to restrain the violence of the ocean. I recalled my first sight of Redscar Bay, in November, 1872, when, associated with the Rev. A. W. Murray, I led the original band of Polynesian evangelists to these shores. Blessed be God, despite great loss of life and much suffering, the mission has taken root, and in the hands of Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers has proved a great success!

After passing Redscar Head the character of the country changes, becoming extremely fertile and heavily timbered, but at the same time low and swampy. At nightfall we were off Cape Suckling, only two miles from shore. A long line of fishers' torches lit up the sandy beach, just as if we were off an island in the Hervey Group. This is Naara, the territory of Queen Koloka. On the following morning (16th), with Cape Possession and Wedge Hill in the far distance, Mr. Chalmers pointed out the hill, only four miles off, on the slope of which is the village house of this powerful princess. Two of the new teachers will in a few weeks be located at Naara, in fulfilment of a promise.

At nine A.M. we were sounding over the western termination of the sunken Barrier Reef of New Guinea, which stretches a distance of 140 miles. The reason why it extends no further to the west is simply this:

multitudinous fresh-water streams emptying themselves into the Gulf of Papua, destroy the work of the coral zoophytes. Several of these rivers were discovered by Mr. Chalmers. The Gulf of Papua begins at Yule Island and extends to Bampton Island.

At two P.M. we anchored in Yule Island, which is a mile across, with excellent holding-ground everywhere. On our right lay the village of Delena, where Henere of Aitutaki is teacher. On our left was Motu Lavao, or Yule Island, with its soft English scenery. Opposite to where the Ellengowan anchored was the spot where Signor D'Albertis spent eight months collecting birds, insects, and reptiles. It is probable that only a timely retreat saved his life; for, shortly afterwards, Dr. James and Captain Thorngren were murdered on the mainland, just a mile from the deserted camp of the Italian naturalist. The farewell words of the Yule Islanders to D'Albertis (*Maria lao!*) were, 'Go! go!' not, as the Signor translates it, 'Return, return.' As later on in the day I stood on the spot where poor Thorngren perished, I recalled with emotion the many acts of courtesy he showed to me in 1872, when he was in the temporary service of the mission.

The teacher's boat promptly took us ashore. How well these New Guinea men handled the oars! It was very pleasant to meet Henere and his wife in their own spacious and comfortable home in Delena, they having spent five years with me in the Institution at Rarotonga. They enjoy excellent health. Delena contains two hundred and fifty inhabitants, speaking two dialects. Part represent the true inhabitants of Yule Island; part a division of the great Roro tribe, who have broken off from their friends.

Close to the teacher's house stands a miniature hut, covering the grave of Kone, the friend of Tamate, who presented the site to the mission. Inside were various offerings for the use of the dead. We saw the young widow and child enter. Her husband had been dead about two years, but she was still in mourning, *i.e.* had been smeared all over—face, shaven head, petticoat, and legs—with ashes. This is done twice a day.

At Maiva we noticed a young woman whose entire person was *enveloped in fine network*, by way of mourning. This will remain on her until it almost rots away. Of course her skin was entirely blackened. A widow will sometimes remain in mourning for five years, during which period, it is said, she wears no ornaments and performs no ablutions. Farther to the west, I am assured that the blackened widow does not even wear a network covering during her mourning.

Whilst Mr. Chalmers was busy with Henere, I enjoyed a long walk through well-kept plantations of yams, bananas, and sweet potatoes. The soil is of the richest description. No taro grows near the coast. A few cocoa-nut palms rose here and there, covered with abundance of nuts. Jack fruit was plentiful. It is a larger tree than the bread-fruit, and has undivided leaves. The fruit, when baked, is generally eaten by the aborigines of New Guinea and our teachers; but I do not care for it. The roasted seeds are very palatable. The foliage of this valuable tree is very beautiful. The *Cordyline terminalis* grows spontaneously here, and indeed throughout New Guinea: but, strangely enough, the natives do not bake and chew the root.

The rising ground behind the village is heavily timbered. It is almost impossible to make your way

except by well-trodden native tracks, on account of the dense undergrowth. Numerous birds of varied plumage delighted the eye and ear, as they answered one another in song or flew past.

A small book has been prepared by Maka (edited and revised by the missionaries) in the Roro dialect, which is spoken by about 8000 natives. The alphabet consists of nineteen letters. A few young people have learned to read; but as yet none have been baptized. In this part of New Guinea the Sabbath services are held at daylight and in the afternoon, as the heathens spend the forenoon in weeding, planting, and fishing. Henere has been here over a year, and has evidently made a good impression, as all the natives attend service.

A cup of tea prepared for us by the teacher's wife was very refreshing. We wanted to start at once in the mission boat for Maiva, but it was eight P.M. ere we could get a crew, as all the men of the village were out fishing. At length we got off by torchlight, Mr. Chalmers steering, as usual; the dark outline of coast on either side was scarcely visible. We had a distance of 16 miles to pull, the greater part through the open gulf. At midnight a terrible storm burst upon us; our boatmen asked permission to beach the boat at the nearest point. This was done so clumsily that a big roller swept clean over boat and all! A messenger to Pakia, the nearest teacher, soon brought assistance; our boat was then hauled up out of danger, and we made our way through drenching rain to his comfortable cottage. It was now in the small hours of morning. A hot cup of tea, followed by a sound sleep, enabled us to rise somewhat late on Sunday morning, none the

worse for our mishap. At breakfast we met an English clergyman and his wife, who had come in the Alice Meade from Cooktown to get a glimpse of New Guinea.

The population of the Maiva district cannot be less than 5000. Amongst them, for eighteen months past, have been located three Rarotongan teachers, viz., Maka, Tipoki, and Pakia. We walked through the different villages constituting the district of Maiva; each built apart, and ruled by its own chief. They are built upon an alluvial plain, bounded by the ocean on one side and by the Ridgely Range, distant four miles, on the other. This plain is a forest of cocoa-nut palms; bananas, sugar-cane, and sweet potatoes growing with the utmost luxuriance between.

These Maiva villages are kept scrupulously clean. Unlike the villages to the east, they are built some distance inland. No hogs are allowed to root up the soil, as at Port Moresby. Their dwellings, as everywhere else in New Guinea, are built on piles about eight or ten feet above the ground. They are substantially built, but singularly arched. The house of each chief is furnished with a platform, about two feet from the ground, covered with a handsome cupola, but open at the sides, and floored with split bamboo. Here the men meet to discuss their tribal affairs. Between the houses are small enclosures of young areca palms, betel-pepper plants, variegated crotons,[1] red *cordylines* and other shrubs. The jack-fruit tree grows luxuriantly. No wonder the Maivans are a good-looking, vigorous race.

[1] In the Gulf, the light-coloured crotons on the person are tokens of peace; the dark, of war.

The thatch used for the roofs and sides of their houses is the leaf of the sago palm, which is not (as in Polynesia) sewn on to the small rafters, but pressed down firmly by long poles secured to the framework of the house. The sago is a handsome palm, much thicker than the cocoa-nut, but never so tall. Immense pinnate spiny fronds completely cover the trunk until the tree is aged. It is abundant in the swamps, and is of rapid growth. The natives of New Guinea prepare a coarse sort of arrowroot from the pith; thus enabling their wives to provide the household with palatable cakes from time to time. The granulated sago of commerce is unknown in New Guinea. The pure white pith of the upper part is often eaten raw, and is very agreeable to the taste.

I noticed a queer defence against mosquitoes. A number of pieces of wiry matting supporting the base of the cocoanut frond were rudely sewn together into an immense bag, with an aperture for the owner to crawl in, tying up the end. One was evidently intended for a man and his wife; another for a family of four or five. Imagine the stench from their besmeared persons and the stifling atmosphere!

Young men (never the women) in Maiva, and indeed throughout New Guinea, indulge in the luxury of tight lacing. It is ridiculous to see a broad band round the stomach of a dandy, the flesh above and beneath bulging out, by way of revenge. This band is made of strong material, and when of sufficient length the ends are dexterously woven together on the body. However corpulent the dandy may become, this band indicates his original dimensions. There is no way of removing it except by the knife.

The grass petticoat of the women is a sufficient covering in this sultry climate. The men wear a girdle —a vast improvement upon Port Moresby manners.

New Guinea women, as soon as their infants are born, bathe in the sea, without experiencing any inconvenience.

At three P.M. we attended service. The church, standing as usual on piles, is neat and airy, doors taking the place of windows, and is well floored. There is a pulpit ornamented with appropriate designs all round. Sixty-six squatted on the floor, while Pakia (a former pupil of mine) conducted the service with dignity and propriety in the Roro dialect. There are already three candidates for baptism here. Several can read; many more sing nicely. The fact is, Pakia's wife has a fine voice, and knows how to teach others to sing. I believe in *singing* the gospel, as well as in preaching it. The Maivans seem thoroughly to appreciate their three teachers as friends, but do not as yet care to attend church. My brethren wisely say to the teachers, 'Persuade, pray, be patient; but on no account bribe or pay them to come.'

Of the Maivan villages I give the palm to Tipoki's, for order and excellence. We inspected his church, also Maka's. A great deal of interest attaches to Maka's wife, as the first native of New Guinea engaged in the Lord's work. We also looked at the framework of a house building for Mr. Chalmers. This would be an extremely interesting sphere for a European missionary; but is it possible to preserve health, with those vast swamps inland? I greatly doubt it.

On Monday morning early (Feb. 18th) we arranged to pull back to Hall's Sound, there being not a breath

of wind stirring, the teachers to follow in a large double canoe. Tipoki kindly insisted on my accepting (as a memorial of thirty years' friendship) a rose-hill parrakeet,[1] which is twice the size of the Australian rosella. The green one is the male; its mate being gorgeously clothed in red and blue. The natives of New Guinea

ECHIDNA.

mistake them for different species. Maka presented me with a spiny ant-eater, allied to the *Echidna* of Australia.

Two species of the hitherto strictly Australian genus *Echidna*, or spiny anteater, have been lately discovered in New Guinea; one[2] in the north-west part of the

[1] *Ecletus polychlorus* (Scop.).

[2] *Tachyglossus Bruijnii* (Peters e Doria).

island, the other[1] at Port Moresby. My own specimen from the sandy district of Maiva is identical with those obtained at Port Moresby by Mr. Lawes. The *Tachyglossus Lawesii* of Southern New Guinea is distinguished from the Australian species by having spines on the head instead of hair, and by the rostrum or snout being more elongated. In the north-western species the snout is about three times the length of the head.

The *Echidna* has no teeth, feeding on ants and other insects, which it deposits in its mouth by means of a long extensile tongue. Being a burrowing mammal, it is furnished with limbs and curved claws of great strength. The rapidity with which it disappears in sandy ground is almost magical. The male *Echidna*, like the *Platypus*, is furnished with a spur on the hind part. Mr. W. H. Caldwell has recently shown that both forms are oviparous. The *Echidna* produces a single egg at a birth. This interesting discovery supplies the connecting link between reptiles and mammalia.

Pakia had reserved for me the perfect skin of a crocodile caught asleep on the beach. Two of his household espying it, stealthily approached it, and strangled it with a log of wood. Pakia ate the flesh, and declares that it was excellent. He states that several of his neighbours have been devoured by these brutes during his brief residence at Maiva.

Amongst the birds given to me at Maiva was a lovely little King Bird of Paradise (*Cicinnurus regius*, Linn.). It was only six inches long, with a very short tail. The entire upper surface, with the head and throat, are of a glossy orange crimson. The breast and

[1] *Tachyglossus Lawesii.*

belly are silky white. Between the white of the breast and the crimson of the throat is a band of rich metallic green. Beneath each wing is a tuft of greyish-brown feathers, tipped with emerald green. These plumes can be spread out so as to form an exquisite fan on each shoulder; out of the tail shoot two wire-like shafts, five inches in length; at the extremity of each is a spiral disc of a metallic green colour on the upper surface.

The female of the *Cicinnurus regius*, as, indeed, of all the Birds of Paradise, is a very homely-coloured bird. Young males are exactly like the female. The King Bird of Paradise is said to be rare, and was once absurdly supposed to exercise regal sway over the other species.

Two male Scale-breasted Paradise Birds (*Craspedophora magnifica*), southern variety, were obtained here. These beautiful birds are twelve inches in length, with a long curved bill, and are about the size of a large pigeon. The upper part of the body is of a deep velvety black; the breast, throat, and top of the head are of a rich metallic steel-blue. In the black tail are two broad feathers of the same metallic lustre as the breast, but fainter. The under parts are of olive-green shading off into a rich claret colour. This Bird of Paradise is now placed with the Australian Rifle birds in the genus *Ptiloris*.

We did not get to the Ellengowan in Hall Sound till half-past two P.M. Our clerical friend accompanied us, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Lawes. Later on in the day, the teachers turned up with a plentiful supply of limes, the fruit of trees originally planted on Yule Island by the Honorable William Macleay, of Sydney, who visited this place in the Chevert in 1875. They collected them on Maû, on the mainland, the natives having, I

understood, introduced this valuable tree from Yule. Great numbers of cray-fish had been purchased from the Yule Islanders. At dawn of February 19th, Henere and his wife came on board, and we sailed with a fair wind for Port Moresby. Mr. Chalmers proposes to locate two of the new band of teachers among the Kevari, a tribe living under Cape Possession, adjoining Maiva, and speaking the same dialect; also two others among the Motumotuans, who, ruled by the terrible Semese, occupy the western side of Cape Possession. Until lately each new teacher had to fell timber and erect his own dwelling—a perilous undertaking for an unacclimatised man. Now no teacher enters upon his work until his house is ready for him. The cost of erection is paid for by the mission; the building of it is a guarantee that the tribe really desires a teacher.

Late in the afternoon we passed Aplin Island, famous for turtle, also believed to be the temporary home of ghosts from the mainland. We then entered a new passage in the Barrier Reef, discovered by Captain Liljeblad, and bearing his name. This discovery is of great service to vessels sailing to Port Moresby from Thursday Island and Cooktown. The narrowest part is a mile and a half wide, with sufficient water for the largest vessels,—there being not less than five fathoms anywhere. Being overtaken by darkness, we anchored inside. Two boats were now lowered, and, by dint of hard pulling, in two hours we got in to Port Moresby. As we passed through the narrow pass between Mourilyan and the mainland, the utter darkness was relieved by millions of fireflies,[1] the effect being marvellously weird.

[1] Allied to the *Lampyris*, or firefly of Europe.

CHAPTER III.

A COASTING VOYAGE TO AROMA.

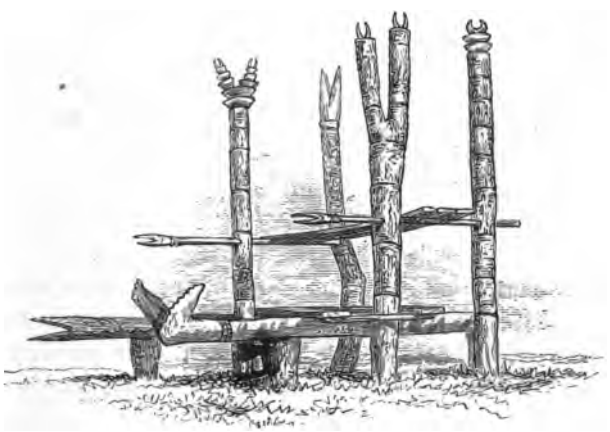
Pari—Kaili—A Papuan Venice—Mission premises at Hula—The Kalo chiefs—Hulan weapons and ornaments—A Hula dandy—Visit to Kalo—An excited crowd—Kerepunu—Canoe building—Plantation work—Fine harbour at Kerepunu—Parimata Moassa—Koapena the chief—Aged parents buried alive—A crocodile adventure—The flying opossum—Dance at sun-rising—Love-charms—Mangroves.

THE conference having ended, on Friday, July 22nd, we sailed eastward with a crowd of teachers, intending to call at all the stations as far as Aroma, and distributing the new teachers among their friends, with a view to acclimatisation.

Favoured with a fair wind, we shot past Walter Bay, sighting Pari. We did not anchor and go ashore, as it is within easy ride from Port Moresby. As the Ellangowan hugged the shore, it was pleasant to note the succession of hill and vale and bay; many scenes of great beauty disclosed themselves. Mr. Chalmers pointed out the spot where a Pari lad was killed and partly devoured by a crocodile. The widowed mother, the sisters, and other relatives ate raw the part saved, to evince their love to the deceased!

Keeping the Astrolabe Range (3824 feet high) on our left, we pressed on. The scenery strongly reminded

me of Australia. Ere long we were abreast of Tupuselei, twelve miles in a direct line from Port Moresby. This is the first of the famous Swiss-lake-like villages of New Guinea I have seen. Several very poor canoes came off to offer curios for sale. The population is about 500; at present they are without a teacher; Johnnie of Rarotonga is to be stationed here. It was a most novel and interesting sight—a village



DUBU AT TUPUSELEI.

entirely built in the sea, 300 yards from shore. There is a remarkable *dubu* or sacred place, at Tupuselei.

Early in the afternoon, after passing the river Vailala, we anchored at Kaili, twenty-two miles from Port Moresby, with 450 inhabitants. Reboama, a native of Savage Island, is teacher here. Kaili is charmingly situated at the head of a spacious bay. This is the second entirely marine village I have visited. It consists of forty houses built on long poles in shallow

water. There are four rows of these dwellings, the teacher's being the last. The church, which stands apart between two rows, is connected with Reboama's. The road to church is merely one row of poles stuck in the sea, cross-sticks connecting the sacred edifice with the first series of aerial dwellings. It must be a ticklish thing to walk to church by such a road. There is no communication between the other rows except by canoes or swimming.

We entered one or two curious dwellings. Their valuables consisted of grass petticoats, armlets, spears, clubs, axes, and nets, with a few earthenware pots for cooking. We laughed at seeing a fine hog in a pen between two houses; the teacher feeds his poultry on the platform of his dwelling. The only reason assigned for erecting these marine villages is fear of their inland foes, and that their fathers did so before them.

The church, like all other buildings at Kaili, is a frail construction of sticks, sides and roof thatched with sago palm leaf. It is spacious, but has neither pulpit nor seats. As we paced up and down inside, it gently swayed to and fro in the breeze. The teacher formerly lived on shore, but Mr. Lawes wisely insisted that he should live in the midst of his people. These sea-villages have one obvious advantage over those built ashore—they are free from mosquitoes.

There are no catechumens at Kaili: a few children can read. Reboama, however, regards his people as being hopeful. At the back of the range of hills facing Kaili is a warrior tribe named Manukolo. Farther inland still, on the Astrolabe, are the Koiari—not very numerous—who are kind to strangers. Utterly unlike the coast natives, they neither beg nor steal. They are

thorough mountaineers; they are supposed to be the original lords of the soil, and are the makers of the stone adzes.

Kairangi walked inland a short distance one afternoon. Resting awhile under a tree, she felt greasy drops falling upon her head and neck. She looked up, and to her horror saw a recent mummy exposed to the sun! It was a man of Kaili.

Passing on our way eastward, we saw a number of old piles, indicating the original site of Kaili before they were driven away by the Manukolo. Later on we anchored at the village of Kapakapa, consisting in truth of two hamlets half a mile apart, thirty-three miles east of Port Moresby. This is my third Swiss-lake-like village in New Guinea. It has a population of 450. Ioane, a native of Savage Island, is their teacher. A fine plantation of yams, bananas, and sweet potatoes lies opposite to the village, the property of Ioane, who thus sets his flock a good example of industry. I was struck with a hut standing apart from all others in the middle of the bay, and learned that it was built by a man who had quarrelled with all his friends!

Fowls and hogs are fed, and evidently thrive, in these remarkable dwellings. Our boat was pulled between the rows of dwellings, Mr. Chalmers occasionally throwing a handful of small pieces of tobacco into the sea. Men, women, and children all dived down for the coveted prize, and in a friendly way contended with each other for it.

This Papuan Venice consists of forty houses. Seven or eight miles inland, at the other side of the range, is Taroa, where a new station is to be started by our two new Savage Island teachers.

After dark, on the same eventful day, Captain Liljeblad succeeded in making Hula, a distance of fifty-two miles from Port Moresby. The Ellengowan anchored a mile and a half from the village, on account of a reef of coral. A boat was lowered, and we pulled ashore. Right glad was I again to meet the teacher Itama and his wife —natives of Manihiki, but educated at Rarotonga—who two years ago came here. They are in no degree the worse for the climate. After a cup of tea we spent a couple of hours in conversation with the teacher and visitors. Meanwhile a large feast was being prepared for the large party of native guests who accompanied us.

The mission house is built on lofty piles; it is substantially put together, and very cool. It was put up by Taria, one of the teachers murdered some time ago at Kalo. The late Reverend T. Beswick occupied one end; Taria and his wife the other. It was curious from the verandah to watch the fireflies rising from the soil like tiny globes of light. At times the whole place seemed alive with them. I placed one on its back on the table inside, under the glare of a powerful lamp. The phosphorescent light scarcely paled. It is emitted from the abdomen only.

On the morning of Saturday (Feb. 23rd) I inspected the mission premises, and found them to be a model of neatness; the soil is extremely fertile. Hula, like Tupuselei, Kaili, and Kapakapa, is built in the sea. It contains about 600 people. With our clerical friend I went, in a canoe, through this long village, or rather two villages. Wishing to look at some of their houses, we climbed—not without some difficulty—up on to a platform ten feet above the sea. On this wretchedly

insecure place they dance every night by torchlight. By day the younger members of the family sit and smoke there, regardless of the hot sun. Beyond is a shaded place for the parents. Climbing up a short ladder, you enter by a small door into their only sleeping apartment, which is very dark. A portion of it, however, is marked off; here the daily cooking is done, the accumulated ashes preventing the house from catching fire. The flooring is made from the sides of old canoes well adzed and secured to the framework of the house by rattan cane. One would surmise that their bones would be sore with lying through the night on bare boards; such, however, is not the case. Their ornaments and petticoats, weapons and chatties, hooks, lines, and seines, are all in their proper places. The thatch is either of sago or nipa-palm leaf. All along, outside the ridging, sprouting cocoanuts are kept ready for use. Ornaments occasionally dangle from the extremity over the doorway. I noticed everywhere small oysters adhering to that part of the mangrove which is submerged; these become poisonous through contact with the mangrove.

Each dwelling at Hula is connected with the next by means of a single loose plank. A rail sometimes assists the hand in steadying the body of the adventurous traveller. It was interesting to observe how *they* ran from one house to another in perfect safety. We too achieved the feat, not, however, without fear of getting a ducking.

The church, happily, is built on shore, at some distance from the manse. It is large and altogether out of repair. It boasts no pulpit. The murder of Taria threw back the work sadly. It is to be hoped that a better day is dawning upon Hula, as Itama and his

wife have a good acquaintance with their language, which differs so greatly from that spoken at Port Moresby that other books are used. The alphabet consists of twenty letters. A book of Scripture extracts, with twenty-one hymns, testifies to the hard work accomplished by the brethren.

On our return to the mission house we found Mr. Chalmers in earnest consultation with the three principal chiefs of Kalo. One of them was the son and successor of Kuiaipo, the instigator of that cruel massacre. The question put to them was this:—You have often said, 'Let bygones be bygones.' 'Give us another teacher, else we shall think you have not forgiven us.' 'Say now as chiefs, in the presence of all here, whether you are sincere. Do you really care for a new teacher?' The upshot was a promise to take great care of the new man, Tau, who was then brought forward. Tau, however, is not to be in the charge of the son of Kuiaipo, but of another chief whose face was open and pleasing. The cousin and factotum of the future protector of Tau is a magnificent man, reminding one of some of the finest Greek sculptures in the British Museum. Mr. Chalmers nicknamed him 'Saul,' as he is a head taller than the rest. Hearing one day that the warriors of his clan, when travelling inland, were surrounded by their foes, he rushed single-handed upon them, and succeeded in carrying off his men in safety.

But, apart from these three chiefs and 'Saul,' squatted an elderly man in deep mourning (*i.e.*, smeared all over with ashes, and wearing a frontlet of curiously threaded seeds dangling over his eyes) for his son, shot by the Wolverene This man afterwards considerately sent a message to Tamate to say that he meant to have

his skull yet, in revenge! His visit to-day is supposed to be in sign of peace. Anyhow, he gladly received his share of the good things going. Finally it was agreed that a house should be forthwith built for the new teacher. To cement the peace, it was engaged that *we* should visit Kalo on Monday, to fix upon the site of the house.

I noticed the tattoo marks on the chests and backs of the chiefs, and was informed that each indicated a life violently taken. Some were almost covered with these savage medals of honour.

The chiefs of Hula and Kalo wore artificial flowers in their hair, made of the long feathers of the great white cockatoo, kept solely for that purpose. The white feathers contrasted finely with their black hair. On the upper part of the arm the universal woven armlet was worn. In it were stuck sticks of tobacco &c., given to them. But in one instance a short piece of bamboo, beautifully ornamented with yellow and scarlet parrot feathers, was inserted. I could not guess its use; but Tamate explained that it was a bamboo knife, held by a string between the teeth, in battle. The instant a foe falls, a strip is torn off the bamboo, in order to give it a new edge, and his throat cut. As Tamate playfully showed me its use, the delight of these savages was unbounded.

From Port Moresby to Hula the soil is very poor. Hula and the adjoining district of Kalo are very rich. Kerepunu again is very poor, whilst the Aroma district beyond is rich. This would be a fine station for a white missionary, on account of the densely populated region lying beyond, and the abundance of food. Formerly the Hula natives, like one section of the

Kerepunu people, purchased all their bananas, yams &c., with their fish. Stimulated, however, by the example of Taria, they have latterly made plantations for themselves. The *Barringtonia speciosa* and *Erythrina* grow freely here. I know no more striking sight in nature than these noble forest trees covered with blossoms. Tauraki shot a fine brown hawk very destructive to poultry.

We spent a pleasant Sabbath at Hula. The three services of the day were well attended; the murderers of our teachers were present. Mr. Chalmers in the afternoon spoke strongly about the immodesty of the Hulans; several of the heathen hung down their heads in shame. There are no baptized natives or catechumens at this village. Many of the young people can read well; some can write and cipher, and have a knowledge of geography.

A dugong having been captured in a strong net on the previous evening, there was considerable excitement about the correct division of the spoil, every one expecting to get a taste. On our voyage inside the sunken Barrier Reef we sighted one of these interesting animals. Three large turtle, too, were seen, having come up to breathe, but dived down as soon as they noticed us.

The Hulans are fairer than the Motu tribe and the Maivans. The petticoat used by the Hula women is exactly that formerly worn in the Ellice group—grass (plenty of it too), ornamented by alternate red and yellow strips of pandanus leaf. The effect is very pleasing. The tattooing is simply perfect, and certainly has upon the mind the effect of clothing. Married women have a necklace or chain tattooed round the

neck; each pattern has a distinct name. It is done with a view to marriage, to please the future husband, who has to pay liberally for it. It is done by women, as we subsequently saw at Aroma; a thorn is used instead of human bone. In the Pacific the operators are males;

A HULA DANDY.

hence the objections raised by missionaries to this practice.

In the evening a young man came up to us horned! It was the upper part of the beak of the hornbill, with a portion of the skin tied to the forehead. This was part of his toilet for the dance. I thought of David's words, 'My horn hast Thou exalted,' &c. Amongst the crowd sitting uninvited on the verandah was an elderly

woman wearing an immense necklace slung over her left shoulder. It consisted of the vertebræ of her brother, strung together as a mark of affection. She did not at all object to our handling it. Another day Mr. Chalmers pointed out to me a widow carrying about with her in a small basket the skull of her deceased husband. Now this husband had in all five wives, so that three inferior wives had to be content with the finger, and toe, and other small bones—holes drilled to admit the string—as necklaces. Number five wore his hair only.

On Monday, February 25th, our two boats started for Kalo, distant seven miles. In one—that in which the massacre took place—Mr. Chalmers wisely put one of the principal chiefs of Hula and the wives (Hula women) of the Kalo chiefs; in the second boat a second Hula chief with five whites, two of whom were ladies. If you are really on a peaceful expedition in this country, women *must* form part of the company.

As we crossed. Hood Bay, Mr. Chalmers pointed out the dividing line between the Hula and Kalo districts. The coast was low and covered with cocoanut palms, screw pines, &c. At the back were low hills; further back still, near to Kalo, ran the Kuiaipo Range. In the far distance rose the grand Macgilivray Range, towering above all. At length we entered the Kemp-Welch River, which is half a mile across at its mouth, both sides lined with the most luxuriant vegetation. The nipa palm rose up out of the water on our left. In front of us, a dozen yards from where we landed, in a grove of cocoanut trees, was the fatal spot where so many of our people cruelly perished by the hands of those whom they sought to bless. The three Kalo

chiefs who visited us at Hula, with a few of their followers, greeted us, and conducted us to the village. I was struck with the evident fertility of the soil. The jack-fruit tree, the familiar *Inocarpus edulis*, and the *Broussonetia* of the Pacific, grew wild. Several young *Megapodii*, or mound-building birds, were disporting themselves in an open space, but hastily retreated on seeing us. Further on was the spot where Materua's boy was speared to death by his own man-nurse. Nearer still to the village stood the posts of the teacher's house. How sadly memories of the past rose before our minds! We made straight for the house of Kulu, the chief in whose care Tau will be placed. This village, like those at Maiva, is built at a distance from the sea; streets are regularly laid out and well swept, with small gardens between. Kulu gave us a most refreshing drink of cocoanut water, as we all sat with him on the platform in front of his well-built house. We then walked through this populous village, which certainly contains 1000 inhabitants. We came to the *dubu*, or place for feasting and worship, being merely an open space in the centre of the village, sacred to the gods. An immensely high pole stood at one extremity of the *dubu*. We were assured that on certain occasions bananas, cocoanuts, sugar-cane, &c., are piled up until its top is reached. There were no human skulls, as in many *dubus*.

To avoid giving offence, we visited the young chief whose father, Kuiaipo, instigated the massacre of our teachers. We sat with him, chatted, and drank cocoanut water at his hands. We next set off to determine the site of the new teacher's house. It is to be close to the house of Kulu, his future protector. This done, we

rambled about and came upon the site of Kuiaipo's house, the posts sawn to the earth by the Wolverene people; also his grave neatly palisaded in. Mrs. Lawes was standing alone looking at the crowd, when a native chanced to come out of the bush close to her. At this first sight of a white lady, he was utterly terrified, and rushed back into the bush to hide himself. No corner of the village escaped us ere we returned to Kulu's house. A few gifts were now distributed, and the future prospective payment for Tau's dwelling agreed upon. It was a pleasant sight from the elevated platform of Kulu's house to see all Kalo before us, standing in various groups. The men were breathing Greek statues, the women (as elsewhere in New Guinea) far inferior. The freshness of youth soon fades; the unassisted care of the family, plantation, and cooking make them prematurely old. I noticed a good deal of skin disease.

It was now time to depart, so we walked slowly toward the river and boat, escorted by the entire population. A woman and child hid themselves hastily in the sleeping apartment from the whites! Two young men whose elbows I accidentally touched, visibly shuddered and clean bolted. I coaxed them back with tobacco, and thus made them friends. The son of Kuiaipo asked Tamate to stay whilst he cooked a pig for him. Cooked vegetables were presented; but Tamate whispered in my ear, 'Taste nothing; they are expert poisoners.' The crowd of men, women, and children was great. In their excitement the children rushed into the river, although the well-known resort of crocodiles, splashing about like South Sea Island boys and girls. Hundreds of adults stood on the banks,

large numbers standing round the boats, up to their waists in water, selling food or curios. I leisurely surveyed the novel scene. The one cry was, *Kuku!* (tobacco). The excitement increased terribly. At length Kulu said quietly to Tamate, 'Go, quick!' At this his tall cousin shoved off the boat. Our second boat grounded, but, happily, with the aid of our tall friend, our men got her off; and right glad were we that all ended so well, as we pulled out of the Kemp-Welch River into the middle of Hood Bay, to meet the Ellengowan.

When it became known among the new teachers that it was proposed to reopen the mission at Kalo, the Samoans volunteered for the forlorn hope. The Raiatians, too, earnestly begged to be permitted to go. The Rarotongans came privately to me to intercede with Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers that the post of honour and peril might not be given to others. Messrs Lawes and Chalmers wisely said, 'As Rarotongans were martyred, let Rarotongans have the preference. If they show the white feather, let others go.'

At half-past four P.M. we anchored at the entrance to Hood's Lagoon, opposite the villages of Kerepunu. There are seven distinct villages in a cluster, with a total population of 1500. Hood's Lagoon is an enchanting scene. The entrance is only half a mile across. The lagoon itself is about three miles deep, and as many across. The river Dundee empties itself into it. This neighbourhood is noted for crocodiles, hiding in brackish creeks and fresh-water swamps. At night they may be heard roaring on the beach, picking off the immense hogs of the Kerepunu natives, and occasionally their owners too.

We landed among carpenters at work upon Gulf-sailing canoes of vast proportions—a single log being over fifty feet in length and standing four feet high. Here lived Anederea, whose winning ways gained him the love of all. The Kalo massacre upset everything. I was introduced to the people as 'the father' of Anederea's wife, because she was for very many years a pupil of Mrs. Gill. Maru of Rurutu is teacher here now. The mission house is built of lath and plaster on the summit of a hill at Kerepunu Point. It is exquisitely clean—a good example to the natives. Not a weed could be seen anywhere in Maru's garden. Few sights are more pleasing than that from the verandah of this pretty cottage—ocean, villages, plantations, and Nature in all her tropical luxuriance.

Mr. Chalmers piloted us through the seven villages, which are well worth looking at. The houses of the chiefs have spires, one having a double spire; everywhere order and neatness prevailed. One village is inhabited only by fishermen, who, owning no land, fish day and night, and dispose of the results to their neighbours, who never fish. The fact is, the fisher village consists of fugitives, who on that condition were permitted to live amongst the true lords of the soil. They are a set of born traders: the women (most of the men were away plying their craft) craved us to buy fish just out of the sea, unavailingly dangling the supposed irresistible bait before our eyes.

Several houses at Kerepunu stand in the sea, like the four ocean villages already described. It seems the Hula people started from this place some years ago, a very few remaining at the old spot. In proof of the correctness of this statement, the Hula people have no

dubu, but on great occasions go to their ancient *dubu* at Kerepunu.

The plantations are well cared for. We came upon a number of men in the bush preparing the soil for planting. The long grass had been burnt off: now for the digging up of the hard ground. Several men stood in a row, each provided with a sharp-pointed strong stake. These are driven into the soil in unison; in another second the hard clods are flying upwards all along the line, reminding one of the perfect regularity with which a man-of-war's crew dig into the water. These men went on with their employment without paying the slightest heed to us strangers. The pathways from village to village are straight and well kept. The *tamanu*[1] of Polynesia attains to a great size in this part of New Guinea; the *Urtica argentea,* or nettle plant of the Eastern Pacific, was seen; also the *Broussonetia popyrifera* and other familiar South Sea Island productions. In New Guinea, Australian and Polynesian flora meet; with these are intermingled a vegetation found in neither.

These Kerepunu natives purchase the right of felling timber for canoes of the inhabitants of the interior near the streams; they then transport the logs to their canoe building yard opposite the anchorage, and dig them out with their jade adzes. Just now a quarrel is raging, the carpenters asserting that they have paid sufficient armlets for this season, the interior natives denying this, and refusing to allow the shore natives to get new timber until more valuables are forthcoming. These Kerepunu natives are a fine race; one man measured six feet four inches. There are five chiefs at this place;

[1] *Calophyllum inophyllum.*

they remained about the mission house till we left. A few kindly words of exhortation were given them by Tamate, and trifling presents bestowed.

The attendance at Sabbath services here is about 100, but as yet there are no catechumens. May the 'Spirit of God move upon the face of the waters!'

There is first-rate anchorage here for vessels of all sizes. H.M.S. Diamond anchored here in safety. There is in the harbour, however, a block of coral which might easily be blasted. The impression amongst those who know New Guinea best is that the future capital must be either at Hall Sound, Port Moresby, or Kerepunu. The drawback to Port Moresby is the range of hills at the back, making the interior difficult of access. Hall Sound is near a vast extent of fertile land, but very unhealthy, on account of the swamps beyond Delena. At Kerepunu it is difficult to see how a site could be obtained, on account of the dense native population. The advantage of Kerepunu is that the interior—a most valuable district—is easily accessible. My own impression is that Port Moresby will be the capital, as the harbour is so large and safe. For the natives' own sake it would be wise, were it possible, to leave them alone for one generation, so that the civilising power of Christianity might have free play.

After a refreshing night's rest in Maru's cottage, and a delicious bath in the morning, on Tuesday, Feb. 26, we started in our boat for Parimata. The Ellengowan sailed outside the Barrier Reef, on account of a vast mass of coral inside. When it is possible for her to thread her way inside, the anchor may be dropped anywhere in perfect safety. But dangers are innumerable, despite all that has been done in the way of surveying.

We arrived at Parimata at a quarter-past nine A.M., after pulling the entire distance of twelve miles. Teinaore, the teacher here, is an active fellow, and has built himself a good native cottage on lofty piles. A crowd of native hangers-on and one Chinaman welcomed us. Knowing that several of his own countrymen were to stay with him for a time, to get acclimatised, Teinaore very kindly built a new aerial dwelling for their accommodation. I saw the thatch (sago palm-leaf) put on—so easily, compared with the laborious sewing of pandanus leaf, to which I have been accustomed. The pathway to the house was a bridge from the verandah of the mission house. Another, and somewhat insecure, bridge conducted us to the kitchen, which is also aerial. A great feast was preparing, by way of payment to the workpeople. A well-stocked garden of bananas surrounds the mission-house. Native lads were wrapping up the bunches in dry leaves, on account of the depredations of flying foxes and cockatoos at night. The result is that the bananas, when ripe, lack the sweet flavour of fruit exposed to the sun.

Parimata is the first village in the Aroma district. We visited the church, and then inspected the village. After getting some refreshment, we started off for a walk through the entire Aroma district, Teraî Vaine being our guide. We left Tamate behind, to attend to mission business. We first noticed several young jute plants. It is a leguminous creeper of rapid growth. The plant is cut at the joints (where it roots again) and the fibre removed. This fibre is exposed to the sun by day and the dew at night, exactly as the Polynesians treat the fibre of their *Urtica argentea*, and then twisted into string by rubbing it between the

palm of the hand and the thigh. The root of the New Guinea jute plant is eaten. Acres of jute may be seen in the interior. This fibre is used for making their *kaiapa* or net bags. My impression is that this will be a valuable industry in the future, seeing that a well-known Dundee firm (to whom a specimen was sent) pronounced it to be the finest jute in the world.

After walking through Mama's village, we made for Moapa, which is in truth a perfect cluster of villages. The population is very dense. Matina is succeeded by Taputu, on account of ill-health. The mission house is finely situated, overlooking the villages. Later on, Mr. Chalmers joined us, with that renowned chief Koapena, when I had the pleasure of ringing a fine bell presented by the Rev. J. Jefferis of Sydney.

The clergyman's wife accompanied us on our march. The women and children were greatly puzzled at first, but as soon as they were informed of the fact, they clustered around her. Crowds of pretty little girls crowded, to have the privilege of touching our hands, and to beg for *kuku* (tobacco). At length we arrived at Koapena's house, which is a very substantial structure. This chief has been to Cooktown, and has seen a little of the ways of white people. Some years ago he led the attack on a Chinese junk. It was the Aroma people who murdered Mr. Irons and his friend in Cloudy Bay. Evidently they are a wild and cruel tribe; but Koapena has passed his word that there shall be no more killing of white men. The late teacher had great influence over him for good; may his successor be equally wise! Koapena may be fifty years old, muscular and well-proportioned. There is a curl of scorn about his upper lip. He has lately been bereaved

of two wives, but three remain to solace this much-feared chief. He has numbers of children and grandchildren. He is a brave fellow. The Aroma district is terribly infested with crocodiles. We were assured that on two occasions he contrived to catch the sleeping saurian by the tail, and held it firmly over his shoulder, shouting lustily to his companions to kill the brute, which that day furnished them with a feast. It is in this way he has gained great respect amongst his countrymen. Numbers of crocodiles are annually eaten by the natives of New Guinea.

We visited Koapena's *dubu.* I counted eighteen skulls on it, suspended as ornaments; some of them were recent, possibly they belonged to the unfortunate Chinamen already referred to. Our conductress, Teraî Vaine, pointed out to us two villages in juxtaposition, in feud with each other, lately in open war—much as if one side of a street should be at war with the side opposite to it. We next visited Teraî's village, the farthest occupied on this side, until we came to South Cape. In all we travelled through six villages that day.

We did not leave the mission house that day until we saw the new teacher and his wife installed inside with all their goods, and with every prospect of comfort. Koapena promised to shield them from harm. In church Mr. Chalmers begged the Moapa people to attend to the teaching of Taputu, and to send their children to be taught.

In Aroma it is customary, Matina told me, to bury alive decrepit parents and grandparents. He once saw a grave dug for an aged woman by her grandson. With his own strong arms he deposited her in it, despite her

tears and feeble resistance. At this moment Matina came up, and remonstrated with him, saying, 'Why are you so cruel? She is not dead.' The grandson replied, 'She cannot live. She is already as good as dead.' He then filled up the grave, and trod the earth down upon the living victim, and went home, apparently well satisfied with himself. In pleasing contrast to this, amongst the Motuans the greatest respect is paid by grown-up sons to their aged parents.

On our way back to Parimata in the afternoon, I was astonished at the numbers of natives—especially women—in mourning. A frontlet and eardrops of *Coix lachrymaus* seeds, worn by males only, were very graceful, the light grey relieving the intense blackness of the face and body; but the females were doleful objects. Widowers sleep in hammocks. Numbers of Aroma natives perish annually by brown and black serpents, which are very numerous in this district.

It was at Parimata I first saw the red cedar tree (*Cedrela australis*) of New Guinea, which is plentiful throughout the Aroma district and on to South Cape. A Melbourne firm is endeavouring to utilise it in commerce; the difficulty will be the obtaining of labour.

After a refreshing cup of tea, we gossiped with the teacher Teinaore and his wife. Amongst other things he told us the following:—His wife went to the beach at break of day.[1] In the twilight she observed what she took to be a log of wood lying on the black sand. To her horror, the log became animated and rushed upon her, being in reality a hungry crocodile watching for prey. A smart blow on the neck from the serrated

[1] The natives all rise before day.

tail laid her on the sand; she was then grabbed by the right thigh and carried into the sea. The *paws* with their sharp claws were used, *not the jaws* of the reptile. The poor woman had nothing in her hand to defend herself with; she, however, furiously beat its paw with her clenched fist, and so much alarmed it that it relaxed its hold for a second, and retired to a little distance, still intent upon its prey. Teinaore heard the screams of his wife at the first, and happily arrived at her side just as the reptile loosed its grip. The loud voice of the husband and the splashing of the water so alarmed the crocodile that it made off into deep water. As soon as Teinaore had deposited his wife in the care of friends, he ran for his rifle, rammed two bullets into it, and waded into the shallow water in search of his scaly foe. It rose just where it had previously disappeared, and received both bullets in the eye; but it was not until the following day that the body was secured. The slugs testified to its identity. This crocodile measured nine feet; its body was of course eaten by the natives. The husband insisted on our seeing the deep scars, eight in all. Possibly they were the result not of one grip, but two, or else by both paws. A month elapsed ere she quite recovered. My own impression is that the crocodile would never have relaxed its grip for any blow that a female hand could inflict; but that her release was owing chiefly to the shouts and splashing of the water by Teinaore.

Teraï's village, the last in the Aroma district, is seventy-six miles *east* of Port Moresby; Maka's village at Maiva is seventy-one miles *west* of Port Moresby; so that we have seen 147 miles of the coast-line and the mission district in the charge of Messrs. Lawes and

Chalmers. South Cape—as yet unvisited by us—lies far to the eastward.

On the following morning (Feb 27th) we left in the Ellengowan for Kerepunu, on our return voyage. I found three charming little passengers on board, brought off for sale by natives of Aroma—a light grey flying opossum (*Belideus ariel*) and her two little ones. The latter were cosily wrapped up in cotton wool in a cocoanut shell. The mother, in her terror, climbed the rigging, and made a nest aloft, coming down at dusk to feed and tend her offspring. These beautiful little animals died a few days afterwards at Port Moresby. The *Belideus ariel* is exactly like a small flying squirrel in appearance, but belongs to the marsupial order.

At four P.M. we arrived at Kerepunu, beating all the way. Early on Thursday morning (Feb. 28th), we started for Hula, and landed there at mid-day. This early arrival enabled me to attend afternoon school; one hundred young people were present, many of whom could read. At the conclusion I addressed them, Itama translating. I slept uneasily that night on account of myriads of mosquitoes and the excessive heat. Towards daylight, at half-past four A.M., I strolled along the broad sandy beach, and, as the sun rose slowly above the hills, witnessed what I shall not easily forget. It was obviously a dance to greet the rising sun. The dancers first saluted the four cardinal points by simultaneously raising their drums above their heads. Then a number of men stood in the centre—one half facing the other—beating their drums with their hands and gently swaying their bodies to and fro. The rest danced round and round these stationary drummers, themselves beating drums. Next, two columns were formed; in the open space

between these columns the others danced up and down, all beating drums and chanting a mournful song. Then came the full dance; a stationary column was formed—one half facing the other half—their persons, as before, gently swaying to and fro; the great body of dancers meantime slowly dancing round and round them, each male dancer (they were nearly all males) with a girl hanging by the left arm. The sun now rose in its strength, the dancers perspired at every pore, and were glad to go home to sleep. I was anxious to learn the meaning of the chant, and was informed that it was only an ancient formula used on all such occasions. Probably this was the conclusion of a great festival; for we counted 1500 bunches of bananas suspended on a long row of poles on Saturday, Feb. 23rd, and were told that a grand dance was to come off. Our visit to Kalo prevented us from witnessing these heathen festivities, which commenced on the return of the Hula chiefs.

Many of the chiefs all along the coast wear at the back of the head strips of cuscus skin, with the brown fur on, as love-charms. Strongly-scented leaves are inserted in the armlets (of the men only), with the same intent. The smell of the cuscus is offensive to European nostrils. Three species of these opossum-like animals are known; they have long prehensile tails, and live in trees feeding upon the leaves. The natives of New Guinea eat their flesh.

On Friday (February 29th) we started for Port Moresby, beating all the way inside the Barrier Reef. The sea was full of mangrove fruits and branches floating upright. The branches were growing, proving that they had long been immersed, no doubt swept down the Gulf by freshets. Matina informed me that

one village in the Aroma district subsists chiefly upon mangrove fruits. There are several kinds of mangrove, but only one yielding edible fruit. The fruit is five inches in length, and is boiled, tasting like the sliced *oi* or bitter yam of Rarotonga—eaten in times of scarcity. Reduced to a pulp and steeped in water for a few seconds to remove its bitterness, baked cocoanut scrapings should be poured over it, rendering it excellent eating. At eight P.M. we landed at Port Moresby, and were glad to find Mr. Lawes well. The quiet of the past few days had enabled him to make good progress in Bible translation—the only true foundation of enduring mission work.

CHAPTER IV.

OPENING OF PIRI'S CHURCH, AND A RIDE TO PARI.

The church at Boera—Burial of a native child—Opening service—Koiari funeral customs—Scarcity of young men—Fine view—Pari.

On the 4th of March we all started off in the Ellengowan, with a head wind, for the village of Boera, lying twelve miles to the west of Port Moresby. The scenery was pleasing, but the soil evidently barren. Scarcely any level land could be seen. Boera is built on piles close to the sea, with a population of 350. My old friend Piri gave us a hearty welcome. His pleasant cottage of lath and plaster, containing three rooms, is finely situated on rising ground. A gravelled path, shaded with palms and bananas, conducts to it from the landing-place.

Adjoining this modest manse stands the new church we came to open. It is, of course, built on piles, sixty feet by twenty, and well finished off, for Piri knows how to use his hands as well as his voice. This is the first lime church in New Guinea; four months were spent in its erection. It is thatched with pandanus-leaf, in Rarotongan fashion.

I was much affected at the sight of Tua's grave. The early death of this promising teacher was, Mr. Lawes

informs me, occasioned by persistently working in the sun. No stranger can stand this. Yet 'blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'

A stretch of level land sweeps from these premises towards the interior, terminating on the seaward in round grassy knolls, and on the other side in well-wooded hills. This is the wallaby-hunting ground of the villagers. A pair of spur-winged plovers ran about the garden, as if tame. This is indeed a beautiful bird; the top of the head is black, a yellow membrane partially covers the face, hanging down on either side. A spur projects from the joint of each wing.

Strolling through the village, which is kept clean, we came upon a young woman weeping over her dead babe. The body was besmeared with turmeric, the head with red ochre; of course quite nude. Close by, opposite their dwelling, was a shallow grave, the bottom of which was lined with the midrib of the sago palm. The mother was alone with her dead infant, who died in the morning. I was informed by Piri that at the same hour to-morrow[1] it will be covered with two inches of soil, the friends watching beside the grave; but eventually the skull and smaller bones will be preserved and worn by the mother. Two planks were ready to cover over the grave. When shall the Gospel arise and shine in all its power upon these benighted people?

At sunset a fine magic lantern was exhibited by Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers in the church. The building was crowded, and the excitement intense, culminating at the scene of the crucifixion. Certainly

[1] These dark races judge accurately of the time by the height of the sun.

this is a most effective method of teaching Scripture facts.

On the following morning the church was formally opened. There was a good attendance; at least 250 adults were present. After the usual singing, prayer, and reading of Scripture, no fewer than six addresses were delivered. Yet it was by no means tedious, the attention of the Papuans being well kept up to the end. It was affecting to hear two Motu chiefs from Port Moresby exhorting their heathen countrymen to embrace Christianity and live according to its precepts. Mr. Lawes, who is an excellent artist, afterwards took a photograph of the church, the teachers and natives squatting outside in various groups.

Next came the feasting; pork, fish, bananas, &c., &c., in abundance, evidently well appreciated by the Boerans. Meanwhile I was chatting with Tipoki, who, with some others, laboured in the interior amongst the Koiari tribe. The incorrigible wandering habits of these people induced Mr. Chalmers to remove Tipoki and Maka to Maiva. Amongst other things, Tipoki said the Koiari treat their dead after this fashion. A fire is kept burning day and night at the head and feet for months. The entire skin is removed[1] by means of

[1] This explains the embalming of the head by the Fly River natives referred to by D'Albertis, vol. ii. pp. 133, 134. In 1876 D'Albertis saw two mummies preserved under a shed on the banks of the Fly River. He remarks, "On opening the first, I found the entire body of a woman. The bones were in great part covered with the dried skin, almost intact. It was of a uniform red colour, which I believe to be artificially produced with the red chalk so much used by the natives. I think—though I am not certain of this—that the flesh had been removed before the body was preserved, leaving only the skin." The conjecture of the celebrated Italian traveller

the thumb and forefinger, and the juices plastered all over the face and body of the operator (parent, husband, or wife of the deceased). The fire gradually desiccates the flesh, so that little more than the skeleton is left. Their next anxiety is to discover by whose sorceries he or she has died. The mode of proceeding is as follows: the wise man of the tribe places on the body as many bits of dried grass as there are known villages round about, each bit being placed in the correct relative position. The incantation begins; at length a fly or some other insect alights on one of these straws, probably attracted by the smell. It is now evident to the wise man that an inhabitant of the village indicated by the straw occasioned the death of their friend by sorcery; for has not the god spoken? That same night revenge must be obtained! The desiccated body is well wrapped up and fixed in a lofty tree. The ashes of the two fires are rubbed over the faces of relatives and other watchers, a grand feast and dancing concluding the whole. A sort of 'Death Talk'[1] is chanted by the relatives during the process. Tipoki's Koiari chief slew nine innocent persons in this way; but, hearing that Tamate was angry, came to Port Moresby during my stay, attended by his wife and a number of his people carrying food, to make peace. Their son bears Tamate's name, and is in the mission school.

I was struck with the paucity of young men at

was entirely correct; the procedure of the Fly River natives with their dead being just that of the Koiari tribe, five hundred miles to the south-east.

[1] See 'Myths and Songs,' by the author, page 189. Tipoki is a native of Mangaia.

Boera. Upon inquiring the cause, I was informed that eight years ago a fleet of Boeran trading canoes returning home from the Gulf were forced by stress of weather to put in at Maiva. They were hospitably received and fed for some days, but on the eve of their departure 177 men were treacherously slain. The three who escaped to Manumanu, when slaking their thirst with cocoanut water, were afterwards clubbed.

The Maiva teachers, with Henere of Delena, now bade me a long farewell, sailing westward in the Ellengowan. We sailed for Bolibada, about two miles distant, in our boat. There are 250 people here under the care of Piri. It is evidently a very unhealthy village, on account of a large neighbouring swamp. We visited the graves of Asapha and Zekaria. Piri comes over in his boat to preach and teach when his duties at Boera are concluded; so that in all some 600 souls are under the sole charge of Piri. It is intended to place here a student from the Institution at Port Moresby as soon as practicable. Seven natives of Bolibada died in a fortnight; it was saddening, as we walked through the village, to pass group after group seated at the open graves of their friends, whose bodies were merely sprinkled with earth.

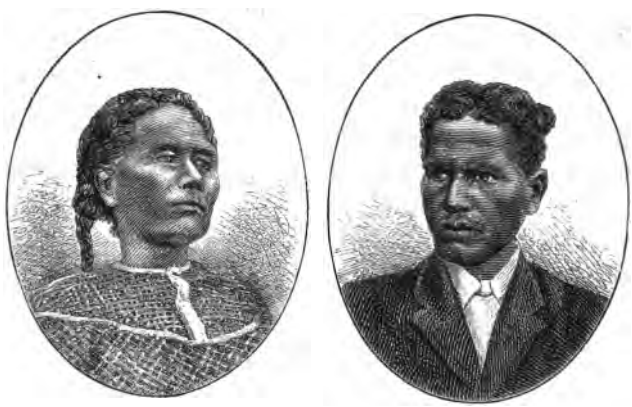
We now caught sight of Mr. Chalmers' boat pressing on for Port Moresby. In a second we were in our own, sailing with a fair wind for the same haven. An exciting race ensued, *they* running between Mourilyan and the mainland, *we* going round, to hold on to the wind. But after all we were beaten by two minutes, arriving at half-past four P.M.

On the afternoon of March 8th, the intense heat having somewhat abated, four of us started for the village of

Pari, eight miles distant. Our horses, introduced by the Australian diggers in 1878, were strong, but over-fat, through being permitted to roam at large with nothing to do. No road exists, merely a foot-track, and that terribly rough at times. Everywhere out of the utterly barren soil grew zamias, from six to eight feet high, mostly in seed. These cycads form a link between palms and ferns, having much of the appearance of palms, and in some particulars of ferns. The larger round berries from the crown are eaten in seasons of scarcity, after being for three days steeped in water and cooked, as is also the custom of the North Queensland natives.

The prospect from the summit of the great limestone range was charming. At our feet lay Port Moresby with its three villages; on our left a rich valley terminating in an arm of the sea. A Koiari village near the ocean gave life to the scene. On we pressed, now lacerated by unexpected thorns (the *tataramoa* of the Hervey Group), and now exulting in a sense of utter freedom as we scoured the open plain. Fine plantations of bananas and yams were visible on the hill-sides. A cuckoo-pheasant rose up almost from under the feet of my horse. Flycatchers scolded from the thickets as we passed. At length we came to Verentu, a village where a service is conducted every Sabbath by Ruatoka (our guide) or a student from Port Moresby. These villages are sufficiently civilised to know the days of the week, and thus know when to expect the preacher. The platform of the chief's house is the pulpit, the congregation squat on the bare red clay. Everywhere in New Guinea the men, if possible, get into the shade; but the women, although with clean-shaven heads, are allowed to stand or work in the

sun without a morsel of shelter. A fat hog had been killed and a quantity of bananas collected, as a grand moonlight dance was to come off. After giving a few presents to the principal people, we made a new start through an extensive sterile plain. On the crest of a hill, looking towards the sea, was a small village built on tall stakes, that a good breeze might sweep away. We met numbers of women carrying supplies for their families, in net-work bags, suspended from the forehead.



RUATOKA AND HIS WIFE.

The men contented themselves with a brace of spears and a coarse net for wallaby hunting. One man, terrified at our horses, climbed to the very top of a tree; not even the promise of *kuku* (tobacco) would induce him to come down. At length we reached Pari, which is built on the sandy beach, and has a population of 400. A cry of surprise and pleasure rang through this quiet place. It seems that their *dubu* has been burnt; all that remains are the charred carved stumps of this ancient place of idolatrous worship.

We were soon comfortably seated in the house of Isaako, the native pastor, who is a native of Savage Island, and has certainly done good work here. He has sent to the Institution at Port Moresby three students. He has ten Church members, besides a number of hopeful people. I was pleased with the church; indeed, the entire mission premises are exceedingly compact and pretty. After a refreshing drink of cocoanut water (a South Sea Island mark of courtesy), we strolled through the village, and were struck with the plump, healthy appearance of the inhabitants. There were very few indications of skin disease. After scattering a few trifling gifts and a general hand-shaking, we remounted our horses, but did not get into Port Moresby till quite dark, much pleased with my first ride in New Guinea.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAROKI RIVER.

A morning ride—Vegetation—The Laroki—Savages have no love for natural beauty—Rattan palms—Betel-pepper—Jungle fowl and crested pigeons—Pig hunting—Products of the Laroki valley.

EARLY in the morning of March 12th, Ruatoka and I mounted our horses for the Laroki, a distance of ten miles. Some Motu lads followed us with provisions and a fowling piece. It is extremely exhilarating to ride in the tropics before the sun is up. In three-quarters of an hour we climbed the limestone hills overlooking Port Moresby and began to descend. Several lofty forest trees had been strangled by lianas, presenting one mass of small crimson blossoms drooping to the ground in vast festoons. On the inland side we saw two or three fine plantations recently made by the Motu men. Stakes of equal length are cut and driven into the ground; transverse sticks, secured by a strong vine called *sei*, make a good defence against the wallaby and the wild hog. These enclosures are in squares and parallelograms. Yam vines are trained on upright sticks, not, as in Polynesia, on fallen timber. Men enclose and dig; women plant, weed, carry home and cook. Men also hunt and fish; still, the hard work of life in New Guinea is done by women.

Further on we passed a clump of indigenous mango trees, the fruit of which I tasted, and found to be very inferior. A fine sago palm grew at no great distance. Although growing spontaneously, it is regarded as private property, for every inch of land is owned. We now emerged into the open country. Coarse grasses grew everywhere in tufts—kangaroo, blady, and spear grass, like that seen in Australia—to the height of six feet. Various species of eucalyptus grew sparsely. It was touching to come upon the grave of a gold-digger, who died alone on this vast plain, but was discovered and buried with Christian rites by my companion. About midway to the Laroki the plain is intersected by a small stream, the overflow of some small lakes. The soil here becomes rich, well suited for the cultivation of sugar-cane, taro, or rice, being liable to heavy floods. The timber is heavier and of greater variety, occasionally reminding me of the luxuriance of Polynesian vegetation. Again we emerged upon an open plain bounded by hills of all sizes and forms, apparently tumbled about in utter confusion. In the far distance, clothed in pale blue, majestically rose up Mount Owen Stanley, monarch of them all, and the home of the gods, its summit as yet untrod by human feet.

Close to the path was a swamp encircled by young eucalypti, as if planted, and yet it was certain that no savage would take the trouble. The country became fearfully barren; it constitutes, however, the hunting ground of the Koitapu tribe. As the sun was now well up, the wallabies were mostly hiding in the dense scrub; one or two, however, leaped past us. About 10 o'clock we arrived at the river Laroki, formerly spelt Laloki, which here winds considerably;

at this point it is sixty yards wide. It was discovered by the Rev. W. G. Lawes in 1875, and runs into the Manumanu, which empties itself into Redscar Bay. A few miles higher up the gold-diggers of 1878 worked, with small results. Farther on are the magnificent Rouna Falls, where the entire river precipitates itself over a cliff 270 feet high.[1] The owner of these falls, Lohia Malaga, visited Port Moresby during my stay there. On that occasion Mr. Chalmers related an incident connected with his first visit to the falls. He asked Lohia to guide him to them. The chief characteristically replied, 'Tamate, if you are hungry, come with me, and I will show you plenty of wallaby and wild hogs to hunt. Why go to see a lot of water falling over big stones?' It is a fact that no savage appreciates scenery.

A belt of dense tropical vegetation covers both sides of the river; trees of many kinds tower to a great height. Everywhere lianas embraced and gaily crowned the giants of the forest. Amongst them were two species of rattan palms, which encircled the immense trunk, then ran along a branch, finally drooping down most gracefully. The cane is obtained in lengths of 180 and 240 feet, furnishing cordage for their vast *lakatio* and other canoes. Strips of it lash the jade adze to its haft, and secure the sago or *nipa* palm-leaf thatch to the small rafters of their dwellings. In New Guinea strips of rattan cane take the place of the sennet of the South Sea Islanders.

Like all other rivers in this country, the Laroki is full of crocodiles. After a brief rest, Ruatoka shouldered his fowling piece and started off in search of game. His

[1] Niagara is only 154 feet in height.

followers entered the bush in an opposite direction in search of betel-pepper, which is a liana or shrub of climbing habit. It is obtained in great lengths; four coils of it were soon obtained. The custom is first to chew the kernel of the green betel-nut; then taste slacked coral lime out of a gourd; finally to chew the bark of the betel-pepper (*chavica*). Most of our teachers indulge in this luxury, which is considered beneficial rather than otherwise. It tinges the saliva red, and stains (in some instances decays) the teeth.

At this moment a loud yell was heard from a fine kangaroo dog that accompanied us. He gallantly bit the tail of a drowsy crocodile, doubtless mistaking it for an iguana, which he had been trained to hunt. In return he received a fearful bite; but happily the shouts of the Motu lads scared the foe. The poor fellow, being unable to stand, had to be carried all the way home in a *kaiapa* or large netted bag.

An hour's tropical downpour now followed. Right glad was I to get partial shelter under an old 'lean-over' erected by Ruatoka on a former occasion. By-and-by he appeared, drenched to the skin, with a jungle fowl (*Megapodius tumulus*). This wonderful mound-building bird is found all over New Guinea and the adjacent islands, inclusive of Northern Australia. He also bagged two fine crested pigeons (*Goura Albertisii*). These stately birds are of a delicate slate colour; their loud booming cry as they walk in pairs through the bush is sure to attract the attention of the sportsman. On seeing Ruatoka, they flew on to the lower branch of a neighbouring tree, evidently thinking themselves out of danger. The male bird weighed eight pounds. It was about the size of a hen turkey

in fine condition. Next day, at Port Moresby, we ate these birds; but, though universally praised by Europeans, the flesh was to me tough. Inside the gizzard of each Goura pigeon is a good-sized pebble, much prized by the natives as charms against spear-thrusts and club-blows. The pebble is slowly passed over each limb of the body, as well as the trunk, whilst certain words are uttered, so that no part shall be harmed in the day of battle.

Laroki River is good hunting ground for pigs. The wild pig[1] (*Sus papuensis*) is the largest and, excepting the dingo, almost the only true mammal in New Guinea; all the rest being marsupials. When young it is black and brown in alternate longitudinal stripes, extending the entire length. When adult it loses this longitudinal striping, and assumes a speckled or grey colour. There is also a black variety, far less common than the striped. The boars are very savage, not hesitating to charge any who may unwisely interfere with them. The only chance of escape is to climb the nearest tree. The tusks of these boars are highly valued as mouth-ornaments in battle. Two pairs are firmly tied together and held between the teeth.

Two miles westward is a Koiari village, close to the river. These Koiari natives claim every inch of soil on the farther side of the Laroki, just as the Koitapu claim every inch on the Port Moresby side of the river.

In the valley of the Laroki grow raspberries, strawberries, nutmegs, tobacco, capsicums, and indigenous cotton. Acorns have been picked up. The interior is, of course, the region of taro, yams, and gigantic aroids. The ivory nut palm is known in the far interior.

[1] Young pigs are often suckled by the women as pets.

Everywhere, except on swampy ground, we saw columns and pyramids, two feet high, built by termites. None of these erections equal those at Somerset or Tauan. Sitting for shade for a few minutes under a eucalyptus near the Laroki, I was terribly bitten by red ants a quarter of an inch long. It was not till I was able to remove all my clothes I got any rest from them.

After getting some refreshment, we found it time to go home. The air was now deliciously cool and pleasant. Several wallabies (of which there are two species in New Guinea) gracefully leaped past us. Our horses went well. Gazing for a moment from the summit of the hill overlooking Port Moresby, I was entranced at the beauty of the scene, as the golden rays of the setting sun fell upon the mission premises, native villages, and the almost land-locked harbour. Again we spurred our horses, and soon kindly voices welcomed me home.

CHAPTER VI.

TO BARUNI AND DINNER ISLAND.

Tree houses—A native drill and jew's harp—Tatana—Dinner Island—Request for sheep—Recent changes in the natives—Savage neighbours—Areca palms.

A FEW miles west of Port Moresby, overlooking Fairfax Harbour, is the district of Baruni, inhabited by Koitapu natives. On the 15th of March Ruatoka kindly took me over in the mission boat. Baruni consists of some four or five distinct hamlets, with a population of 300. The soil is sterile; but even here the industrious natives have well-kept plantations of yams, bananas, and sweet potatoes. A dense growth of mangroves skirts the rocky shore. There was no appearance of a settlement where we landed, but a few minutes' walk up a steep hill brought us to a number of houses, one of which was built in a tree. I climbed up the tall ladder and entered, of course making a small present to the owner, who seemed much amused at the curiosity of the stranger. The hut was small and well built, but, being situated on the top of a hill, rocked uncomfortably in the wind. I sat some time on the platform where visitors are received, and nets, &c., are made. The villagers smilingly crowded about us, Ruatoka being an old friend of theirs. Farther on

was a second village, with a house or two built in the trees; but as the trees were larger, these curious aerial dwellings seemed less risky. We passed on to a third hamlet, receiving everywhere a hearty welcome.

A preacher from the Institution is sent to Baruni every Sabbath to instruct these poor people. Most of the chiefs of these hamlets have two wives apiece. I was sorry to observe that the head wife of one chief was afflicted with incurable leprosy. A little further on is a seam of plumbago, almost pure, with which the fops of Port Moresby adorn themselves, with a view of rendering themselves irresistibly attractive. The paint is laid on in streaks on the forehead, chin, and cheeks.

We now crossed over to Tatana, which is merely a collection of huts on a low point of land. There may be 200 natives (of the Motu tribe, I believe) here. Most of the men were away fishing. I was interested to see in use a native drill exactly like that known among the Samoans, pointed with hard stone instead of steel. It is used for perforating dingo and wallaby teeth, to be threaded into necklaces. Stone clubs are perforated by means of sharp flints secured to forked pieces of wood, not dissimilar to the ancient chisels, *toki* of the South Sea Islanders. I never heard of an Eastern Polynesian perforated stone club. I succeeded in purchasing the drill; another was afterwards presented to me by the Rev. W. G. Lawes.

New Guinea lads amuse themselves by playing a wooden instrument exactly corresponding to the jew's harp. Several times men came on board the Ellengowan playing pandean pipes; indeed, from the Fly

River to South Cape pandean pipes are in use. There is an inventiveness about the Papuans which I have never seen in Polynesia; and yet in the matter of clothing the latter far surpass the former.

A teacher was formerly located at Tatana, but it was found to be unhealthy. The hope of the mission undoubtedly lies in the development of a native ministry, as of course they can stand the climate. Still, there is a prestige and power about Polynesian teachers of inestimable value in the early stages of this mission.

At certain seasons crocodiles come down at night from this neighbourhood to Port Moresby to steal fat hogs. It is not agreeable to hear their strange roaring down on the beach.

The sky being overcast, we were glad to hurry back home, to escape a drenching tropical shower. The kindness of brethren at Port Moresby made it a real home to me during my pleasant sojourn in that part of New Guinea.

Bidding farewell to friends at Port Moresby, we sailed, on March 15th, for South Cape in the mission schooner. During the moonless night of Friday, the 20th, we passed South Cape, and found ourselves at daylight among the Brumer and Leocadie Islands. A Rarotongan teacher named Pi was formerly located on one of the latter, opposite to the mainland; when removed to South Cape he sent three Chinamen in a boat to fetch his boxes, &c. All three were murdered, and the boat destroyed for the sake of plunder. It rained heavily all day. As we slowly sailed along, numerous islands clad in the most delicate tints opened up, the Engineer Group looming in the distance.

At five P.M. we anchored off Dinner Island, which is one-and-a-half miles in circuit and 200 feet high. We found ourselves surrounded by islands: Heath Blanchard, Hayter, and various others. China Straits lay before us. Looking through this noble ship route, we saw East Cape at a distance of twenty miles. Smoke rising in all directions evidenced a considerable population, which becomes dense in Milne Bay.

Two neat cottages stood opposite our anchorage on Dinner Island, the walls and partitions being of the split midrib of the sago palm. Ibunisi of Lifu, the teacher here, came off in his canoe to welcome us. He is a pleasant-looking dark man, about thirty-two years of age. He has been labouring in New Guinea for six years; his wife and child are at present on Thursday Island. It was dark when we got ashore, and were conducted at once to the large mission house, the roofing and sides of which are of corrugated iron, but the flooring sadly devastated by the white ant. This pretty island is the property of the London Missionary Society, and is well situated as a neutral meeting ground for hostile tribes. Its native name is Samarae.

Ibunisi has translated into the dialect spoken here the first four chapters of St. Mark's Gospel. Of course this is done out of the Lifuan New Testament. It seems that the little book translated by Pi at South Cape does pretty well here and at Barabara, *i.e.* East Cape; but there is a strong craving among the converts for more. I was much affected by his words (he spoke to me in broken English): 'New Guinea man no all the same now as long time before. He no like fight; he too much like prayer. New Guinea

man too much like missionary now.' After a pause he added, 'Long time before Milne Bay man no make plantation; he like fight and rob all the time. Now he pray; he make plantation.' Gazing earnestly into my face, he inquired, 'What for no white missionary here? I tell every man that one will come and make books; yet he no come. Why do you white missionaries make me a liar? We have got no books at all.' He added, after a pause, 'No people at Samoa, Lifu, Rarotonga; plenty at Milne Bay.' Our teachers can lead the converts up to a certain point only; if the white missionary fails to step in and supplement the preparatory work done, by giving them the Word of Life, and other books in their own tongue, the good work of our teachers is thrown away. As I listened to the burning words of Ibunisi, I wished I could be young again, that I might be honoured to give to these thirsty souls to drink of the water of life.

We were glad to learn that Dien and wife, of East Cape, are well and active in their work; but Jerry, of Teste Island, had a fortnight previously gone to Cooktown for medical aid, leaving the mission in charge of his energetic wife. As a different dialect is spoken on Teste Island from that in use at Samarae and South Cape, only the MS. book prepared by the sick teacher himself is in use. Yet eleven Teste Islanders can read intelligently in their own tongue, so recently reduced to writing; two or three can write; and the entire population—three hundred and fifty—attend Divine service. At East Cape several young people can read in the South Cape dialect. At Dinner Island fifty-eight can read the Suau book: of these readers forty are adults, and sixteen can write as well

as read. Ibunisi told me that 'his boys keep awake all the evenings to write and do figures.'

One of Ibunisi's converts, named Paulo, has gone with his family, under the teacher's auspices, to Discovery Bay (Wagawaga), to teach the heathen there. I heard with pleasure of a heathen (?) prophet who goes about proclaiming the advent of a new era, admonishing his people to give up cannibalism, murder, adultery, and theft, and says that by all means they must keep the Sabbath. 'He that is not against us is on our part.'

In their ceaseless wars, the Hayter and Heath Island natives combine against the natives of the mainland, *i.e.* Milne Bay. On one occasion they slew a man and his wife and ate them. These savages, twenty in number, afterwards formed a ring, and tossed from one to the other the daughter of the murdered couple, intending when giddy to cut off her head. A teacher, named Tom, providentially interfered at this moment, and persuaded these cannibals to sell the child to him for an axe and some knives. This adopted daughter of Tom is now on Mer (Murray Island); she was baptized Mary, by the Rev. S. McFarlane, and is being trained as a Christian girl.

I rose early next morning, my bones sore with sleeping on a plank, to get a good look at this place. I was delighted with a profusion of beautifully variegated crotons planted about the house, and the evident fertility of the soil, which equals that of Rarotonga or Samoa. We inspected the church and native dwellings; the latter were very superior. A large canoe with a mat sail lay on the beach, furnished with outrigger and platform. The canoe itself consists of planks sewn

together, boat fashion, and ornamented with a profusion of large white shells.

We walked across the little island, which is a garden of bananas, cocoa-nut and areca palms, taro, arrow-root (*tacca*), and *Amorphophallus campanulatus*, which is here (the teachers say) excellent eating. In the bush *i.e.* the uncultivated part of the islet, shot up straight as a reed a great number of areca palms, so slender and graceful! A bunch fit for use is a foot long, with from 250 to 300 nuts (each about the size of a nutmeg, but pointed[1]) on it. We saw three nests of the mound-building megapode; one of them was fifty-one feet in diameter. It is said that larger nests exist at East Cape. It seems incredible that so small a bird should build such immense tumuli as nests. In point of fact, however, no such mound was ever built by a single bird, or in one season. The *Megapodius tumulus* never sits upon her eggs, but buries them deep in the mound, to be hatched by the heat of the sun and fermentation. We had two fine eggs for breakfast; being fresh, they proved to be capital eating.

The pattern of the tattooing on women is quite different from that westward, although equally elaborate. Skin disease is very prevalent hereabout. The hair of the men is reddened with lime, as at Samoa; doubtless for the sake of cleanliness. About thirty small canoes and catamarans surrounded the Ellengowan as she prepared to depart, all laden with food for sale.

Dinner Island, East Cape, and Testè Island are under the charge of the Rev. S. McFarlane. It is

[1] In many places it is customary to present an areca nut to the visitor. Should the point be away from him, it is a private signal to the clan to murder.

noteworthy that the teachers who have done such good work hereabouts are the sons of inveterate cannibals; such men, when truly converted, can speak more feelingly and authoritatively of what Christianity has done for them and theirs than others.

CHAPTER VII.

SUAU, OR SOUTH CAPE.

Opening the new church—Luxuriant vegetation—Potipoti—Native arts—A theft and its punishment—Habits of the natives—Burial—Orchids—Bird of Paradise plumes—Farewell to New Guinea.

AT eight A.M. we started for South Cape; but, owing to light and adverse winds, did not that day get nearer than Tissot Island, where we dropped anchor. On the following morning, Sunday, March 23rd, we had delicious weather; the entire coast line, with its numerous islands, was lit up with marvellous beauty. We were soon at anchor in Mayri Pass, opposite the mission house. The scenery of the pass was enchanting. The mission house and village are situated at the foot of a steep hill, covered with luxuriant vegetation. Our arrival was a great surprise; the shout (in English) 'A schooner!' made the teachers Pi and Mataio eagerly scan the *western* entrance to the pass, in vain. Why we should come in from the *east* they could not divine. The teachers, both Rarotongans, were soon on board, and reported all going on well. In a trice we were ashore on the lofty verandah of Mr. Chalmers' house, shaking hands all round. Mataio and the women were well; but Pi himself looked very poorly. The natives

were evidently delighted to see the Ellengowan and her captain again.

Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers had commissioned me to open the new church. It is a substantial and spacious building. The flooring of native planking—some of it red cedar—was well laid down; the thatch—of sago-leaf—the best I have seen in New Guinea, Piri's church, at Boera, excepted. The sides are not yet completed. It being time for the morning service, the bell was rung, and the church filled instantaneously. About 250 were present. I preached, through a translator, from 1 Cor. iii. 9, after which two brief addresses were delivered by the two deacons of the Church. The demeanour of the congregation was all that could be desired; the singing excellent.

During the heavy downpour that afterwards made us prisoners in Mr. Chalmers' excellent dwelling, I listened to the thrilling story of the founding of this mission in 1877. It was very pleasant to hear this romance of suffering endured and of victory won. Five graves hard by attest the cost.

In consequence of the rain, only 120 were present at the afternoon service. But in the evening I was surprised by a large gathering in the teacher's house. For about an hour, singing, reading of Scripture extracts, and numerous brief prayers, occupied their attention. I inquired who these people were, and was informed that they came in canoes from hamlets round about on Saturday afternoon; and therefore did not care to return until Monday.

This station is most conveniently situated; still, it cannot be considered a healthy site. The luxuriance of the verdure defies description. I tasted here a fruit

new to me. It is called *potipoti;* the magnificent tree which yields it grows to the height of sixty feet. The leaves are dark and glossy. The *potipoti* is a fine fruit, three inches in diameter, smelling like an apple, but tasting very differently. Each contains one seed enclosed in a hard capsule. Evidently this fruit is much prized by the natives. At night flocks of birds come to rob the two trees growing in the mission premises. The ironwood tree of the Pacific grows freely here. Sandal wood is reported to have been discovered.

These Suau cannibals are adepts in carving, as is evidenced by elaborately carved wooden birds placed at the entrance to the church, their paddles, chunam spoons, with a god at the handle-end, and weapons of war, all of ebony.

A curious matting is prepared at South Cape from the leaves of a species of pandanus, sewn together in squares of four feet with *sei*, a fibre of great strength. A wavy pattern is tastefully scratched upon it whilst green. This stuff is used as matting to sit or recline on, and when pretty well worn is converted into a girdle for the men. The women never use it; they wear the universal grass petticoat, which becomes them so well.

Mataio showed me his splendid boat-shaped canoe, in which he visits his friends all along the coast. Pi still goes to see his old people at Leocadie, despite the murder of the men sent to remove his goods, and the consequent loss of his effects some years ago. I asked Pi whether he is not afraid to sleep amongst these murderers. 'Not a bit,' he replied; 'they are all very sorry for what they did.'

The book used in worship at Suau and Samarae and Barabara, as previously stated, is Pi's. He has translated the whole of the Gospel by Mark into the South Cape dialect; the final revision by Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers has not yet been completed. But the most gratifying thing is the circumstance that from Suau six young men have been sent to the institution at Port Moresby to be educated for the native ministry. Five out of the six are married men; the advantage of this is that the wives will be educated by Mrs. Lawes. It is impossible that an exotic ministry should always be supplied; neither is it a desirable thing in itself.

I invited Pi to accompany me to Cooktown for medical advice; but the noble-hearted fellow refused to leave his work, although he has been seriously ailing for two years past. I was much touched when he quietly said to me, 'How pleasant would it be to me and my brethren round about here to have a father (*i.e.* a white missionary) living in our midst, who could care for us in our sickness, and push forward the good work (*i.e.* by translating the Bible)!'

During the afternoon service a nose-ornament was stolen by a young woman who stayed at home. The incensed owner, on discovering the thief, threw a cord round her neck, in order to strangle her. Friends mercifully interfered, and she was saved. I shall never forget the loud lamentations of her near relatives that night; anger at the owner of the jewel proceeding to extremities, and pity for the nearly-strangled thief. The whole thing exactly resembled the dirges at Port Moresby over the dead—evidencing, to my mind, the substantial unity of the race. Suicide is very common, on account of the notoriety it confers!

On the morning of March 24th—my last day in New Guinea—we started off in a couple of canoes to Bertha Lagoon. We landed on both sides, to inspect the houses, which are exactly those of Discovery Bay, figured in Captain Moresby's book. Both ends of the roof are elevated, the centre being depressed. One house was decorated with the skull of a mountaineer slain and eaten by the owner. Three white shells were suspended from the skull as ornaments. These South Cape people trade amongst themselves in human skulls, which are still highly valued. I succeeded in buying the one alluded to above. A bigamist bestowed his wives and their children in one immense house, where they live in harmony; he himself occupying a small house just by. At Suau there is usually a low partition across the house, the females occupying one end, the males the other. Throughout New Guinea they sleep by the side of fire for warmth, as it often seems quite chilly towards midnight.

We came upon some men plaiting stout cordage (to make netting to catch wild pigs) of a strong fibre very similar to Manilla hemp. It is obtained from the immense aerial roots of the pandanus which yields the mat-clothing already described. We saw the tree growing luxuriantly on the hill-sides, and bought some of the fibre. These aerial roots are about twice the thickness and weight of those I have been accustomed to handle in the South Sea Islands. My impression is that it is a different species of pandanus.

Abundance of noble *Calophylla inophylla* grows in some places near the edge of the lagoon. Numerous branches had been lopped off and laid thickly together, like a hedge, near one hamlet. The object in view was

to prevent crocodiles from getting ashore there at night to pick off pigs and solitary persons. I inquired why this hedge was not continued along the entire village. Mataio's quick reply was, 'The crocodiles fear to come out in the open where many human beings are, although they do not hesitate to attack individuals.'

Leaving Bertha Lagoon, we now pulled up an unnamed river (although indicated in the charts) for a couple of miles. Our eyes wearied of endless groves of fine mangrove on both sides of the river and two-thirds of the lagoon. Here and there are openings to the plantations. The fruit of the mangrove germinates whilst yet on the tree. It is curious to see the roots aloft in the air, the fruit-pod still connected with the branch. Far up the distant mountain-sides, in the clear atmosphere of morning, we saw the smoke made in the bush by cultivators of yams, &c. The teachers assert that every acre of soil along this part of New Guinea has its owner. A native desirous of making a plantation on another person's land can do so by asking permission, or by a stipulated payment; but only for once.

Whilst pulling up this river, Mataio assured me that it is horribly infested with crocodiles. A famous warrior fishing here alone one day (he unwisely stood in the stream) was clutched on both sides of his body by the claws of a crocodile. The brave fellow instantaneously grasped the separate claws of either paw and forced them back with tremendous violence, dislocating them. The brute, not liking this unexpected reception, made off; but the man carried the marks to his grave. Recollecting the scars I saw on the person of Teinaore's wife at Parimata, I gave credence to this story.

Mataio asserts that the natives fear the claws of these reptiles most of all.

A fine spring of water leaps over the basaltic rocks at the entrance to Bertha Lagoon. A stream near the mission house is the most convenient for watering vessels in this part of New Guinea ; should that fail, as it does sometimes in the dry season, the copious spring at the mouth of Bertha Lagoon is used.

These Suau people are horribly dirty, never washing, except involuntarily when they go fishing. Seine nets are commonly used. Inquiring the use of several small houses, I learned that it is to cover grave-pits. All the members of a family at death occupy the same grave, the earth that thinly covered the last occupant being scooped out to admit the new-comer. These graves are shallow; the dead are buried in a sitting posture, hands folded. The earth is thrown in up to the mouth only. An earthen pot covers the head. After a time the pot is taken off, the perfect skull removed and cleansed—eventually to be hung up in a basket or net inside the dwelling of the deceased over the fire, to blacken in the smoke. It is easy to understand how this love for the dead should glide into worship. This almost universal form of idolatry has been imported wholesale into Christianity by Rome, under the form of relic and saint worship. 'Worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator.'

A vast collection of orchids awaited my return to the teacher's dwelling, intended as an agreeable memento of my visit to Suau. I accepted but a very few, on account of their bulk. I observed that fine jack-fruit and other trees about here have the betel-pepper liana planted at the base; in a short time it climbs

round and round the smooth stem to the very top, and then gracefully droops down.

One of the chiefs of Suau interested me. He is known as 'Bag of bones,' on account of his old habit of wearing necklaces and armlet of human bones. In those early days (1877), when the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers and the teachers hung in the balance, he befriended them, warning them of danger and supplying them with food. Some of the finest taro in the world grows on the hill-sides of Suau.

One of the most interesting curios to be obtained here is the axe solemnly carried by the chiefs as a preliminary to peace. Two are requisite for the purpose; if these axes are accepted, pigs, bananas, &c., &c., follow, and real peace is secured. A glance at the slight artistic hafting will convince any one that they are not intended for cleaving timber. On account of their being borne in procession, the name 'processional axes' has been given to them.

In many parts of the New Guinea coast I was struck with the size of the true clams obtained. More than one measured 32 inches by 19. It is wonderful that more hands and feet are not lopped off by these terrific mollusks.

Wherever we travelled in New Guinea, excepting in this neighbourhood, we saw abundance of Bird of Paradise plumes, mostly the *Paradisa raggiana*. They are obtained by the inland tribes, and sold to the coast natives for head-dresses (most imposing they are), used on the most important occasions, or as part price of a wife. Mr. Lawes presented me with a circlet, obtained in the Gulf, of the species known as *Seleucides alba*, frequenting sago palms and pandani for the sake of the

saccharine matter and insects. The colour is of a rich buffy yellow, the feathers being selected from the lower part of the body and the tuft of plumes springing from the sides. New Guinea is poor indeed in mammals, considering its vast size, being equal in area to England and France together, but is wonderfully rich in birds of beautiful and gorgeously coloured species.

At half-past two P.M. we went on board the Ellengowan; sails were unfurled; a painful leave-taking occurred, and we slowly glided through Mayri Pass. We gazed with interest upon Farm Bay, dotted everywhere with native huts. Many of the men intercepted us with loads of sugar-cane for sale. There stood South Cape itself, clothed in the brightest green, where no soul lives. The breeze now freshened, and we stood well out to sea. In the morning only the faintest outline of the distant mountains of this most interesting island were visible. On the 28th we anchored at Cooktown.

From Maiva to Dinner Island is a distance of three hundred miles; from the Baxter River to East Cape (the coast line occupied by the London Missionary Society) considerably over five hundred miles.

In the south-east branch of this mission there are now 116 adults in Church fellowship, and 1200 children under instruction. Sixteen old teachers are at work under the superintendence of Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers, besides those entrusted to my care.

I.

The Motu Months.[1]

Huilaula	
Goha	
Lailai	The new year begins about
Darodaro	December 18th.
Divaro	
Vehadi	
Vehadi Hoidohado	Thirteen moons in all.
Vehadi hirihiri	
Uria	
Lahaka	
Manumaura	
Biliakei	
Biliabada	

II.

The Motu Numerals.

1. Tamona.	40. Haria hui.
2. Rua.	50. Imā hui.
3. Toi.	60. Taura toi a hui.
4. Hani.	70. Hitu a hui.
5. Ima.	80. Taura hani a hui.
6. Taura toi (=twice three).	90. Taa hui.
7. Hitu.	100. Sinahu.
8. Taura Hani (=twice four).	1,000. Daha.
9. Ta.	10,000. Domaga.
10. Quauta.	100,000. Kerebu.
20. Ruā hui.	
30. Toi a hui.	Nothing beyond this.

[1] Most of the natives of Port Moresby belong to the Motu tribe. Hence the books used in that district are in the Motu dialect.

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